

THE
HIT-CHAT PAPERS,

RE-PRINTED

FROM THE

THENÆUM AND DAILY NEWS

(JANUARY 1st TO MAY 31st 1873.)

BY

THE SILENT MEMBER OF THE CLUB.

MADRAS, 1ST JUNE, 1873,
RE-PRINTED.

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THE CHIT-CHAT PAPERS.

THE INTRODUCTORY PAPER.

WEDNESDAY, 1st January 1873.

"I WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR."—It was a grey-eyed, grey-haired man that spoke,—a man whom you might have met a hundred times, yet not have so noticed as to have remembered him again. A quiet, pleasant, low-voiced man he was, rather under than above the middle height, who stepped out of his brougham, at Cupid's Bow, walked over to an open carriage which had just driven up, and shook hands with a lady, saying the words we have quoted, and adding,—“I wish to be early with my best wishes of the new year, so offer them a day in advance, Mrs. SWELLINGTON.” You see, I am writing of yesterday evening, and I want to introduce my friend Dr. CHITCHAT to you all, for he is that quiet grey-haired gentleman.—And a *gentleman* he is too, in every sense of the term, let me tell you, and a man whom to know is to esteem. See there he stands chatting politely with that grandest of Madras ladies, Mrs. SWELLINGTON, just as he would talk to his friend the poor widow who keeps a school down Crow Street, Muddywankum. I must just tell you before I begin these papers, and gossip with you week by week about Dr. CHITCHAT, and his doings, and his sayings, and his neat little-house in Nungumbankum, and his friends, and especially the Club that meets there every week, that I just *love* the old man and every thing about him. Never mind who I am,—suppose me if you like to be a talking pen—certainly I am going to tell you nothing about myself, for my duty is merely to chronicle week by

as a medical practitioner, a lady who, one Christmas Eve, in the middle of a party at the Doctor's own house, had been seized with cholera, and had died ere the reddening morning ushered in Christmas Day. I was then told how silently the doctor had taken the terribly sudden affliction with a bravery too deep for tears, and how—here the whisper sank lower, and the gloaming seemed to darken as I listened to it—there is a little grave in Madras lying under the shadow of a feathery neem, to which a little grey-eyed grey-haired man goes early, very early, every Christmas morning and when he goes away, hung over the marble cross over the grave, is another small simple cross of white flowers.

Well, well. Let such themes pass. It is not for me to write about them, whatever I may think, and however my eyes may unconsciously be moistened over the thought of them. It is for me to evoke a smile, and to leave Mr. SELL to do the pathetic and Mr. RABAN the ghastly. But one word more. Dull, common place Madras, what do we know of it? How little do we see of it?—The surface, that is all. Trust me, here and there, under that common place surface, run deep and wild currents we know not of, currents which whirl hearts along, and shape, in a way we cannot understand, the course of many a life,—aye, and wreck many too, tear them away, and bear them to destruction, as the *Hurkai* was only a short time ago rapidly borne off, in the dead of a squally and clouded night, and flung on the surf-lashed reefs of Alampai-voa.

But enough. Anyhow I am writing you an introductory paper, and you must forgive a few discordant notes, now high, now low, whilst I am engaged in stringing my cracked old fiddle for the weekly tunes it has to play. The first thing I must do, ere I go any further, is to take you to the Doctor's house,—a little straggling house, with a multiplicity of verandahs and porches about it, and any amount of blossoming creepers surrounding it. It is a two-storeyed house as far as a portion of it is concerned at least. Now, do you see that long up-storey room, with the punkah running from end to end through its whole length? Well, that is the Doctor's study, and the place wherein the glorious meetings of the Chit-chat Club are held.

"Glorious," did I say? ay, glorious they are! What sober talk we have, what lighter conversation, what news and gup to exchange, what wit and humour to listen to, and what laughter to indulge in; ah, what jokes are cracked over the doctor's table, what songs are sung, what parodies are recited, and what anecdotes are told! Glorious?—I should think it was! There is no place in all Madras like that little room! Our general time for meeting is Friday night, but now and then we hold a special convention. Dinner over—Dr. CHITCHAR enforces the rule that we must if possible dine with him previously to every meeting—we go up-stairs, and sip our claret and light our cheroots, and chat and laugh away, often till the small hours of the morning. As a rule of course only the gentlemen who are members of the Club are admitted to our secret conclaves, but we have at times had even ladies to sit with us, and join in our conversation. And why not indeed? Rational talk need never be of such a character as would offend the most delicate ear, and surely a lady may laugh as heartily as any man can do over the Rev. Mr. STEVENSON's bad grammar, or the Rev. Mr. TITICACA—I beg his pardon, the Rev. Mr. SELL's—geography! But as a rule, I repeat, we are alone, a knot of well-trying friends,—KNIGHTS OF GOOD COMPANIONSHIP OF THE TABLE LONG!

Yesterday evening we saw the old year out and the new year in, in that long room. And just as CHARLIE LARKYNS sung that topical song of his, the clock struck Twelve, and we drunk success to the new born year. By the way, I may just give you a few verses of the song:—

The old year is going, alas! alas!
 The new year is coming, hurray, hurray!
 No tank has yet managed to drown Madras,
 Nor has any hurricane blown us away.

Lord Hobart's not yet of his boils quite free,
 And still there is something wrong with the Drains,
 But hale as ever is great Tee Gee
 And the Gun Carriage Factory still remains.

In fact Madras is just the same
 As it ever was, and ever will be,
 Open to praise and yet open to blame
 All the way from Perambore down to the sea

ALPHONSO:—Che-arr up be-rave Rodrick thy Hemily liveth !

RODERICK:—Then I will hoff to the forest of Horleans, and when victo-ry has cer-owned me be-row, I will re-turrn, and make me Hemily me appy be-ride ! But ow did she re-coverr, Halfonso ?

ALPHONSO:—The er-ruffians made er swal-ler the er-per—russic acid, but she er-recoverred hinstantly !

RODERICK:—Per-raise to por-vidence ! Er-roderick is him-self again !

But I must now draw to a close. On Saturday next I shall recount what further took place at our meeting, and especially the contents of Dr. CHITCHAT's Letter Box. We meet again on Friday night, so something amusing may occur.

I forgot to mention in the foregoing that in the meeting last night a new member was balloted for. I need hardly say that this was Mr. JOB SOLOMON, but my readers will be sorry to learn that Mr. JOB was blackballed, as it was feared his orations concerning the Madras Bank would transfer themselves to the quiet room of the Chit-chat Club.

SECOND PAPER.

SATURDAY, 3rd January 1873.

BEFORE giving you a brief description of what was said and done at the meeting of the Chit-chat Club held last evening,

I must ask my readers not to run all over Madras, scattering rumours broad-cast and peopling the air with surmises, as to the identity of my dear old friend, Dr. CHITCHAT. No, madam, if you *really* have not had the pleasure of knowing Dr. CHITCHAT personally, I beg to inform you that he is *not* Dr. BALFOUR. Again no, sir, Dr. CHITCHAT, *is* Dr. CHITCHAT, and has no intention of trying to become Sanitary Inspector of Madras. Dr. CHITCHAT is artistic and patriarchal—in this he may resemble Dr. HESTER—but he is *not* Dr. HESTER. Dr. CHITCHAT is skilful in his profession, and the pattern of affable courtesy—and in this he is like Dr. DUFF—but he is *not* Dr. DUFF. And he is certainly not Dr. CHIFFERFIELD, just as cheese is not chalk. The

dear old man who sat last night at the head of his admirable Club is personally unlike every one of the Doctors of Madras, although I do not say he does not unite in himself all their best qualities. I tell you what it is, gentle reader, you may think me, when I am speaking so highly of Dr. CHITCHAT, to be so extravagant in my praise that I am out-Boswelling BOSWELL, but the simple fact remains that I admire and esteem my dear old friend to such a degree that I cannot always command the current of my words when I write concerning him.

Our meeting last night was a lively one. Dr. CHITCHAT commenced it by opening his large Club Letter-box. As this is an important institution of our society, I may tell you that it is a ponderous oaken one—I always tell the Doctor it is a discarded medicine chest—and is the receptacle for all letters addressed to the Club or to Dr. CHITCHAT as its President. This box is opened every meeting, and the letters and communications it holds are read out to us. Come, now, my good reader, just try the simple experiment of sending a letter, or a copy of verses, or a few riddles, acrostics, or puns, or indeed anything instructive or amusing you like, to the following simple address—

DR. CHITCHAT,

PRESIDENT OF THE CHIT-CHAT CLUB,

Nungumbaukum, Madras.

and see if the next Saturday it is not inserted, or at least in some way referred to and acknowledged, by me, in these papers which are the weekly reflection of the genial doings of the said Club.

Well, as I have said, Dr. CHITCHAT began our convention yesterday evening by placing the contents of the letter-box before us. There were a dozen letters or so, on various topics. The first one read was a very interesting one indeed, from Mr. Pogson. It ran thus:—

OBSERVATORY, MADRAS,

Friday Eve, Jan. 3, 1873.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—Pray apologize to the Club in my name. I can't be present, but return the Chit-chat Almanack for 1873 which you sent me for revision. I think the predictions are given with true Zadkiel precision. My reason for not being able to come this evening is this,—I have just received a visit from the great———, but no, I will first tell you how it

all occurred. My eye was fixed on Venus brightening with the deepening night, when I heard a step behind me in the observatory. I turned round and beheld a small stout man, with a telescope under his arm, a Sou'wester hat on his head, a huge red worsted comforter round his neck, and green goggles protecting his eyes.

"Pogson!" said the Green Goggles in a deep bass voice, "Do you know who is standing before you?"

I felt rather frightened, as the light was getting very dim; but remembering that beautiful episode in Mr. Stanley's new book where he describes his meeting with Dr. Livingstone, I curbed my rising fears, and said, in a soft and soothing voice,—“The Man in the Moon, I presume?”

“No I haunt!” roared the Red Worsted Comforter, after politely insinuating that I was the son of a sea-cook, “Hi ham Mr. Hairy, the great Astronomer Royal. I ave come to ave a squint through yon Equatorial, hand to tell you summut.”

Think, my dear Doctor Chitchat, how chagrined I felt at not having instantly recognized that greatest of men, Mr. Airey. But you know, dear Doctor, that all of us are prone to mistakes, as I remarked to you the other day when you told me the Fort Gun had not been fired off correctly.

The Sou'Wester Hat is going to remain the night with me, so I cannot present myself at the Club. I may tell the Club in confidence that my guest has communicated to me an awful discovery.

“Pogson!” he said gruffly “Prepare yur nervous system for a awful shock. There's going to be a tarnation row in the heavens,—the heath will be no more for here-lasting!”

“Gracions me!” I exclaimed. “What?”

“We are to be blowed up! Jupiter hentes the hobbit of the hearth and hall will be hutter hannihilation; I ave calculated to a second the our of hour agony and hend.”

“When?” I eagerly enquired. The green Goggles looked at his watch and then answered solemnly, “Two hundred and heighty-height thousand billion years heleven minutes, and forty height seconds from this present our.”

“Ah!” I exclaimed, quite relieved. But now I must cease writing, to attend to my visitor, who is dealing rather roughly with my equatorial. I have just now heard a strange sound in the observatory. I hope nothing is going wrong—no, nothing can be, for Mr. Airey is up there. But I hear the sound agnin! Gracions me, it is repented! Some thing has been smashed! Smash!—again! I really must go. Another smash! In greatest haste

Yours very sincerely,
POGSON.

The following is the Almanack which was returned by Mr. Pogson after inspection :

CHIT-CHAT ALMANACK FOR 1873.

PREDICTIONS EXTRAORDINARY.

THE YEAR VIEWED AS A WHOLE.

The year, it is predicted, will be a most disastrous one in many respects. Vague alarms will be felt by many. News may be expected which will startle Pursesaukum; and Adyar will be plagned in a mysterious manner. Men will ask each other in Egmore such questions as "Is your maternal progenetrix aware of your present corporeal location?" Inhabitants of Nungumbaukum are advised to be careful, or terrible results may ensue. Mass-meetings of a very excited and violent character will be held in Doretton College, and inflammatory speeches will be delivered which will rankle in the breasts of many, and goad them on to writing in their own names in the *Athenæum*.

There will be insurrections in Armenian Street, and a great Government functionary will get hit in the eye whilst watching a cricket match at Chepank. A regatta will take place at the close of the year, and catamaran men will fight freely. The Governor will be absent a long time from Madras, but if he will take Hezekiah's remedy, he shall be healed of his ailment. Two hundred and thirty-six children will be born in Madras every three months. The year will close in gloom.

PREDICTIONS FOR EACH MONTH.

January.

- 2nd.—Lord Hobart will give a Ball, but will not be present (*fulfilled*)
- 3rd.—The Chit-chat Club will hold a meeting, and the *Madras Times*, after an extra pull at the editorial teapot, will try and be facetious at the expense of the *Athenæum*, (*fulfilled*.)
- 6th.—The great Tee Gee shall fine a man five rupees, and order him to be taken away.
- 7th.—The famous Rehearsal Row will take place. Captain Hallett will tweak Lieutenant Powis's nose, just as that gentleman is engaged in kicking Major Hunt. Major Hunt will rejoin by a blow aimed at Lieut. Powis's left ear but which, after doing considerable damage, will take little effect on one of Capt. Hallett's optics. At this moment Colonel Barnett Ford will strive to interfere, when the three combatants will turn round on their theatrical manager, and rattle his dicebox, punch his bread basket, and tap his claret, in a most shameful fashion.
- 8th.—A Ball will be held in Royapuram.
- 14th.—One of the Chepank towers will collapse.

17th.—The G in Alt controversy will revive, but the controversialists will be separated by bystanders.

23rd.—Mr. Holloway will smoke a cheroot.

February.

8th.—Lord Hobart will be very seasick. The Hon'ble Mr. Sim will act as the Provisional Governor of Fort St. George for the first time. Bonfires will be lit and fireworks let off at night to celebrate the event.

9th.—Bishop Gell will arrive in Madras, and wear a cope for the first time.

27th.—The Red Hills Tank Calingulah will be lowered three feet more.

March.

7th.—The Marine Department will appear for the first time in its public dress of flowered chintz and green turbands.

13th.—Dr. Chipersfield will have the hooping cough, but after much suffering will eventually recover.

24th.—Mr. Tee Gee will deliver an oration before His Excellency on the characteristics of things in general and the beauty of nothing in particular.

April.

1st.—Mr. Dalrymple will signal to the ships in the harbour to cut or slip.

20th.—There will be an awful explosion of gunpowder tea in the teapot of a canny Editor.

May.

7th.—The Rev. Mr. Lys will monotone effectively on this day.

25th.—The sea will encroach still further on the beach road, and will suddenly rush into Messrs. D'Rozario's premises and sweeping the walls away, will mingle the type above with the furniture below.

June, July, August and September.

Madras during these months will be comatose in an unprecedented degree.

October.

1st.—A Banghy parcel will explode under Mr. Percy's desk and he will be blown clean through the Post office roof, but, after describing a semi-circle of sixty feet through the air, he will fall on the carcass of the Foreman of the Office opposite and be mercifully preserved.

27th.—Mr. Cecil Barrow will publish an Encyclopædia.

November.

5th.—All the animals in the People's Park will get loose and cause considerable consternation.

7th.—Dr. Stanborough will be made Sanitary Inspector, Inspector-General of Jails, President of the Municipality, and Archdeacon of Madras.

December.

3rd.—Another Cyclone visits Madras.

4th.—A Madras Solicitor turns a Mahomedan.

7th.—The Clerks in Government offices strike work.

10th.—Awful Mercantile Crisis. A bank, an insurance company, four mercantile houses and a newspaper, are ruined.

12th.—Uncovenanted Unions are formed. Great agitation amongst the Civil Service.

16th.—Mr. Gorton preaches a great sermon on peace and forbearance.

23rd.—The Civil Service strike for higher pay.

24th.—Armed mobs parade the streets

25th.—The members of the Chit-chat Club are arrested by order of the Governor. Christmas Day is spent in deepest gloom.

26th.—The populace rises *en masse*.

27th.—Guindy is besieged by the Volunteers.

28th and 29th.—Armistice.

30th.—Governor and Council escape to sea in a dhony.

31st.—Dr. Chitohat is elected First President of the Republic of Fort St. George. Great rejoicings. Popular enthusiasm. One hundred and seventy thousand copies of the *Athenæum* sold in a single day. Illumination of the City, and fireworks.

One of the communications which were produced from our Club Letter-box, was a short essay by Veterinary Surgeon Pritchard on the Art of Riding. I give the rules which are appended to this really remarkable essay:—

As every man is not a born equestrian a few easy Rules on riding will be found useful.

Rule 1.—Catch your horse, then mount him. This is a golden rule of equestrianism. If you don't succeed at first, try again. The best way of mounting a horse is to take a sudden run at him from behind, as you do in leap frog, jumping clean into the saddle. The horse is naturally surprised, but knowing instinctively that he has his master on his back, keeps quiet. Some persons prefer to ascend lump posts, and to drop from thence into the saddle. I prefer the former method.

Rule 2.—Balance yourself. This may seem a trifle difficult at first but it becomes quite easy after you learn how. If you tumble over, repeat the operation smilingly. Never get red in the face, as it is apt to be taken advantage of by the spectators who think such things funny.

Rule 3.—When you know how to balance yourself properly in the saddle, ask some friend to go behind your horse with a hunting whip, and *crack it suddenly, or slightly titivate his tail therewith.* This will give you a start, in every sense of that term.

Rule 4.—Never allow your animal to lie down on you.

Rule 5.—Tiy your hand at turning your horse round sharply. This you can best accomplish by turning round yourself. Whilst doing this, loosen the girths, so that you gracefully slide down, revolving on the axis of the body of the horse.

Rule 7.—After having learnt all possible kinds of forward movements, try the back motion. To do this you must sit with your face to the tail of the horse holding it plaited in two parts like reins. Pull steadily upon them till the animal starts, then spur him on the head. You will soon experience the thrilling sensation of being "bucked," a species of pleasure only known to equestrians.

Rule 8.—When you have mastered thoroughly the art of riding in all its details, then you may commence to learn the sister art of hippophagy, namely, the art of eating your horse.

The other contents of the box were of somewhat a miscellaneous character. The following verses were amongst these contents. They certainly possess the merit of brevity:—

A NURSERY RHYME FOR THE DOVETON BOYS.

Hey! diddle, diddle,
Thom, and his riddle!
A man went to Bangalore,
And spent a rupee:
Say, Fowler, did he,
At Arconum, spend less or more?

The Clit-chat Club takes in all the leading Indian Papers, and thus the members are mostly very well informed in matters of Asiatic information. But they have noticed one peculiarity when opening the papers as they come in, and that is, their peculiar odour. Each eastern journal boasts of a peculiar scent, which distinguishes it just as much as its title does, from its fellows. The Rangoon papers smell of Irrawaddy water. The Lucknow organ has a peculiar odour of pilau. The *Times of India* literally steams as it is opened. The *Pioneer* has quite that peculiar indefinable fragrance of an official document, whilst the *Friend of India* breathes of brimstone and the nether pit. Of all peculiar odours, the odour of the *Madras Times* is the

most peculiar. Open it—and the pages are redolent of Bears-grease, Neilgherry tea, and Scotch whiskey combined.

It was noticed by one of the members of our Club yesterday evening, that divorces are growing very frequent in our Presidency. There are at present no less than seven divorce cases looming in the distance !

The Club agreed that the New Year's Ball was not a bad one in its way, although scarcely up to the mark. Lady HOBART has been doing almost everything a lady in her position could do, to link the interests of Madras Society closely with those of Government House. It is not her fault that Lord HOBART is plagued with such feeble health, and is of so sedentary a turn of mind. Madras is now pretty unanimous in thinking that his Lordship, ill or well, prefers a dark little room, stuffy with cigar-smoke, and as shut up as possible, to a spacious and well lighted hall, and the charms of a brilliant company. But each one to his own taste, you know. Ere coming out to this country, Lord HOBART doubtless made his own bargain with His Grace of Argyll, as to where he should live and how he should spend his spare time. The chief blame therefore lies, after all, at the door of the noble Duke who at present rules the destinies of India; and the uppermost feelings in our hearts for Lord HOBART should be, pity and tender sympathy. Poor man ! How could he know, ere he came out hither, that Madras would give him prickly heat, and Ooty reward him with boils !

Just as our Club was about to break up, a peon put a letter into Dr. CHITCHAT's hands. It ran as follows :—

DEAR DOCTOR,—Here are some verses. I picked them up last night at the Ball. You will see that they are written in a hurried handwriting, in pencil, and that they are scribbled upon a crumpled piece of paper. But if you read through them, you'll find they are not very bad though so little polished. Young ———, whose the verses are, has exchanged. Well, she is a pretty fairy. I must say, I pity the young fellow, for I like him.

Your's most sincerely,

To Dr. CHITCHAT.

The following are the verses. I substitute "Rosy" in the place of the young lady's name, and with the lines I close my account of last night's meeting of the *Chit-chat Club*:—

SMITTEN.

Ah, Rosy, lovely Rosy,
 My heart indeed will break,
 You blue eyed, fair-haired beauty,
 I'm dying for your sake!

All night intent I watched you
 Amongst the dancers fly
 Right happy were you, Rosy,
 But miserable I!

Bright was the Hall of Banquet,
 And brighter still your smile;
 Did you not see me Rosy,
 Disconsolate the while?

Once—once alone, sweet Rosy,
 I dared to draw near you
 Clasped your dear waist, and onward
 With the gay waltzers flew.

I dared not oft dance with you
 For then 'twould all be o'er,—
 Oft at your side sweet Rosy,
 I'd never leave it more!

I am distracted, Rosy:—
 By those large eyes of blue
 Those cherry lips, those ankles,
 I swear I worship you!

But I'm a poor Lieutenant
 So if we married, dear,
 As you have not a penny,
 'Twould awkward prove, I fear.

So all night long I watched you,
 Skip, whirl, and fly, and glide,
 Whilst Rosy I just dare not
 Venture to your sweet side.

Forgive me, then, my darling,
 O tender, sweet and true!
 I shall exchange to-morrow!
 I go.—Sweetheart, adieu!

THIRD PAPER.

SATURDAY, 11th January 1873.

"I AM sure that Mr. PERCY, our Madras Postmaster," said Dr. CHITCHAT at our Club last night, "must think me a very important personage indeed, by the number of letters he has had to forward to me during the past week. That announcement in the *Athenæum* of my address has drawn down upon me a perfect avalanche of letters. Our Club Letter-box is crammed full, and is quite heavy, I assure you." With this the worthy Doctor opened the box; and the reading of letters took up quite an hour and a half of our time. But the time was not at all lost. Whenever an unimportant letter was come to, it was merely glanced over; whilst several of the most amusing and instructive ones were even re-read. The following note was the first opened, and as such, I give it:—

DEAR DOCTOR CHITCHAT.—In the plenitude of your learning, you will doubtless smile at my ignorance, but I am really anxious for an answer to the following question as I wish to pass my next holidays in a picturesque region and to perform the journey economically.

Is the railroad from Madras to Titicaca completed? If it is, what is the cost of a second class ticket from Madras to Titicaca, given that a first class ticket from Salem to Boypoor costs Rs. 18 as. 12? If you *will* not (I dare not say cannot) answer this question for me, my proposed holiday trip will turn out

A SELL.

The subject of this letter naturally led the current of our conversation to the recent Examination papers. A great deal of arithmetical knowledge was evinced by several of our members, and our Club was in danger of being crushed by the weight of so learned a discussion. Several of us were observed to yawn whilst BADGER—BADGER, the partner, you know, in the great Madras house of BADGER, MOHUR, AND CO, and a member of the Chit-chat Club,—was explaining at length that he had been dealing all his life with figures and yet could not make out the sum; so, as the controversy seemed never going to end, Dr. CHITCHAT put a stop to it by asking CHARLIE LARKYNS for a song. In an instant the demon of controversy had fled, the good fairies Poetry and Music descended into our midst, and all of us were listening attentively to the following song, the moral of

which I presume is, that sea-sickness spares no one, not even the Governor of a Presidency :—

LORD HOBART'S VISIT TO CALCUTTA.

There is a sound of moaning
And of groaning sad and low ;
Down o'er his mournful visage
The hot tears slowly flow :—
It is my good Lord Hobart
In Oceanic Woe !

Deep in the gloom he moaneth
Of cabin lone and dim,
O'er a wash-stand he bendeth
Held up by gentle Sim ;
For oh ! the *Khedue's* locking
Is quite upsetting him.

Now solemnly he speaketh—
" Oh Sim, I'm going to die !
Hear my last words, I adjure you !
I wish—oh dear !—I—I
Wish—oh ah !"—His Lordship
Couldn't speak,—you may guess why !

But soon Sim had to leave him,
And back return to shore
Whilst her swift course the steamer
Towards Calcutta bore.
And now let's trust his Lordship
Is his dear self once more.

But yet, even now, in fancy
I see the ship as she ploughs
The blue waves, which break ever
In silver round her bows,
Whilst his Lordship lies in a cabin
With a towel round his brows !

And still the steamer lurcheth
And still his Lordship moans,
Farnell, he hands him hartshorn,
And Loch shampoos his bones,
And Silver tries to soothe him
Speaking in gentle tones.

Hour after hour he groaneth
Still, still he feeleth ill,
Farnell gives pill and black draught
And " oxymel cum squill."
But still his Lordship moaneth,—
" I'll die—I know I will !"

But now a change comes softly
 O'er the spirit of my dream ;
 In the rich light of sunrise
 Calcutta's turrets gleam,
 The *Khedive* glides to anchor
 Over the flashing stream.
 The guns boom forth their welcome.
 The pennants flutter free.
 Lord Hobart lands, quite healthy
 And blithe as blithe can be,
 Feeling uncommon peckish
 After his trip by sea !

There is one thing, by the way, which has struck me forcibly and which I mentioned to Dr. CHITCHAT after CHARLIE LARKYN had ended his song, and that is this. Is it not remarkable that Lord HOBART, with all his well known penchant for Mahomedans should have gone to Calcutta in the "*Khedive*?" Does it not seem almost likely that his Lordship had selected that one steamer above all others, just because its Moslem name was sweet in his ears ?

A friend who takes great interest in the Chit-chat Club sent the following to Dr. CHITCHAT, and it was amongst the correspondence, &c., found in the Club Letter-box :—

EVENTS WHICH WILL NOT OCCUR IN 1873.

JUDICIAL

The Chief Justice of Madras will not recommend an increase in the establishment of the High Court.

Mr. Acting Justice Kindersley will not be Gazetted by the *London Times* a full blown Judge of the High Court.

The great Teo Geo will not make his ascent in a balloon and electrify Madras with a speech from the clouds.

Mr. Morgan will not be promoted to the office of Registrar.

Mr. Tarrant will not change his convex lenses for concave ones

THE Crown Prosecutorship will not be abolished.

POLITICAL AND REVENUE.

The Hon'ble R. S. Ellis, c. n. will not act in his usually sprightly manner, by not amending, altering or modifying the Municipal Act.

The Hon'ble J. D. Sim will not "concur in confiscating the Peedecottah Estates" and attaching Travancore.

The Hon'ble Mr. Huddleston will not "interfere" with the decisions of Collectors, Sub-Collectors and the Board of Revenue.

The Government of Madras will not effectually clip the claws of Mr. Whiteside who may be termed the *Ursa Major* of civilian, heavens.

The Government of Madras will not demur to Mr. Puckle building bridges and speechifying so long as he amiably continues to screw the "tin" out of the inhabitants of his collectorate.

COMMERCIAL, SOCIAL, MILITARY AND ECCLESIASTICAL.

The Directors of the Madras Bank will not elect Job Solomon at the next vacancy as a brother director and will not hang their agents at Alleppy, Negapatam, Trichinopoly and Madura.

The Madras Club will not buy "ullaged" champagne if they know it—not for Joe!

The Chamber of Commerce will not give a "Ball Masque" to the Trades Association.

The Editor of the Times will not apply cocoanut oil to his ambrosial ringlets.

The East Indian community will not be represented by any East Indian in the legislative Council.

The Madras Infantry Volunteers will not bleed for their country.

The Trustees of the Cathedral will not present Mr. Reeves with a dozen of brandy.

The Bishop of Madras will not forbid lay trustees from taking part in theatrical performances.

The Free Church Clique will not swim for a Ladies Purse against Catamaran men.

A Mahomedan will not be made Director of Public Instruction for Madras.

CHIT-CHAT ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Dr. Stanborough is not going to be nominated Conservator of Forests, 1st grade.

Major Oakes will not appear as the Peri in the forthcoming Philharmonic cantata of Paradise and the Peri.

Mr. Chisholm is not a candidate for orders at the examinations which Bishop Gell is about to hold.

The Agra and Oriental banks are not going to be amalgamated.

The fearful catastrophe which overtook twenty-three human beings in Madras on Wednesday night, was one the sad parti-

culars of which were discussed at our Club. The great lesson it teaches us was agreed to be this, that an effectual check must be at once put upon all torch-light processions, in crowded localities such as Blacktown. The calamity is one which originated in carelessness, and which was precipitated and intensified by ignorance and panic. First of all the fire was caused by the heedlessness of some person pushing up against a little boy who ought not to have been allowed to bear a torch. And when once the fire broke out, a large percentage of the lives which might have been saved were lost sheerly by the stupidity and fright of the unfortunate sufferers, who, instead of taking measures to preserve themselves and escape as others did, rushed to an insecure chamber, where they were huddled together, fell one on the top of the other, and perished by suffocation only partially caused by the smoke. I feel certain that (if it only could be managed without loss of life and of a good deal of property) the destruction of Blacktown would be one of the best things which could happen to Madras. Thoughtful men have been long expecting that some awful calamity like the recent one would take place. The streets are so narrow, so crowded, and constructed with such inflammable materials, that it is a wonder a greater fire than the late one has not ere this occurred. It has been a piece of gross folly on the part of the police that such torch-light processions as the one which caused the fire—processions of which there are hundreds every month, especially during the time of the observance of the greater festivals—have been hitherto permitted. We in Madras seem to have a facility of locking the stable door after the horse is stolen; and thus I should not wonder that now such a great catastrophe has taken place, active measures will be taken to prevent a re-currence of the disaster. The pandal which caught fire covered the *whole* area of the courtyard of the temple, and this courtyard had only one entrance to it! The police were culpable for having permitted any torches in the enclosure at all. Anyhow the Chit-chat Club are unanimous in trusting that the terrible lesson taught by the recent fire and loss of life will not be thrown away.

There is a capital story which was narrated at the Chit-chat last night about the Governor and an up-country Civilian, which

story I believe to be true, but cannot vouch for,—anyhow it is certainly worth repeating. Lord HOBART was standing watching a boat race at the recent Regatta. Mr.—, a Civilian of some ability, but not very old in the service, had never seen the recluse of Guindy. Lord HOBART made some exclamation as he was watching the finish of a race which caught the ear of the said Civilian who happened to be standing next to him. This induced a conversation. The two gentlemen first spoke of matters connected with the regatta, then their talk took a wider limit; and at length the subject for conversation was the Governor himself! The young Civilian said, candidly, it was his opinion that Lord HOBART was greatly maligned, and that he considered his reticence dignified and judicious, and speaking of Lord HOBART's acts, especially praised his legislation on behalf of the Mahomedans. By this time another race came on, and the speakers became separated. After the race was over, an Aide approached the Civilian, and said, "His Lordship has desired me to ask your name?" The Civilian gave his name rather astonished at being asked for it, and still more puzzled to be asked, shortly after by his Lordship himself to Guindy. "Ha, ha! Mr.—," said Lord HOBART, "I have been playing the part of Haroun Alraschid! I was fortunate however to find one at least speaking in favour of the "Guindy Recluse," as they call me.

It is a pretty story, and though good, not too good to be true. To my mind, the Mahommedan element in it—the introduction of the famous Arabian Monarch, is simply inimitable.

It is impossible for me to give my readers in this place even a cursory glance at the whole of Dr. CHITCHAT's Correspondence. One effusion received was a most impertinent one. It was a parody of the song.

"My love is like a red red rose."

I will not inflict upon my readers the parody in question, but it will suffice for me to say that the first line was,—

"My Lord, he has a red red nose!"

—which may be amusing but certainly is false. However here I must break off suddenly, as the *Editor of the Athenæum* tells me I must "cut it short," as he is greatly pressed for space.

FOURTH PAPER.

SATURDAY, 18th January 1873.

YESTERDAY evening we again met. The Chit-chat Club is flourishing. We continued our pleasing labours till the small hours of this morning. This poor pen of mine cannot possibly condense into a column or two, what one whole issue of the *Athenæum* could scarcely contain. However, as usual, I will do my best. My difficulty is not what I shall record, but what I shall forbear to record. The garden is so full of beautiful flowers, that the nosegay I cull appears indeed insignificant. I must thank, in the name of Dr. CHITCHAT and his Club, the numerous contributors who have so willingly and ably come forward to swell the current of these papers. Many of these must forgive me, if I cannot this week draw attention to their communications.

How bright are the skies now which smile over Madras! How cool, even for the season, is the weather; how green the trees; how fresh the breeze; and how blue the sea, till it bursts into silvery gladness and with a long cry of delight kisses and clasps the shore! And how lovely the nights are! The very moon seems to know Madras is in the midst of her festive season. Well, well,—but is it not strange, somehow, that we do not much miss Lord HOBART? Madras actually seems to be just as lively without him. Come, now—a happy thought! Why not have “the gentle Sim” as our perpetual Governor? The idea, I fancy, is not a very bad one after all!

Ere I write again, the Race Week will have dawned upon us. I confess I *believe* in the Race Week. I have ever enjoyed it, and ever shall. There is a motion, an activity, and a dash about it. I have ever been one who has made it an article of his social creed that a horse enjoys to flash before his rivals, first pass a winning-post. I hate and detest gambling beyond one's means, but I think it is an innocent thing to lay a bet of a ten-rupee note, or take a ticket or two at a lottery. And I beg to predict that, whatever horse wins, our races this year will be, all round, and in every way, successful.

Of course Dr. CHITCHAT sees a great many people in the course of his weekly wanderings, and occasionally comes across some

very eccentric characters. The other day, for example, he was accosted by a gentleman who was a perfect stranger to him, and whose face he could not remember having ever before seen. "Dr. CHITCHAT I believe?" said the unknown, as he lifted his hat politely. "I, sir," he continued, "am Mr. ANON; a connection, I need hardly say, of the famous family of ANONS to whose pieces in prose and verse the *Elegant Extracts* of your illustrious grandfather's days owe so much of their popularity and success." "And pray, sir," broke in the Doctor with a smile, as he recalled to mind the pompous and dreary character of the antiquated volumes to which the stranger referred,— "and pray, sir, in what way can I be of any service to you?" "Sir", he replied, "for many years past it has been my habit to go about picking up things; and when I pick them up, I put them down—I mean upon paper. By this means much valuable manuscript accumulates upon my hands. Here," he continued drawing from his pocket, as he spoke, a small sealed packet, "is something I have just picked up at your Club door. Take it. May you be happy. Bless you—Farewell! And before the Doctor had time to recover, from his surprise, Mr. ANON had vanished, leaving the packet in the Doctor's hands. Perhaps some of our readers will furnish us with a solution of its contents, which proved to be the following—

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.*

Of the whole.

Something for all readers fit,
 And to amuse Madras a bit;
 And as 'tis sure to prove a hit,
 With fun, and pun, and sketch, and skit,
 Something that will surely "sit
 Upon" the mild attempts at wit
 Of angry Editors, who 'll knit
 Their brows, and madly envy it!

* NOTE.—This double acrostic, sent to us by one of the contributors to the Chit-chat Papers, strikes us as being one of the most clever and ingenious double acrostics which has ever appeared in the columns of an Indian Journal. The *Weekly Journal of the Calcutta Englishman* frequently contains good double acrostics, although even there we have not met with one so calculated to provoke investigation.

We shall be pleased to receive from any one of our readers answers to the above double acrostic; and we undertake to publish the names of those who send correct solutions.

In next Saturday's "CHIT CHAT," we shall publish the correct answer.—Ed.
 A. & D. N.

1.

High up among the chimney pots
 Midst London's murky roofs,
 A fever-stricken scribbler blots
 Imaginary proofs.
 "At last!" the doctor, breathless quite,
 Exclaims "I've reached the top ;
 I thought upon the third dark flight
 Of stairs that I should drop !
 Ah, what a place, with ceiling sloped,
 For misery to lie in !"—
 Yet large enough, 'tis to be hoped,
 For misery to die in.

2.

No gas by Jove! Why here's a mess !
 Of streets and turnings, which to
 Take how can I tell, or guess,
 With night as dark as pitch, too !
 ('Tis Tomkyns speaks, as, rather late,
 He homewards wends his way ;
~~And finds the gas-stoker, who~~
 Have struck for higher pay.)
 "Hi, hulloa, somebody, a light!"
 He cries, and soon is headed.
 "Ah, come along, my boy—that's right—
 The very thing I needed!"

3.

Not literally "lions," although animals are we,
 Yet "lions" in the sense of sights that people go to see ;
 A large one and a little one, oft savage deeds we've here done,
 So come and see as at the Zoo (you know the Zoo in London ?)

4.

Know ye the land of the yellow-billed Mina,
 The pariah poodle, and charming muskrat ;
 Where plantains, and mangoes, and other fruits fine are,
 And man wears a turban instead of a hat ?
 Where playful mosquitoes so gracefully settle
 At eve on the slumbering Saib's red nose ;
 Who, suddenly, dreams of the true British nettle,
 As they break with their stinging his pleasant repose ?
 It is there, it is there (as the poet most sure is,
 Who never has seen it) where all things are nice,
 Where all men are heroes, and all women hours
 And live upon bulbuls—not curry and rice

5.

A Latin conjunction—I need say no more,
To be certain of answers from “Bee Yeas” a score.

6.

When gazing on a work of art, or nature contemplating,—
(’Tis from a pocket Walker that we take the fact we’re stating)—
What pain or pleasure Tomkins feels, explained is by exploing
A science called—but find it out, its last five-niuths ignoring.

7.

What was it, when the sun was hot,
Saved me from what I might have got,
The day I wore my chimney pot?
My——!

And when down came the pelting rain,
And I some shelter sought in vain,
What was it aided me again?
My——!

And as my way through life I wend,
What is it I will never lend
(On principle) to my best friend?
My——!

8.

On Mrs. Myrtle’s croquet ground, the match was most exciting—
(At least so said the players there, who understood the fighting.
We only saw that Kate against her cousin played, who though
He called himself her “enemy,” seemed any thing but foe!)

The Colonel had one hoop to make, his partner was a rover;
Their enemies were far apart, the game was nearly over.
Then came the Colonel’s turn to play (ah! sad advice, who spoke it?)
“Hit hard;” cried some one (cruel shout) “hit hard!” He did,
and—broke it!

There is a story which raised a smile in our Club, which I had better relate, suppressing names. An elderly well-known gentleman of Madras was out dining with a boon companion, and grew decidedly merry over his dinner. As it was a moonlit night, the said convivial gentleman sent home his gharry, and determined to walk home. About an hour afterwards he was seen sitting by the way side on a stone. A couple of officers chanced to pass, and observing at a glance what was up with the said gentleman whom they, and indeed all Madras, knew, came up, and accosted him by his name. “Yes,” returned he of

the cups, "quiteright! I (*hic*) am Mr. ———. You've guessed (*hic*) right! and comenowoleflas (*hic*) make another g-g-g (*hic*) guess!—*Guess where my house is, for the devil if I can tell!*"

Whether Madras Bankers, Merchants, and others engaged in mercantile pursuits understand, in all its ramifications, commercial business, is a subject well worthy of consideration, and as such it has been proposed that the Chit-chat Club should issue a *Madras Commercial Manual*. The following items might form a part of this undoubtedly useful book. These suggestions are from a very highly esteemed contributor:—

SUGGESTIONS FOR A MADRAS COMMERCIAL MANUAL.

Part I might treat of the Meat Market in general, and the China Bazaar in particular.

Part II might dilate upon the highly important newly invented Hindu art of buying up empty bottles of well-known wines (empty bottles which still retain their labels intact,) and re-filling them with any coloured fluid, and selling the same at reduced prices as genuine wine.

Part III might treat of the science of stuffing huge stones into the centre of cotton bales previous to shipping them for the English market.

Part IV might treat of the interesting question, HOW BEST TO BOTHER AND BAMBOOZLE BANKS? This should be an important part. Messrs. McIvor, Taylor, Boyd, and Grant should be consulted. (In a recent case a witness deposed that in entering the capital of the firm in the Books of the firm, the entry was a mere nominal one, done to make the Banks believe that the firm had started with the capital therein named.)

Part V might consist of a treatise on astronomy, considering it in the light of Mr. Pogson's Commerce with the Moon.

Part VI might be a summary of the whole subject with a list of the eminent Sowcars, Massoolah boatmen, Bill Stickers, coach-letting Chinamen, and Loafers, of Madras.

Such a manual would doubtless prove a great success in many ways. Under the heading of Part IV a wide range of subjects might be treated of. Here are a few specimens—of the

GENTLE HINTS TO PERSONS DESIROUS OF BOTHERING AND BAMBOOZLING BANKS.

1. Mr. Boyd of the Oriental Bank, is known to be a meek-tempered man. Walk into his Bank, give your card with "immediate" written upon it. When admitted into Mr. Boyd's presence, engage freely in a lengthy and desultory conversation; and then, when at length your victim becomes restless and gets to the length of ordering you out of the Bank, ask him,

in a commanding manner, whether he is doing his duty to his employers, by thus treating you, since you have come to deposit ten rupees if the bank will only give nine per cent. interest for it!

2. Get an introduction to Mr. Grant of the Mercantile, and ask him with great earnestness of manner in what way he would recommend you to lay out 50,000 Rs. which a worthy relative has just left you. Appear to be highly satisfied with Mr. Grant's suggestions, engage in a free and easy chat with him, and when about to take your leave of him, whisper in his ear the magic words "will you kindly lend me five hundred rupees just now, —I promise to return them in three months time"—and watch the effect.

3. Send in your card to Mr. McIvor, and tell him, when admitted to his benign presence, that you have an account with Mr. Boyd, but now wish to transfer ten thousand rupees from the Oriental to the Madras Bank. Will he permit you to open an account? Mr. McIvor will probably say "with pleasure." Hereupon ask him for a stamped cheque book, and pay for it before him—this looks like business; and whilst pulling out the money for the cheque book, you might produce, and allow to flutter about, if as accidentally, a few bank notes, to lead Mr. McIvor to form favorable opinions of your wealth. Tell Mr. McIvor the transfer from the Oriental will be immediately made, and bid him a courteous farewell. Now hurry home, and write out cheques for five thousand or so and present them for cash. Having secured the money, book it. You will have a clear day's start of Mr. McIvor. That gentleman will probably wait till six P.M. for the money from the Oriental, and only find out the next morning that he has been hoaxed. By this time you may be well on your way in a dhony towards Ceylon, where you can embark for England under the aristocratic surname of Horace Fitznooks or Sir Alexander Ailsa Craig.

4. Mr. Taylor is known in Madras to be the great authority upon exchange. Rush up in hot haste to his office, burst into his presence, and eagerly request him to exchange—a broken ink-bottle, an odd boot, three lumps of soap, and an empty matchbox, for a fifty rupees banknote. If he declines, and suggests you are mad, sling the articles at his head, and say in a dignified manner, that you will not deal any more with the Agra Bank. Mr. Taylor will probably see how foolish it was of him not to accede to your request, and you will observe him weep—especially if the broken ink-bottle has taken effect in his eye.

It will be seen from the above what a useful book the proposed "Manual" will be. The Chit-chat Club were delighted, with parts of it. I am sorry that the lack of space prevents me from giving my readers further extracts from such a valuable work. Amongst the letters received this week was the following, treating of really important subject, namely:—

LAW AND BEARDS.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE CHIT-CHAT CLUB.

DEAR SIR,—The legal profession are now in the convulsive throes of a great movement in their air,—not in the hair of the atmosphere, but in the air of their heads.

The thought that the world of Madras Solicitorhood is about to lose one of the most magnificent, impressive, and enormous BEARDS that have ever graced this or any other city, has thrown a deep gloom over our High Court. A Solicitor has obtained leave of absence from Government, and actually intends to take his beard with him! When it streams away on the wings of the wind, we shall all be left in hairy sorrow and in beady woe!

The thought of all this fell like a cloud on bench and bar. But ONE has come forward to uplift this cloud, and raise our brightest hopes. Dr. Chitchat,—you, sir, I know are a lover of mankind, and have a deep fellow feeling with all men. Come then, and join in our joy! The Assistant to the departing Solicitor has nobly come forward to supply the loss. He is growing a Beard! Oh rapture, Oh ecstasy, the High Court will yet be itself again! Come now, Dr. Chitchat, I ask you, sir, is not this high-minded man who is about to deprive his chin of the diurnal pleasures of the razor, a hero! What testimonial should be offered to him? Every day all the High Court stares like one man at the hero's chin! It is whispered, and the glad tidings flash from mouth to mouth, the dear little hairs are coming—they sprout—ha! they are growing to be a regular bush! The great question which now agitates us is, will the Assistant's beard be when grown quite so fine as his principal's. Will it occupy as much space, and be as brilliant of hue? These are momentous questions, Dr. Chitchat! Anyhow, the eyes of the world of law are fixed upon the chin of one man.

I am, my dear Doctor,

Yours very truly,

ALLAHABAD.

Madras, 15th January, 1873.

P. S.—Friday, 17th.—Latest News. Betting on the colour. Mr. Branson bets two to one the hair turns out flaxen. (Offered and taken.) Mr. W. Grant inclines to the opinion it will be a shade of orange, but Mr. Champion promptly pointed out that some oranges are green, and offered five to one that the hair would not be green. This was not taken. This betting is unfortunate as several articulated clerks have gone into it to the tune of several thousands a-piece!

Here is another letter which was duly read to the Club by Dr. CHITCHAT:—

MY DEAR DR. CHITCHAT,—In this morning's *Times* I find:—Steamer from Rangoon—The steamer *Oriental* came into the roads yesterday from Ran-

goon, and brought a batch of Burmese convicts and about 20 Volunteers from H. M.'s 1-10 Regiment for other corps serving in India." What do Emperor Bob and the Big Mastiff mean by allowing Madras to be turned into a penal settlement? I protest and I believe so does,

PUBLIC OPINION.

Lands End, January 17th.

Whilst upon legal subjects, I may mention that there was a good deal of talk last night about the Trichinopoly Fabrication Case, and the startling disclosures about Mr. PENNINGTON. CHARLIE LARKYNS, who is in the heaven-born service you know, and ought to understand something about the subject, thinks Mr. PENNINGTON will be called to book about his usurpation of the functions of the Governor-in-Council in the matter of offering pardon "for all offences" to that sweet young cherub, PERIEN. Mr. PENNINGTON's allusion in his deposition to "moral pressure" struck us all as being peculiarly delicious. After a little discussion thereupon, the following resolution was put and carried, *nem con.*

"RESOLVED—That the Secretary be requested to place himself in communication with Mr. Cunningham, the Advocate General, for his opinion on the exact meaning of moral pressure, as contrasted with immoral pressure."

Mr. CUNNINGHAM, it is well known, delights in framing Acts, Statutes, and Regulations. He would no doubt shine brilliantly if he, logically, minutely, and succinctly defined the nature and extent of immoral pressure.

"The Judge and the Cooly" was also one of the themes of conversation last night, and a few of the members of the Chit-chat Club dealt rather roughly with Justice KINDERSLEY. From the case, as reported, it appears that Mr. KINDERSLEY's defence was to the effect that he did not assault the cooly because he did not actually strike him, or approach within an arm's length of him. A certain member of the Club then drew the attention of the Club to the 351st and 349th Sections of the Penal Code, which run as follows:—

Whoever makes any gesture or any preparation, intending or knowing it to be likely that such gesture or preparation will cause any person present to apprehend that he who makes that gesture or preparation is about to use criminal force to that person, is said to commit an assault.

A person is said to use force to another if he causes motion, change of motion, or cessation of motion to that other, or if he causes to any substance such motion, or change of motion, or cessation of motion as brings that substance into contact with any part of that other's body or with any thing which that other is wearing or carrying, or with any thing so situated that such contact affects that other's sense of feeling; provided that the person causing the motion, or change of motion, or cessation of motion, causes that motion, change of motion, or cessation of motion in one of the three ways hereinafter described.

First.—By his own bodily power.

Secondly.—By disposing any substance in such a manner that the motion or change or cessation of motion takes place without any further act on his part, or on the part of any other person.

Thirdly.—By inducing any animal to move, to change its motion, or cease to move.

What! Does the learned magistrate not know that in the words of the Penal Code he may commit an assault on a party without approaching so as to come into actual bodily collision with that party? In the words of that Code any thing which "causes motion" may be an assault. Mr. KINDERSLEY is reported as having caused motion—i. e., caused the cooly to run away.

The other day Dr. CHITCHAT, with several of his Club, visited the Race Course to watch the horses training for the forthcoming races. It was a fine sight. The early morning was clear and cool, and a gentle mist lay on the face of the prospect, as soft, white, and filmy as a bridal veil. Dr. CHITCHAT was thoroughly revelling in the scene, as "Passover" and "Selim" and "Wenlock" and "Atilla" and grand old "Melbourne" went each in turn scudding past, when the accustomed morning papers were brought in, the *Times*, the *Standard*, and the *Athenæum*, and laid on the accustomed table before the Grand Stand. Immediately several gentlemen snatched the papers up to read them. One, as he took up the *Times*, was heard to groan out, "Heavens! What a dish of dullness and twaddle this is!" Another, seizing the *Standard* remarked on the large amount of local news the paper always contains. Another yet, as he seized a third paper, cried out, "This is the paper I go in for! It fears no body and is a thoroughly outspoken radical journal!" Dr. CHITCHAT pricked up his ears, and putting on his spectacles saw that the paper in question to which reference

was made was the *Athenæum*. "Ha, I thought so," said the worthy Doctor, "my paper too ! But I wonder what in all the world is Journalistic radicalism out here. I for my part do not know which Journal is conservative, and which radical, in India. We shall have to discuss this point at our next Club Meeting." At this time, one of the gentlemen present, with a peculiar face, fantastically dressed in knicker-bockers (though his calves were miserable things and sorely needed putting to grass) said, in a loud voice as he opened the *Times* newspaper "I have noticed when a man has failed in every profession, he takes to editing and bringing out a newspaper." I have never seen Dr. CHITCHAT so angry as he was when he heard this bray. "Sir," he said to me, "that man, I know him, and I could let the world know something of him, did I choose. He is an ill-natured piece of clay, who evidently prefers pertness to truth. Our Madras Editors are, as a whole, and in different ways and degrees, men of whom we have reason to be proud. Instead of the refuse of other professions being the food of the Fourth Estate, I could name a score of men, who would climb to the top of any profession they chose to enter. That man in knicker-bockers is in my opinion, a puppy !"

Here I am again at the end of my space, before getting through half my matter. I have actually got through what I guess to be three columns or so of printed matter, and yet I fear my Club will dub me a bad Secretary for not having written more, and the contributors to these papers will not be very satisfied with the scanty use I have made of many of their Manuscripts. Anyhow I must tear myself away, and bid you, good readers, for one week more,—*au revoir*.

FIFTH PAPER.

SATURDAY, 25th January 1873.

AGAIN I take up my pen on behalf of the Chit-chat Club. Whether the *Mail* be the organ of Government or no, I cannot say—and if it is, it has lately been playing very much out of tune ; but this must be patent to every one, that the *Athenæum* is the official gazette of Dr. CHITCHAT and Common-Sense.

The Double Acrostic I laid before my readers last week has elicited an avalanche of answers, which need not be here acknowledged in detail, as this has already been done ; but it is my pleasing duty now to give the correct solution.

A	tti	C
T	orc	H
H	ippopotam	I
E	as	T
N	o	C
Æ	st	H-(etics.)
U	mbrell	A
M	alle	T

The Chit-chat Club has observed with great pleasure that the acrostic has attracted so much favourable notice. They consider its ingenuity renders it fit for insertion in Mr. BRADSHAW'S Trigonometry, or in a future Examination Paper by Mr. Thom.

One of the great events of the week is the Hatching of Chepauk Tower. The way in which this wonderful structure has popped its head out of the shell of scaffolding which before surrounded it, has been the theme for universal applause. CHARLIE LARKYNS avers he saw Mr. CHISHOLM, seated in that Lilliputian trap of his, with a pocket-handkerchief to his eyes shedding blissful tears as he beheld the operation. CHARLIE LARKYNS says he approached, thinking some consolation was necessary, and that the tears he beheld were prompted by fear that the minarets would collapse and the cupolas "bust-up" like bubbles. No, it was excess of joy that elicited the tears. "B-b-beautiful," sobbed the excited Architect, "L-LARKYNS, my b-b-boy. I f-f-feel at seeing that Tower k-k-coming out of its shell, as if I was m-m-made a f-f-father for the f-f-first time !"

Some one remarked, anent some conversation about Colonel DENISON, that he heard the gallant officer was to become a denizen of London. "A denizen? Quite so!" cried out the great Tee Gee cheerily as he dropped in upon the Chit-chat Club:—"A denizen of London? Yes, he has for a long time been the Denison of Madras. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha-a-ab!" And the worthy Magistrate's sides shook with the laughter his own pun produced.

Of course we had, during the evening, a topical song, on

THE NEW GOVERNMENT TAILOR.

The scene is laid at Guindy Park,
The time is five o'clock ;
Lord Hobart's tooth aches very bad,
He snubs o'en smiling Looh.

The Council all assembled nie,
The Secretaries too,
They've heaps of papers to be signed,
And lots of work to do.

Upon their cats quite suddenly
There breaks a solemn voice,
"Wilde has resigned at last, I see,
And therent I rejoice.

My brother's but a Captain yet
Or Silver's place he'd fill ;
Horace shall have the 'Clothing Board'
—It is my lordly will "

On this there rose an angry storm
Cries of "you can't !" "you can't !"
Indeed I'm told one angry man
Said "No, my lord, you *shan't* !"

And then remonstrates gentle Sim
Whose face has grown quite stern
For once his looks are downright grim
His meek eyes flash and burn.

"A man who's acted for so long
And acted right well too
Must be confirmed, or t'would be wrong,
And most unjust of you

All army men whate'er their rank
Their faith would lose in you."
The blue eyed Huddleston looked blank
And said "that's very true."

The courtly Silver with mild grace
Essays remonstrance too,
"My Lord, I must say to your face
It really *will not do*."

Lord Hobart's fairly roused at last,
He flings cheeroot aside,
"Am I the Governor of Madras
Or am I not ;" he cried !

"Those ribald papers dare to say,
 "We're hated one and all—
 "They ridicule my household gay,
 "My dinners, and my ball.
 "Public opinion I'll defy,
 "I'll show I'm master here,
 "I don't care if his claims are high
 "Walters shall disappear !
 "I do not care for services;
 "I never fought, myself,
 "Pooh! what are wounds to me indeed,
 "Or anything, but pelf.
 "My brother's not a Solomon,
 "And every one knows that,
 "But he shall o'er the tailors rule
 "I say *he shall*!—that's flat !
 "A fig for justice, might is right,
 "My brother's very poor
 "His purse he'll fill with shiners bright,
 "His parrot's food secure.
 "Another word I will not hear
 "What—six o'clock? all right !
 "It is unjust I'm quite aware
 "But—never mind—good-night."
 He's gone and then Imperial Bob
 (Who's never quite a lamb,)
 Growls, "*this is an infernal job*,"
 And drives home muttering—"D—n."

Amongst the communications received by the Chit-chat Club during the past week were the following two papers:—

PEOPLE RARELY MET WITH.

- The relation of a Governor who is not fit for any appointment in India.
 A handsome widow who does not want to get married.
 A fool who does not think himself the perfection of wisdom.
 A stupid woman who does not profess to be pious.
 An ignorant man who does not lay claim to sound practical common sense.
 An ugly woman who does not think that virtue is better than beauty.
 A man who knows nothing of music and does not say that he is very fond of it.

A woman who can neither play nor sing who has not a good ear for music.

A man who never repeats as original what he has heard other people say.

A woman who does not repeat a secret when she has a good chance.

A talkative man who does not tell the same anecdote twice over.

A disagreeable woman who does not condemn flirting.

A lazy man who neither whistles nor plays an imaginary piano on the table.

An idle woman who has not an excuse for doing nothing.

University examiners who toil not neither do they spin.

The Mahommedan whom Lord Hobart would advance before his brother.

The Mahommedan woman who lectures on woman's rights.

A man who likes being dunned by a creditor.

A woman who does not like a new dress.

A man who is in love and never forgets his pocket-handkerchief.

A woman in love who is satisfied that her beloved spends all the time he could with her.

A man who has no temptation to commit a particular sin who does not think a man a scoundrel who commits it.

An aged and dried up spin who does not think that the gents of the present generation are too forward.

A man who does not grieve over being misunderstood.

A woman with a pretty foot who does not shew it.

Ladies who never examine each other's bonnets.

A pious man who does not think the religion of every body else is wrong.

A pious woman who does not think it her duty to condemn people who are not pious.

A man passionately fond of hearing an Archdeacon preach.

A very high church woman who does not make fun of low church parsons, or a low church woman who does not think a high church parson had better go to Rome.

A man or woman who feels particularly comfortable in a pair of new boots.

A Governor who admires pretty women and is without a friend.

A lady who has a string of followers none of whom are jealous of the others.

A man who does not not like reading the *Athenæum*.

A woman who can keep awake over the *Madras Times*.

A man too old to do anything who does not pride himself on the value of his experience.

A woman ugly and grey who does not tell people what she once was.

MR. SMITH ON PREACHING.

A stitch in time saves nine. How many will a stitch in eternity save ?

Spare the rod and spoil the child. Employ a man for the special purpose of licking your child when you are abroad from home.

Fools build houses and wise men live in them. So after all fools do good in their generation.

Let sleeping dogs lie. They will then only be doing what waking men are.

Take care of the shillings and pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves. Very likely and decamp.

Modesty is a quality which highly adorns a woman. A nice dress adorns her more, and the latter is more useful.

A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband. He had therefore lock her up like the Queen locks up her crown and charge people for looking at her.

Old birds are not caught with chaff. Are not they ? Try a little bit on an old maid.

Little dogs have long tails, and little men tell long tales. It is not all gold that glitters. Quite right, the day has gone for monopolies.

Marry in haste and repent at leisure. This is a good maxim. Always snatch at a good thing when you can get it and be very leisurely about getting tired of it.

You may take a pitcher often to a well but it will be broken at last. Hence the economy of street fountains.

You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. It would be very difficult and unpleasant to make one out of it.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever. This is not the opinion of all husbands.

It is a long road that has no turning. This proverb was not written by a Madras man because we have many roads that are straight, short and end abruptly. *The road to rain also is short and straight and you cannot miss your way.*

Give the devil his due. The man who made this proverb must have thought that he made a tradesman a present when he paid him a bill and was a fit advocate for such a client.

I will now extract a page or two bodily from my note book in which I took down as usual what occurred in our meeting last night. Here is what I find:—

Read letter from our old friend Pat Hennegan who says he is still busy condemning the grand Arsenal buildings at Allahabad. Foundations nil, work execrable, roof too heavy, &c., &c. Proposes to ask for services of

Chisholm who will take care to keep the building going for the next ten years, and to show the further importance of Madras will insist on a supply of chunam from there. Asks us to tell Colonel Bob to write another pamphlet in favour of "Madras, its Commerce, and universal Gun Carriage Wheel." Particularly requests us not to forget to note the wheel, and to be sure not to let it be known that we got the idea from Robertson who sent us the pattern found by him in the Red Sea during his long and laborious harbour surveys.

Note by Dr. Hunter who has been studying the intricate workmanship of the wheel in an archæological point of view. Concludes the original must have been Pharaoh's chariot submerged during that dreadful catastrophe mentioned by Josephus in his history, i.e., when he received a check on the bank of the Red Sea,—said cheque crossed by the firm Israelites. Dr. Hunter's researches (extending over 500 folios in Quarto together with models of the same done in the School of Arts) left by the last steamer, addressed to His Grace the Duke of Argyll.

Here is a letter which Dr. CHITCHAT drew forth from the depths of the Club Letter-box:—

CAPTAIN HOBART AND HIS PARROT.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE CHIT-CHAT CLUB.

MY DEAR DR. CHITCHAT,—Some men are born to greatness; some men achieve greatness; and some men have greatness thrust upon them. Now dear Doctor in which of these characters is the Hon'ble Captain Hobart to be regarded? For he must be a great man, of course, though Madras was culpably oblivious of the fact till last Tuesday's *Gazette* impressed it on the public apprehension.

My own view is that he may lay claim to all three sides of the character. He is an honorable, and a Hobart! If this is not greatness, what is? And to this the gallant Captain was certainly born. So we get him as No. 1. Then he is a Captain in Her Majesty's service. As to whether or not this is a greatness, consult any brother officer; and this greatness the honorable gentleman may fairly be credited with having achieved, by an irreproachable attendance at parade and mess, and by the perseverance necessary to live to the required age! Here then we have him as an achiever of greatness.

And now for him in the character of a receiver of greatness thrust upon him. Is he not, by the fiat of his half brother, Master-tailor of the Madras Army? Is not that a greatness? So much of one that the announcement of it struck Madras all of a heap; where she is likely to be left—to ruminate on the philosophy of silver spoons!

But how about the Parrot? Has that lively cuss learnt to say "only half-a-crown" yet? Or does the indefatigable Captain still spend his days, in the

grateful shades of Guindy Park, in contemplating, through his eye glass, its rapt visage, and repeating in its ravished ears, the cabalistic words—

ONLY HALF A-CROWN.

After the fashion of the *Athenæum*, the Chit-chat Club are thinking of periodically making—

CHIT-CHAT ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Dr. Stanborough is about to be made Conservator of the Chepauk Dutch Gardens, Archdeacon of Madras, and Government Inspector of the Lighting of the New Railway Station. •

Mr. Apparow Moodelly is about to become a steward of the Madras Races, and a Director of the Madras Bank. He will ride *Pegu Prince* daily to office.

Major Oakes is soon to be appointed as 1st Member of the Revenue Board, with three months' privilege leave, as a mark of the high estimation in which he is held by Government.

Colonel Tommy Thomson has written a learned official minute on a Mare's nest recently discovered at Oosoor which he says contained three colts and two promising fillies. The Government in their order thereon are of opinion that this must have been the produce of a night mare.

Mr. Abdoolah Green is to be raised to the Madras Bench as a mark of the estimation in which Lord Hobart holds those who are unfeignedly pious sons of Islam.

I cannot do better than conclude this week's Chit-chat, by reproducing a letter recently despatched by Dr. CHITCHAT to the Governor of Madras. The letter will probably reach Lord HOBART whilst he is in Calcutta, so that he will have the opportunity of laying it before Lord NORTHBROOK:—

DR. CHITCHAT'S LETTER TO LORD HOBART.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY LORD HOBART, &c., &c.,

Governor of Madras.

MY LORD,—The time has come for me to address your Lordship in person. I am, you know, my Lord, a man of considerable experience in Indian matters; and have long passed the meridian of life. Perhaps the words of soberness from an old man will be deemed worthy of attention, when the advice of others is unheeded. What I must now write, I must write plainly and strongly: believe me that I shall have to say a few things which will give me as much pain to utter as for you to hear.

It is a fact patent to every one, and which no person of any weight in Madras has tried, as far as I know, seriously to dispute, that you are in

many ways unsuited for the post you now occupy. But since the Duke of Argyll is responsible for your presence amongst us, we would do our best to forget that you are "a square man in a round hole" as the saying is, and make the best of our bargain.

Here it is, however, my Lord, that our most serious difficulty arises—you will not permit us to make the best of you. Not only have you patronized sins of omission; but you have been spasmodically exerting yourself, and in most cases exerting yourself for evil. Matters have been going on from bad to worse, and now you do not hesitate to countenance a job which has cut away from you the support of your own official organ, the *Madras Mail*, and made those who have been your silent enemies, and even those openly friendly to you, speak out against you, in the plainest and severest of terms.

Now, my Lord Hobart, kindly meditate on the chief events of your Government. The Chit-chat Club have agreed, in a formal resolution before me, to classify them thus:—

1. His Lordship arrives suddenly, and as it were steals timidly into Madras. A fortnight before his arrival, even the acting Governor was not certain as to the date of his advent.
2. Lord Hobart holds the dullest of dull receptions. Madras Society remarks that the "Dreamy Liberal" is sleepy enough.
3. Lord Hobart disappears for five months.
4. Lord Hobart legislates for Mahomedans, and shows himself utterly inexperienced as to the real place they hold in the politics of this country, and their peculiar requirements as a body of poor men who believe in the power of wealth, of bravery and of the sword, more than in all intellectual might linked with penury and subjection to a strong foreign rule.
5. Lord Hobart allows certain flagrant jobs to be perpetrated in the High Court.
6. Lord Hobart neglects to be near the scene of danger, when a terrible catastrophe from floods threatened Madras.
7. Lord Hobart shuts himself up in Guindy, and instead of courting society, courts a clique.
8. Lord Hobart leaves for Calcutta just at a time when Madras expected him to remain in the capital of his presidency.
9. Lord Hobart is guilty of an act of nepotism more flagrant than has ever astonished India for many long years.

I lay all this plainly before you, my Lord, and refrain at present from offering any comments. Some say you are about to resign the position which even you yourself feel is one for which you are unfitted. I know not whether the rumour is true. I sincerely hope so. But, my Lord, if

it be your intention to remain out your five years as Governor of this Presidency, my advice to you simply is—Do nothing! I was irate with you at first because of your inaction, now, I recommend you to snore away like the seven sleepers. Hide yourself in Bangalore, Ooty, or at Cape Comorin if you like. Doing nothing, is much better than doing mischief.

I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's obedient servant,

CHARLES CHITCHAT.

CHIT-CHAT CLUB HOUSE,

Nungumbaulum, January 16, 1873.

SIXTH PAPER.

SATURDAY, 1st February 1873.

THE gaiety of the past week has almost killed several members of the Chit-chat Club. When the meeting was held last night it was feared that there would be a motion of adjournment. But no. Every one with the exception of two, who were off to hear the "Genius" Mr. SCHNEIDER at the Banqueting Hall, had so much to talk about what they had done, seen, and heard, that the meeting was an exceptionally brilliant one.

A happy thought has struck the Chit-chat Club. Why not have a really original, ingenious, exhaustive, unique

WEEKLY DIARY OF THE CHIT-CHAT CLUB.

(February 1873.)

MONDAY	...	3	Moon rises punctually. Ramaswamy Chinnatumbay died, aged 47.
TUESDAY	...	4	Captain Hobart's Parrot fed at the proper time. Mr. Warlow mends his pen, previous to commencing to write a second sermon on the Yearning Cry of the Heathen.
WEDNESDAY	...	5	Mr. Powell rises early, and philosophically meditates on the results of the Result System.
THURSDAY	...	6	The Padareen Night-mare appears with a rosary to the Rev. Mr. Macmillan. Doveton bonds quoted at 3s-11½d: discipline at par.
FRIDAY	...	7	Evening, sacred to the Meeting of the Chit-chat Club.
SATURDAY	...	8	Mr. Pogson receives a mysterious telegram from an unknown distant astronomer:—"I (hic) see—b-blesh my eyes—(hic) a b-brace of moons!"
SUNDAY	...	9	The Clergy, clerks, sextons, bell-ringers, and other choristers, proceed to Church.

. The great topic of conversation this week, in almost all circles, has been the Races. Now that they are on the eve of coming to a close, the Chit-chat Club offer the following verses to the public:—

THE LAST DAY OF THE MADRAS RACES.

(Saturday, 1st February.)

How fleet our gay season is flying,
How swiftly our pleasures all pass!
To day the Race week is ended,
—The merriest Week in Madras.

No more the light of glad faces
Will shine from the Grand Stand each day,
Sweet ladies as lovesome as lovely,
And men as gallant as gay.

No more the rush of the horses
Nor gleam of the jockey's dress;
No more the crowds many-colour'd
That round the grand water-leap press.

No more the swarming of gharries,
The roar of applause no more,
As "Marques," or "Wenlock," or "Fiking."
Arrow-like, shoots to the fore!

With all its changes and chances
Another dull year must pass,
Ere the dawn of our next gay Race Week
Wakes up "benighted" Madras.

May we then meet again, hale and hearty,
And again round the Race Course all rally,
Corey, Bell, Local, and Miller,
And Walcott and Joseph and Ally!

And see again Bridesmaid and Selim,
And Glenshaw flashing along,
(But why the dence has "Jeremiah"
Failed, this year, to praise them in song?)

Have you heard of the glory departing?
How that never another horse
With the "Merry Confederates'" colours
Will appear, in their name, on our course?

We know that,—if losing, if winning,—
The "Confederates" were always game,
They ran for the love of running,
For our pleasure and their own fame.

If our gentleman-owners thus leave us,
 Who then will fill up their place?
 Next year shall we see Arab Chieftains
 Winning each blessed race?
 This one cloud has darkened our meeting,
 Only this—nothing more We're aware
 Goodwill has reigned all the Race Week,
 And everything's been on the square.
 Then Hip-Hip-Hurrah for the Races!
 Hurrah for the sport and the fun!
 Hurrah for the winning horses!
 And the horses that ought to have won!
 Hurrah for the Jocks, and their riding,
 Their nerve, and their pluck, and their skill!
 Hurrah for the stewards and starters,
 And the man "wot will make up your bill."
 And now, boys, let's end up our cheering,
 And heartily roar ourselves hoarse!
 Three times three! Onco more!—For the Ladies
 Whose presence has graced our Course!

Extremes meet. After talking about the races, our club conversation quite naturally turned to—Dr. GELL. Our worthy Bishop has, as everyone knows, been on a tour through the south. A few good stories are floating about concerning his experiences. One is as follows. His Lordship had left a mission station, and was rapidly proceeding in the early morning towards another one, when a native Christian was observed to be running full speed after the Bishop's cavalcade, hallooing and shouting out at the top of his voice in a most excited manner for the Bishop to stop. Dr. GELL drew up, and inquired what all the noise was about. "You have lost a letter—perhaps a very important one, and I am bringing it," called out the man as he rapidly approached,—“I have been running hard to catch you up.” “Dear me!” exclaimed the mildest of prelates,—“I must thank you my good man very much for your trouble. Pray give it to me.” The panting native with a look of great conscious importance produced a fluttering piece of paper, which Dr. GELL immediately recognized to be—an envelope he had used for shaving that morning!!! Paper, you see, is rather rare, and consequently looked upon as very valuable, in the outlandish localities in which the Bishop has lately been travelling.

Dr. CHITCHAT was not at the Volunteer Ball, and so missed the pleasure of shaking hands with his old friend RUTHERFORD. By the way, is it not strange that the great Tee Gee's thoughts always run in certain fixed grooves, and when he speaks proposing the toast of the Ladies, he says *verbatim* just what he has said a dozen times before—including the reference to Adam and Eve, and "if it were not for our mothers we should not be here"? Strange it is, yet true that such is the case. The passionate flood of the worthy Magistrate's oratory has evidently worn so deep a channel, that through that channel it continues ever to flow. "Neat but not gaudy" conveys the best description of Mr. Duff's maiden oration—may he attain to the same years as Tee Gee, and speak as often and as long!

One of the first communications Dr. CHITCHAT fished up from the Club Letter-box, was the following:—

MADRAS, 26th January 1873.

TO THE PRESIDENT, CHIT-CHAT CLUB.

DEAR DOCTOR,—Perhaps you may be able to recommend the writer of your admirable "Chit-chat" to insert a puzzle or two in his next paper in the *Athenæum* to test the ingenuity of riddle-loving readers? If so, will you kindly hand over to him the following:

Yours faithfully,
EUREKA.

1.

To an Eastern Empire add a head,
And you will find that in its stead
An Eastern Island's name you spell,—
Now add a tail, the centre change,—
'Twill name a land with customs strange,
An Eastern Empire this as well,—
Now change my head and then transpose,—
It names the principles of those
Who in these several places dwell.

2.

Transpose what's worn on many a belt,—
A European city's spelt.

3.

My *first* denotes to burn;—my *next*
Is burnt on sea, on hill and plain;—
My *whole* is only partly burnt
But doubtless will be burnt again.

4.

My first is a combined mineral and mechanical production.

My second is a combined vegetable and mechanical production.

My whole is a combined animal, and mechanical production.

EUREKA.

The interest with which the first Double Acrostic offered by Dr. CHITCHAT was received by the public, has induced several correspondents of the Chit-chat Club to forward further specimens to the worthy Doctor. Here is one, which at our meeting last night, our President drew forth from the neverfailing-letter-box.—

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Number One.

Fair is thy opal glitter
Under the sunset's gleam,
And yet I do not love thee
Thou most unlovely stream :
Thy breath is like a night-mare,
Though thy face be like a dream.

Who e'er beside thy margin
At Morn or Even goes,
(Fair belles, with golden tresses
Or splendoriferous beaux)
Each oft, in silent anguish,
Holds handkerchief to nose !

1.

Hent he had suffered
For years full a score
In this tropical country ;
He could not stand more ;

A terrible fever
Raged in his brain,
And he could not sleep
For the burning pain.

Sadly the Doctor
Said, shaking his head,
" In an hour, if he sleep not,
He'll surely be dead.

Shall I give him some landanum ?
No ! 'Tis too weak indeed.
I have it ! —I'll give him
The *Times* to read !

'Twas brought. In ten minutes
Sleep was induced,
For the effect I allude to
The Journal produced!

2.

Talk on of wars, ye Germans,
Fought for your Fatherland,
Old England boasts of conquests
As terrible and grand.
On proud Britannia's Standards
A vict'ry read ye can,
As decisive as Sadowa,
As glorious as Sedan.

3.

My silver waters proudly run
Beside an ancient city's wall,
Whereon a Maid erst nobly won
Deathless renown against the Gaul.

4.

A Bird am I
Yet cannot fly;
If you look in a lexicon you will see,
I am known to fame
By a queer Latin name
"*Dromaius Novæ Hollandicæ*!"

5.

By night and by day, wherever I stray,
In this land of exile and heat,
Its horrid thud cuddles my blood
Every time that I hear it beat.

Many years ago the Doctor remembers hearing the then famous and popular ALBERT SMITH tell a story of how, when once leaving a swiss hotel, instead of writing his name in full in the visitor's book, he merely inserted his initials A. S. Upon returning to the same hotel a few weeks after, he found some travelling genius had written beneath the two letters "what a pity this gentleman writes *only two-thirds of his name*"—intimating clearly enough what the missing third letter was supposed to be. And it is very likely, Dr. CHURCHAT thinks, some of his readers may have made a similar remark with regard to Mr. ANON; whose name, in its present dwarfed form, may not perhaps be generally recognised as the abbreviation of

"Anonymous." But, after all, the old question of "what's in a (writer's) name" cannot be very interesting to readers; and by way of apology for intruding the subject upon them, the Doctor begs to offer them another—

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Number Two.

Ancient and vast: the home of many a sage,
And warrior fierce, who live in hist'ry's page,
Where mythic spell, and sensuous passion still
Bind the base mind and bend the pliant will;

Although its pomp no more false greatness brings,
Nor shines the splendour of its courts and Kings,—
How haughty once! Fine-tempered, patient now
To Christian rule its passive millions bow.

1.

Above, a clear and starlit sky;
Below, dank weeds and fishes:
'Tis formed one night, as silently
As fickle maiden's wishes.

And when next morn the schoolboys pass,
To greet the Christmas token,
They find,—as easily, alas!
As maiden's vows,—'tis broken.

Then sunset comes: and it is gone
And then, with silv'y quiver,
Again the star-light falls upon
Only the rippling river.

2.

I live in a palace although not a king,
And into the field, on occasion, can bring
Of troops, horse and foot,
A small army, who'd put
The boldest of foes soon to flight there's no doubt of it—
Unless themselves first by the foe were kicked out of it.

And oft my dominions, in times past, have been
Of many and critical struggle the scene;
And my minister's name
Still goes forth to fame

From my city—where you, if to see me you choose, sir,
As well as you hat, please, must take off your shoes sir!

3.

On a primrose, by the rill,
 Glistening in the grey of morn,
 Bright and beautiful and still—
 Jewel, of a moon-beam born,
 Something for a fairy lip,
 Ere the sun comes out, to sip.

4.

Weighing on us, in their plural,
 Bringing mental care and pain ;
 Our disquiet naught can cure all,
 Till we're of aid them again.

5.

Outside the old church, round the tall iron rail,
 The London street vagabond presses
 (And the "lady" who does the Home Chat for the *Mail*
 Is there to take note of the dresses)

And, shine as it may, not the sun of that day
 Can to Clara or Chailey seem dim ;
 For to her 'tis the happiest youth can portray,
 And the dearest of all days to him.

And now comes a carriage—another—and then
 (Like the Kings in Macbeth) yet one more,
 Till quite a procession of fair girls and men
 Has passed through the old church's door.

And when all is over, come joy or regret
 To the future, let man and wife pray
 The vows made before it they will not forget,
 As from it they hasten away !

6.

Pariahs barking ; tom-toms beating ;
 A Fenian Sunday Hyde Park Meeting ;
 Engines letting off their steam ;
 On board a P and O, when coaling ;

An Irish-wake (so grief consoling !)
 Babies when they kick and scream ;
 Bull frogs, after rainfall, croaking
 Triumph o'er their welcome soaking ;

And what Christmas wait, or wag, pipes ;
 All day long within "the city"
 Reigning, without pause or pity ;
 And, for worst of all, tho—bagpipes !

Dr. CHITCHAT told us that he had been to see the catoptric light at the new station. "Mr. OAKES," he said, "must be congratulated for introducing into Madras a lamp which surpasses in brilliance any I have seen. I shall recommend it to all my friends." I hope Messrs. OAKES and Co. will take the glorious opportunity which offers itself, and send one of their finest specimens of this light, to illumine the rooms of the Chit-chat Club, and the office of the *Athenæum and Daily News*.

I see that I have come pretty well to the end of my space. In my next paper I shall give the answers to the riddles and acrostics.

SEVENTH PAPER.

SATURDAY, 8th February 1873.

THE rain had fled away,—the merry lightfooted rain-sprite, —who had come down suddenly upon dirty old Madras, making her visage shine as it never shone under Mr. Ross's water-carts. The skies had laughed with radiant smiles all Thursday and Friday, and then night came again, and the timid and tender moon peeped through her cloud-curtains to look down on the house where the Chit-chat Club was holding its weekly seance. And a blithe meeting it was. Outside, the dewy neems were quivering, and a faint silvery mist floated about amongst the moonlit palms. The wild sad sea was moaning far away although there was scarce wind enough in Nungumbakum to stir the heavy clond of fragrance which hung over Dr. CHITCHAT's favourite myrtle. Such was the night without; within, in the Doctor's sanctum, was mirth, and good-humour, and the stream of genial converse, round the bright argaund on the long Club table—Messrs. OAKES and Co., by-the-bye, haven't yet sent our President the catoptric light which I hinted at in my last!

At our meeting last night all were present, except Drs. PAUL and DUFF. These live near Dr. CHITCHAT, and consequently pretty regularly drop in of a Club night upon their old friend and fellow-craftsman. But the two days of violent rain had done for them, and they could'nt attend. The roads, the roads,

the roads, is the perpetual cry of the poor Doctors of Madras, especially those who have extensive practices. When rain comes down, even the best of our highways are rendered almost impassable, and the hardworked Doctor is shaken about, like one of his own draughts ought to be before being taken by the patient, tossed up and down, and rattled and pitched hither and thither, and is in danger every moment of coming to utter grief, as he hurries along on a mission of life and death. No carriage springs can stand the eternal unevenness, the ruts, holes and stones, of our best Madras roads. When, when will the Municipality see to their *thorough metalling*? This alone can make our highways presentable. As long as metal is not employed, but recourse is had to crumbling laterite, so long will our roads need constant repair which involves constant expense, and be after all never in the state the roads of a great capital should be.

Ere going any further and trying to lay a digest of our proceedings last night before my readers, I must give the answers to the riddles and acrostics I laid before the public in my last.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Number One.

S	oporifi	C
W	aterlo	O
E	br	O
E	m	U
T	om-to	M

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Number Two.

I	c	E
N	iza	M
D	ewdro	P
I	ncub	I
A	lta	R
N	ois	E

But few correct solutions of the above have been received, because of the difficulty of the first and third words in the first acrostic, and the difficulty of the fourth word in the second acrostic. A correspondent, Mr. J. H. BURNS, has been the most successful this week in his solutions. He wrote to the Club, through the Editor of the *Athenæum*, on the 4th instant giving correct solutions of the above, and adding,

"The answer to Eureka's 3rd charade is charcoal. The others are ticklers which I can't as yet solve."

The following are correct solutions of Eureka's charade

No. I.	No. II.	No. III.	No. IV.
Ava.	Buckle.	Char-coal.	Tar-tan.
Java.	Lubeck.		
Japan.			
Pagan.			

I was mildly wiggled by the Club for having given so much poetry and so little prose in my last paper, and have orders to be very prosaic and dignified in this. I must attend to my orders. Without further parley, let me lay before my readers a few of the subjects discussed last night.

Why does not some one collect the annals of the Civil Service, and the thousand and one anecdotes of those twice-born ones, which are current in India? Such a book would be, to a dead certainty, a great and signal success. CHARLIE LARKYNS, himself of the Service as you all know, told our worthy Doctor a capital story the other day, of a hoax which was played upon a Civil Servant, shortly after he arrived in India. The kernel of the story is strictly true, though some of the details may be amusingly exaggerated; and many of those Civilians who read these Chit-chat papers will recognize the anecdote. The Civilian to whom it refers is still amongst us,—and probably as he peruses these lines, will blush at the recollection of this adventure of his early days in India. The anecdote runs as follows:—

Mr. W—— arrived in Madras five or six years ago. He was posted to a Southern Collectorate, whither, shortly after his landing, he proceeded. His youthful brain was filled with dreams of the gorgeous east. Everything he saw was magnified to his eyes as something exceptionally beautiful, grand, or picturesque. The flowers of India to him were the fairest in the world, the birds the most gorgeous, and the fruits the most delicious. He commenced getting together an aviary; and nearly got a sunstroke in consequence of gathering wild-flowers preparatory to pressing them between the leaves of books. And his friends averred that he nearly killed himself by eating mangoes, pomegranates, pine apples, custard apples, plantains, guavas, and even

luscious (but peculiarly-scented) jacks. But he could not get hold of a specimen of the fruit of which he had so frequently heard,—the mangostene. Whenever he met his friends and praised in their ears some mellow pine or juicy mangoe, they were sure to say; "Ah! But you ought to taste a mangostene!" He tried his best consequently to obtain a mangostene, and offered any price for one, but could not realize the desire of his heart. At last some of his friends found out the object on which his soul was set. One day a young brother Civilian burst upon him, exclaiming eagerly—"W. my boy, I got a basket full of them—mangostenes—come to my house—I have just eaten a dozen—one or two are left—awfully jolly! Come along!" In a minute the unsuspecting W. was on the road to his friend's house. His friend had three of the "mangostenes" placed before W. W. tackled them at once. As he did so, there was a "peculiarly fishy look about his gills"—as his host afterwards facetiously remarked. W. finished two of the fruit outright, but could get no further. His host looked on with a horrid grin of pleasure, "Take the last one," said he. "No!" gasped poor W. "No, by Jove, I can't swallow another. The two I have taken are enough. I find that it is difficult for a European palate to relish mangostenes. It must be like olives—an acquired taste!" I need not dilate on the circumstances of the hoax any further. W. was very ill afterwards, and mercilessly chaffed into the bargain. What W. had eaten were——brinjals!!!

Why is it that benighted Madras doesn't produce some brilliant weather lunatic, like "W" of the north? What a pity it is that it enters into no one's head to become a Meteorological Medium! It would be rare fun for such an individual, if he went the right way about the business. He might fix his residence in Pulicat——no that wouldn't do, as there is no telegraphic station at that historic site. But, say, let him choose a secluded locality through which a wire happens to run. If he were a shrewd fellow, he might practice his monomania to some purpose. One guess in a hundred might turn out correct, and then—what a fame would be his! What photographs of himself (dressed as a Magian with horoscope in hand, price only one rupee for each *carte de visite*,—apply to Messrs.

NICHOLAS and CURTHS) would circulate! With what terror would his telegrams be looked forward to! For instance:—

Madras Weather Prophet, to Mr. Dalrymple.

Look-out for Squalls. A cyclone is coming. Order Mr. Bartlett to go up the Light-house, and cut or slip the revolving light. Captains of vessels in the roads should put their jib-booms hard down, and throw their main decks over board.

Madras Weather Prophet, to Mr. Dalrymple.

(Half an hour after.) All danger over. Cyclone turned off towards Mnsulipatam. Telegraph to Master Attendant there that storm wave is coming!

Madras Weather Prophet, to Mr. Pogson.

Bielu's Comet has just plunged into the sea near San Francisco. The column of water displaced will rush over India, four and half feet to square inch, to-morrow at midnight. Order the rockets to be got in readiness, and in the meantime observe the peculiar perigee of the moon.

Madras Weather Prophet, to Mr. Chisholm.

An architectural meteor is passing to the S. S. W. half point by S, of Cochin. It is G in altitude. Proceed thither at once, and paint the effect. I prognosticate the catoptric light will blow up your new Railway Station.

Madras Weather Prophet, to Lord Hobart.

Great electricity about the Mahomedan community. A son of Prince Azim Jah should at once study for the B.A. Examination. Notice the peculiar atmospheric effect of green in the Hon. Bob's left eye. I prognosticate you'll eclipse yourself soon.

And so on. The idea is not a bad one, is it? It only needs to be worked out with sufficient ingenuity. Anyhow, since Madras possesses the *Times*, surely it can afford to possess another rarity in the shape of a weather lunatic?

Members of the Chit-chat Club are daily annoyed as they drive between Government House and the Fort, by the old nuisance having cropped up again, namely, that of native urchins running alongside of their carriages, shouting and turning somersaults, and clapping their hands, for money. Dr. CHITCHAT tells me that only the other day his horses were sorely frightened by one of these young scamps. Where are the police? Is it not a shocking shame that ladies and gentlemen cannot drive along our principal thoroughfares with-

out being thus wantonly annoyed. Will no one put a stop to the practice? It would not be, by the way, a bad plan to try the effect of a good long pea-shooter (using swan-shot) on the nude bodies of these young wretches. Where are pea-shooters to be obtained in Madras,—I should really like to purchase one.

And here, as we were talking about this nuisance, CHARLIE LARKEYNS broke out with a snatch, to the tune "Take back the heart that thou gavest":—

Take back the black-eye thou gavest
Thou son of a cook of the sea,
And if another thou cravest,
Pity come back to-morrow to me!

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried the Club, *unâ voce*. Really CHARLIE is getting too bad with his parodies, or I should give you more of them.

The Chit-chat Club were highly amused to read BARON REUTER's splendidly interesting and important telegram which appeared in the *Athenæum* of the 6th instant:—"The coronation speech of the King of the Sandwich Islands proclaims friendly and impartial relations with all nations." The Chit-chat Club would not be at all surprized in a few days to read further telegrams of a somewhat similar nature, for instance the following:—

The Governor of Tristan Da Cunha having just heard of the war between France and Germany, declines to take part in the contest.

The Mandarin of eight Umbrellas has openly said in Yang-hwi-ti soowhang that he extends his celestial favour to all the universe.

POTTSQUATSQUASH, the chief of the Icelish River Esquimaux, after a walrus banquet, expressed himself as adverse to the disunion of great Britain and Canada.

Mr. Smith, of London, called himself a cosmopolitan red republican, at an enthusiastic meeting held in Codgers Hall, Fleet Street, last Saturday. It is anticipated however that the British monarchy will still continue to exist.

The chief Pigsticker to the Duchy of Schweinehausen Porkenstein predicts that the relations between the world and the Duchy will continue to be amicable.

But really we must not chaff REUTER too much. No doubt the Baron will soon get used up; and then, on whom will the

voice of mankind call to fill up his place, but on——Mr. REEVES!

The Sessions have been on during this week. The Honorable Mr. Justice INNES presided for the first time and the Chit-chat Club learn that he did so with great credit to himself and to the satisfaction of the Jury, the profession, and the public, including the prisoners. One member of the Club, on learning that this was the case, suggested that the learned Judge must be a bad Judge, if he gave satisfaction to every one, for all great Judges generally doubt the soundness and accuracy of their own decisions when every one is satisfied with them. On this another member of the Club said that he felt sure that the officers of the 7th Regiment N. I. did not share in the opinions expressed of the learned Judge. "Bravo!" exclaimed another member, whose voice shewed he was the indefatigable Tee Gee, "*that* dissatisfaction makes the learned Judge's charge to the Jury a sound one. My judgment is upheld,—when was I ever wrong?" A roar of applause followed this oration, at the close of which our friend LARKYNS sang some verses, but as they were wholly improvised and extempore I can't give them this week as I must ask LARKYNS for a copy of them. However, be this as it may, a more patient, thoughtful, painstaking and popular Judge has never sat upon the Bench of the High Court at Madras than Mr. Justice INNES. The Madras Civil Service may well be proud of such men as Justices HOLLOWAY and INNES.

I said a word or two last week about Mr. WARLOW, and his pulpit declamation about the "Yearning cry of the Heathen." I should rather have linked the name of the Reverend Diocesan Secretary of the Gospel Society with the result system, as it is in connection with a peculiar phase of the working of that system which he will be remembered for many a long day. His idea, it seems, is, that Missionary Agents should be judged of, and what is more important, paid, by this system. Capital idea! Grand retrenchment! Shall I repeat the story told by a member of the Club last evening—a story of a good lady of long service but on a very slender nominal pay of sixty rupees per mensem, and the Secretary's laudable and kind hearted desire to cut her salary down by making her, in her honoured old age, compete for the very necessities of her life? No, not

for Mr. WARLOW's sake, but for the lady's will I spare him by not mentioning her name. Suffice it to say that it is the sister of an old and honoured clergyman now lying cold in the mission he served for a quarter of a century, who has been treated thus shabbily!—Fie, Mr. WARLOW; with all your oratorical pulpiteering, Sir, I fear that your action in this, as in the MAYNE affair, proves you to have but a narrow heart. Shall I speak out more freely—I can assure you, I will in the name of the Chit-chat Club, if you deeply desire it! You know to what lady I refer. You know of the earnest protests you have received on her behalf. And you know it now, if you have not heard of it before, that the Bishop declines to sanction your conduct. I fear, Sir, the mantle of the able and just (though slightly pedantic and self-assertive) Mr. SYMONDS has descended on shoulders less worthy than his.

The Chit-chat Club are rather sick of the FAREWELL job. However they trust it is really, and in very truth, the *Farewell* job perpetrated in this Presidency!.

The Chit-chat Club carefully perused the report in the *Athenæum* of the GAHAN v. CASTOR case. One who was present during the opening of the legal battle, declares that whilst Mr. CHAMPION was fulminating on behalf of Mrs. GAHAN against Mr. CASTOR, the latter's hair literally stood on end. Upon this it was remarked that he could not have applied the necessary unguent to his ambrosial locks. But I think Mr. CASTOR was perfectly right in not applying oil to his hair—for then would it not have been Castor Oil? The great TEE GEE objects in his Court to intermural expectoration; what would he have said to the defendant's head being anointed in such a fragrant manner?

Now that Dr. HUNTER, with his brow covered with gubernatorial laurels, is about to relinquish his post as Superintendent of the School of Arts, the Chit-chat Club beg to bring before Government the advisability of presenting the artistic Doctor with a photograph of the exterior of the admirable structure in which he has laboured so long. It would give those at a distance to whom Dr. HUNTER might show the photograph, an idea of Art in Madras. A precaution ought, however, to be taken.

In very legible letters, "SCHOOL OF ARTS" ought to be printed under the photo, or ignorant persons might be so foolish as to mistake the building for a ruinous stable.

The Chit-chat Club has received a few items of clerical news this week. These are subjoined.

Last Sunday Mr. Lys began his intonation of the service in a low minor chord, but shortly afterwards striking E sharp, sprung suddenly into G in alt, which electrified his audience.

On the same day Mr. RABAN vividly pictured the Wordless Woe of the Wicked wot tell Whoppers.

St. George's in the Fort is to be lit by gas. The congregation will please to excuse odours, and a sudden explosion or two, the first Sunday of the experiment.

An unaccountable rumour has been floating about that our good Bishop, during his prolonged absence in the rustic solitudes of the Mofussil, has been actually growing a——beard!

The contents of Dr. CHITCHAT's Letter-box were as varied as usual. Our President had nearly finished laying the whole contents of the box before us, when a tiny slip of pink paper fluttered out, on which were written the following most amorously plaintive verses:—

'Twas night, and the rising moonlight
Glinted softly through trees,
And the latest strains from the bandstand
Came wafted low on the breeze.

I was driving slowly homewards
And past the Cathedral sped,
And my thoughts were brooding sadly
O'er the sweet years fall'n and fled;

Brooding o'er absent faces
I loved to gaze upon,
Voices I hear no longer,
And pleasures dead and gone;

When—there in the rising moonlight—
A bright form caught my eye,
A girl on a nut brown Arab
Rapidly galloping by.

O face so tender and splendid !
 O glorious flaxen hair !
 The moon threw a halo around her
 As she flashed through the dim-lit air !

Who is she ? Oh tell me kind Doctor,
 I have sought her, but cannot find,
 Though memory—I blush not to tell it—
 Has engraved her sweet face on my mind.

In love at first sight believe you ?
 I never believed till now !
 Heaven knows that I love her, and heaven
 Has recorded my secret vow !

I will marry no other woman,
 Be she ever so sweet or fair,
 Save the girl I saw in the moonlight
 With the glorious flaxen hair !

Dear, dear me ! I am sorry to inform the correspondent on pink paper, that Dr. CHITCHAT and the members of the Club cannot help him, unless his description be a more minute one. The Doctor says he knows half a dozen ladies with flaxen hair, and they are all equally angels !

The subject of contortions and grimaces came under discussion. They may be variously classified. We have the natural ones that are done without one knowing it, from force of unchecked habit, such as blinking and winking, frowning while thinking scratching one's head, &c. Then there are the musical ones, as for instance that of the pianist making one anxious for the safety of the music stool, that of the concertina-player which makes one expect to see the upper part of his body get unscrewed from the lower, that of the swell violinist whose gum elastic performance we admire more than his fiddling. We have the contortions for effect, that succeed the sigh of the young lady as she comments "how beautiful" on the sweet lines,

"Flattering spread the purple pinions
 Gentle Cupid o'er my heart !"

That again of the amateur tragedian as he says "If't were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly." That of the admirer of art as his soul is rapt in some work of "the

old master." That of the vocalist whose eyes are upturned to the ceiling, overcome with the effect produced on his or her feelings by the sound he or she is giving birth to. Lastly we have the effective contortions which are as music to words, as man to wife,—

[“If you were like the tune love
And I were like the words” &c.]

—contortions that form a commentary on what the heart is feeling, from tears to leaping for joy, from lowest contempt to highest admiration.

There has been much dispute as to what is classical music.

A defines it to be something that is very difficult to sing and which many people say they admire when they would rather hear Champagne Charlie.

B says that you cannot define it, that it is something nevertheless which requires great education, fine musical sensibilities (like his own) to learn to sing with any pleasure, and he further adds that the man who does not admire it is a——not a musician.

C remarks that he would give a list of authors, so he begins with HANDEL and goes through a lot of names, none of which suit A's definition, until he comes to BARNETT and then D remarks that the Peri must have sought a fool's Paradise in which they believe an old sinner's repentance unalterable, and under the circumstances “joy, joy for ever” was appropriate.

E, one of the old school, who still likes Scotch reels better than any cotillions bran new from France, says that that is classical which lasts the longest, which is for all time, easy to sing, easy to admire, and which we can admire without pretending to be so much cleverer than anybody else.

Hereupon the discussion grew too deep for the Chit-chat Club. So it was agreed to leave the question. “What is Classical Music?” to the decision of a committee composed of Messrs. CHISHOLM, PATER REEVES, BRADSHAW, CORNISH, and CHAMPION.

Again, the Chit-chat Club present to the public their

WEEKLY DIARY.

(February.)

MONDAY	...	10	Will be a wet day if it rains heavily. Great excitement in Government House:—Captain Hobart's Parrot unaccountably lays an egg!
TUESDAY	...	11	M. Schneider plays "de feedle." His horrible contortions frighten a lady into fits. Madias glows gay with a grand marriage.
WEDNESDAY	...	12	Mr. Fonceca finishes his wonderful allegorical painting—The Padareen Mare galloping off to limbo with Mr. Macmillan on her back.
THURSDAY	...	13	Archdeacon Gorton dines off ducky ishtew, and mutting ishsquash, and expresses himself to the effect that "he is at peace with all the world."
FRIDAY	...	14	Evening, sacred as usual to the Meeting of the Chit-chat Club.
SATURDAY	...	15	This will be an eventful day. The Vepery Lines will be as usual under water. Two more bricks will be added to the new Agra Bank Building. Lord Hobart will announce his intention of giving a grand Masquerade Ball. Three wild animals will get loose at the People's Park. Mr. Pogson will discover the second half of Biela. Justice Holloway will lay in a stock of Lunkahs. The Fort gun will actually be fired in correct time and Dr. Stanborough will go bail for twenty-three prisoners.
SUNDAY	...	16	Day of rest after excitement. General snoring in church. After hearty dinners, the public will go to bed, and sleep soundly.

Well, Lord HOBART has returned. There was a crush at the new railway station, and the salute of 17 guns informed the part of Madras which was not present at the arrival, that HENRY VERE was once again in her midst. Dr. CHITCHAT was for a few minutes at the station, just to shake hands with His Excellency, ere driving off to present himself at Lady HAINES' Reception. He was glad to see Lord HOBART looking so well, after the labours of Calcutta, especially the toil of His Lordship over that glorious minute of his on the Income Tax. Of this minute, Dr. CHITCHAT, as an especial friend and adviser, has obtained a private sight. It is a capital minute, at least in its general argument. Lord HOBART says that the Income Tax should be abolished, and his style whilst expressing this self-evident truth, is 'dreamily liberal.' I will not decide whether Dr. CHITCHAT thinks the diction a little too inflated or not.

However, in connection with Lord HOBART's arrival, an important question presents itself. Has Madras missed him? Has she not been as gay without him? Would his presence have made our gaieties more hearty? Are we sorry he was "o'er the hills and far awa' "? Has his return in any material way affected Madras? Certainly this I may say, all are glad to have Lady HOBART in Madras again. Dr. CHITCHAT, for one, is an admirer of the gentle and noble lady at present at the head of Society in Madras. Men may freely canvass and strongly condemn Lord HOBART's political career, and especially fulminate against his apathy, sleepiness, impracticable notions, and manifest love of jobbery, but not a breath can be raised against the estimable lady whose presence is the light of Government House.

With these words I close my Chit-chat this week. I have come to the length of my tether, and filled more space than I fancied I should. I hope I have not wearied my readers. I sincerely trust Dr. CHITCHAT still holds the place (I believe) he has gained in their hearts.

EIGHTH PAPER.

SATURDAY, 15th February 1873.

THE sun set yesterday evening, and night came as usual; and with the same rigid punctuality and precision, the meeting of the Chit-chat Club took place. It was somewhat a boisterous meeting, for CHARLIE LARKYNS abandoned himself fearfully to the vicious habit of punning. We found the letter-box quite full, but the matter rather so-so. Why is the earth so full of verbose writers? Why is it that when a man writes to you a letter signed "Truth," it is very frequently the case that the said letter contains a pack of lies? These are mysteries of nature. One man alone in all the universe is great enough a genius to unravel such hidden things, and he is that "most potent, grave, and reverend seignior," the Editor of the *Madras Times*.

Dr. WHIPPERSNAPPER dropt in upon the Club and told us a story which has rather an ancient odour about it I fancy, but he assured us he was only narrating his personal experience. When he first came out to the country, he found that native

tailors were very inventive geniuses when left to themselves, but that they could not make any wearable clothes without "a muster." The Doctor wanted a pair of trousers, and gave his tailor, as a muster, an old pair, very much the worse for wear, with a large hole at the back, and a patch over the left knee. The tailor made the new pair precisely according to muster. Actually, when the poor Doctor went to try on the new trousers, he found a hole cut out behind, and a patch most artistically placed over the left knee!

It is rumoured that the Hindus of Triplicane have asked Mr. CHISHOLM to design and erect a temple to Ganabathy in that quarter of Madras. Mr. CHISHOLM's design is a very fine one—a mass of cupolas, minarets, domes, pillars, towers, turrets, arches, facades, colonnades, corridors, and staircases. It is a sort of a cosmopolitan conglomerate building, in which the beauties of the new Central Railway station, Chepauk, Tirumal Naick's Palace, and the Caves of Elephanta are inextricably blended together in sweet confusion.

Prices seem to have risen in Madras to a *slight* extent. The *Athenæum* stated (or rather the *Athenæum's* facetious devil made the paper state) that eggs were being sold in the market at three rupees a piece!

The curse of Madras, the obiquitous Municipal Roller is abroad again, frightening horses right and left, and creaking, swindging, grinding, thundering, groaning along. For these and all Colonel DENISON's mercies the Chit-chat Club are duly thankful, Amen!

It has struck the Chit-chat Club that, although Mr. TAINÉ's notes on England are all very well in their way, they do not quite fill up a gap in our literature. There should be a native hand-book to England, by the light of which Hindus may know all about Great Britain without crossing the awful "Black Water." Would such notes as the following do, I wonder:—

NOTES ON ENGLAND
For Intelligent Natives.

Queen Victoria lives in the tower of London to be near the parks and haunts of the Aristocracy.

The Prince of Wales occupies his time at Sandringham by shooting tigers from the backs of elephants.

Parliament meets in a Hall like Patcheappah's. The chief conversation amongst the members is about Indian affairs.

There are two peculiar fish kept at the Queen's Court, namely, the Great Seal and the Privy Seal. You may have perhaps heard of the twinkling Star fish and the winking Eye Fish? In the same manner England possesses a Prince of Whales. You know the Bishop of Madras? If he were a fish he would be a Gelly-fish.

Curry and rice is never eaten in England. It is against caste to do so. The English in India are not proper Englishmen. They have been turned out of the country for breaking caste.

There is a place in London called St Paul's because Dr. Paul of Madras was born there. Dr. Chipperfield is a Frenchman, as his name denotes.

The bishops in England are great gentlemen, and rarely measure less than three feet round the waist. When one Bishop meets another, he says, "you son of a sea-cook, how's your hatter?" The Bishop who is thus addressed answers "You're another; Is your mother well off for soap?" Then they rub noses (a sign of mutual respect) and depart their several ways, salaaming deeply.

The popular national song in England is
 "We come from Manchester—rur—rur—
 And we've got no work to do—woo—woo
 We've got no work to doooo!"

The great family in England are the Walkers—the Hookey Walkers. Colonel Walker is not of the Hookey family as he is "shuo in faith an Oirishman from Cork, bedad!"

There was some conversation over an article which appeared in the *Athenæum* the other day, alluding to the peculiar fact that Missionaries on slender pay almost always managed to get large families. That incorrigible CHARLIE LARKYNS at once made a very atrocious pun about it not being a wonder that agents of the *Propagation Society* should have plenty of olive branches! Really CHARLIE is getting too bad.

At the risk of boring the Club (Mr. ANON wrote) he ventures to send the Doctor another Acrostic, which he believes will puzzle the Doctor's Madras friends immensely. We are afraid he undervalues the *præclara ingenia* of Madras Society, especially the ladies who have been grumbling that I did not give them an acrostic in last week's Chit-chat. However, here is the

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My last is governed by my first—
 A combination curious
 Of rule without agreement, oist
 A cause of cutlery furious!

Because, as ev'ry grammar shews,
 When two nouns don't agree at all,
 Between them, as each schoolboy knows,
 There "concord" cannot be at all.

1.

Beneath the shady tamarind trees,
 On ground as soft as sofa,
 Clare chose the spot, and then she'd please
 One Anglo-Indian ("loafer.")
 We spread the snow-white cloth, and sat
 In merry circle round it,
 From hamper taking this and that,
 When Jones cried out—"confound it!"
 Alarming sound!—fair Lucy, who
 Paused in her salad mixing;
 And Charley stayed the nippers he
 Round champagne wire was fixing.
 Cold fowls, raised pies, and tarts of jam,
 And other things all right were;
 And lobster, cucumber, and lamb,
 (To give us all the "night-mare,")
 One dish alone, for Jones to bring,
 We had resolved by lot on,
 And now he found, to pack that thing,
 His servant had forgotten!

2.

London, in years gone by. I viewed
 One night the well dress'd multitude
 Of men and women, bright and fair,
 Waiting to gain admittance there.
 Gardoni was to sing, and she
 Whose equal ne'er again can be—
 Jenny the Sweedish song bird! so
 No wonder all folks longed to go.

3.

'Tis ev'ning, and gaily pilonthums are rolling
 Towards it, and traps drawn by persian and tat,
 Each freighted with beauty prepared for sweet strolling
 Around "cupid's bow" for fresh air and—all that.
 And as it grew dusk, and the sun its last glow lent
 To soften the scene—as its strains rose and fell,
 Not much of its music, we think, at that moment
 Was heard by young Fastleigh and pretty May Bell.

4.

Toole, Irving, Buckstone—either one will do
Or, since "the world's a stage," why, I or you

5.

War, war!—*that's* John Bull's cry,
(Without always knowing exactly why)
When she approaches
Too near, and encroaches
On regions in which we must see no one poaches.
At least when they come,
As *she* does, from home
With no shooting license (which makes a bad case of it)
Except a forged "pass" with "might" marked on the face of it.

6.

Heart-broken they thought her: no word had she spoken,
No sign and no symptom of feeling had shewn,
Since fell from her cold hand the stranger-traced token
That told her her life-joy for ever had flown.
He was dead. Ah, poor Mourner, not always thus lonely
(In pity the angels spoke, calming her grief)
On earth shalt thou linger, but for a while only—
And then they burst forth in a flood of relief!

The Club had not much political news to chat about this week. Dr. CHITCHAT said he had received a letter from his old friend General NORMAN, who, after touching briefly on the folly of Madras opposing his grand centralization schemes, and on the visit of our Governor to Bengal, animadverted on the folly of the English press making such a fuss about the Central Asian question. He wishes the Doctor to use his influence with what he calls our little local press, and "to square that *Athenæum* fellow" or he will be making as much capital out of it as he did of that buggaboo, the "Red Hill Tank." The General is of opinion that Russia is only using the Central Asian squib to divert attention, having something else in view: possibly intending to take advantage of any change in the condition of "The Sick Man" to whom he has cowed to an amazing extent for some time past. The General goes on to review the difficulties of Russia ever reaching India from the north. He in fact pool-poohs the whole thing as an impossibility. "Wait," he says "till we have organized our Grand Arsenal, Gun Carriage, Powder, and Stud departments, and we shall defy the combined

legions of Russia and Prussia." The General's letter is too voluminous, and his arguments too exhaustive to quote in full, but he goes on to say, "The question of taking over your Arsenal, Stud and other Departments is not abandoned, but only held in abeyance, not so much on account of the little fight you have made, but owing to the temporary difficulties experienced in organizing such extensive schemes. It was only a *temporary* difficulty that caused us to telegraph to your Government for remounts which of course will not happen again. In fact when *my* schemes are matured, we shall supply *you* with horses, harness, Gun Carriages, Powder, &c. The little excess in cost of 700 rupees on each horse, together with its rail expenses, as also that on powder and carriages, will be a trifle when compared with the superior article we should send you. The little extra expense consequent on these reforms, Sir Richard and myself have satisfactorily arranged, and met, by adding an extra anna per rupee income tax on the salaries of Government servants who will perhaps grumble a little at the time but it will have a good effect on the country, and conciliate the disaffected, who *entre nous* are very numerous. We must, of course, expect a little jealousy from Madras and Bombay in supplying your several indents, but after supplying our own wants you each shall be liberally dealt with."

After reading so far, the Doctor came to a pause with a growl. Before resuming the perusal, he said, "Gentleman, this part I am going to read is in answer to our remonstrances on the late "Master Tailor Job" and must not be mentioned outside our Club Circle."—"I fear I am late to do any good about the clothing department job you wrote to me about. Your Governor was before hand in the matter, and made all the necessary arrangements before I could get the ears of the other members of Council, but you will be glad I know to hear that great reforms are promised in your tailoring department. Captain Hobart, I assure you, is quite a genius in the art of cutting out trousers and in other matters requiring great constructive skill.

P. S.—Excuse more. I shall write again from Simla. It is getting hot down here. Remember me to CHARLIE LARKYNS. By the way, ask JOE SOLOVON if he "knows a Bank whereon the wild thyme grows?" And tell him not to forget "Ye banks and

braes" especially the braes ! Tell JOB not to be downhearted, he will be a Director of the Bank yet.

Doctor HUNTER came to the Club last night and presented the Club with a photograph of the exterior of the School of Arts. We thought our hint last week would not be lost sight of. Mr. CHISHOLM, also present, requested that it might be labelled, "This is the School of Arts and was *not* designed by Mr. Chisholm" Mus. Doc. R.A. C.E. R. E. S. U. G. A. R. S. T.I.C.K., &c., &c.

Then Dr. HUNTER, in an able speech dwelt much on the regret he felt at parting from what was so dear to him, and so costly to Government, and though miles might separate him from the scene of his poor labours—(*Cries of no No*)—he should ever have his heart in the midst of his pupils and cobwebs : his pupils of high art, low art, and even among the artless workers he has of widely distributed throughout the land—(*Cries of Hear, Hear !* one voice, supposed to be LARKYNS said "Where ?") Could you but see into my heart, said the Doctor, with great feeling—were my chest transparent—was it made of glass—(Interruption :—some one said—put in one of your broken windows) you would then see the extent of my—the rest of the speech was lost in noisy cheering, and the Doctor resumed his seat much overcome. A proposal was then made to present him with a piece of plate, but CHARLIE LARKYNS who is always up to some nonsense stipulated that it should be supplied from the numerous broken pieces of China-made on the premises. CHARLIE was called to order and the proposition carried. CHARLIE then said, with a rueful expression of countenance, that, talking of the broken panes of glass in the windows of the School of Arts, he confessed it *paned* him to———(loud cries of Oh ! Oh !)

Examinations again ! Three yem yeas started in the race but two, Melbourne like, broke some intellectual blood-vessels and retired. The Bee Yells were in considerable force. Memorandum. If you have any chance of being appointed examiner, get a friend to enter his name for B. C. E. or M. A. and withdraw at the last moment. You get your money all the same. Or if you are appointed examiner, give a poser something like this in Engineering. "A tank with two calingulals is placed above a railway. It is determined to remove it lower down

and give it only one calingulah. Shew how you would turn it inside out and remove it, illustrating your answer with detailed plans and sections of earth-works and masonry and contour maps of the level of the country." Or give the appalling history as a problem producing an equation as follows—"A certain man having 50 miles to go 30 of which is by rail and 20 by coach can get to his journey's end in 5 hours by taking the 11 A.M. train. He gets to the station at 5 minutes past 11 having forgotten his purse. He misses the train and goes by the 2 P.M. which travels at $4\frac{1}{5}$ ths of the rate of the 11 A.M. train. When he is about to get into the coach, he is arrested for travelling without a ticket and detained 3 hours when he hires a horse which carries him one-fourth the remainder of his journey and then bucks him off and breaks his neck. He walks at the rate of 2 miles an hour when it being dark he gets his foot in a hole and breaks his leg. He then travels at two-thirds of his former speed and then stops till he is carried to his destination insensible at 6 A.M. At what rate did the 11 A.M. train and the horse travel respectively?" The following paper of questions is dedicated respectfully to our professional examiners.

ARITHMETIC.

1. If 2 men eating 3 hours consume 50 lb. of beef, how much would 3 women drink in 2 days?
2. If it takes 2 tigers 2 days to eat a buffalo how long would it take 2 lions and a jackal to eat a sucking pig?
3. If 5 men in 10 minutes can lift 2 cwt. 3 grs. how many horses would it require to lift a file of the *Madras Times* in 3 hours.
4. If a sermon takes half an hour preaching when the text contains 5 words how long will it take when the text is a whole chapter?
5. If when sermons are three-quarter of an hour long 80 people go to church, how long was the sermon when 30 people went?
6. If 5 cats have 60 kittens a year how many cats would 220 kittens have in two years?
7. If 2 mennie cooks spoil a pudding what number of people would like to eat it?
8. If 4 men sing a quartett in 5 minutes how long will it take 2 men and 1 boy to sing it?

I must bring the Chit-chat abruptly to a close, as I am informed the *Athenæum* cannot afford me much space to-day.

SATURDAY, 22nd February 1873.

I AM authorized to state that the Chit-chat Club intend to give a ball in a short time, and that it is to be held in Dr. CHITCHAT's grounds. Marquees, and other erections are to be prepared, as Dr. CHITCHAT's house is too small to receive all Madras Society. This Ball is to be the return one given by our good President, in acknowledgment of the fact that he in common with several others was not in the first instance, formally asked to the late Bachelor's Ball. All are to be invited, even the few silly young bachelors, who formed themselves into a committee the other day without having the ghost of an authority from the whole body of the Bachelors of Madras to do so, and who made in the name of those they had no authority to represent, a lot of contused and hasty arrangements. The Doctor does not intend to say anything about spurs, lest he should offend Captain Watty. Of course no Ball could be a success without the presence of that gallant officer! So as a special exception he is allowed to come spurs or no spurs.

Our Club boasts of numbering among its members a good many bachelors—everyone of whom attended the meeting last night, as the subject of an insult to the Press was expected to be discussed, and they came to testify their unabated respect for the Fourth Estate if that estate would only be satisfied with criticising every one else, and leaving them alone. Besides they one and all protested that they had had no part or voice in the disgraceful proceeding which had been publicly shewn up, and with the exception of the two WAITES, and one or two sneaks who would not openly avow it, the Bachelors present said that they had been unable to find out who it was, who had in their name offered the insult, and why it was offered. Our worthy Doctor then rose up and said it was quite clear the young men in question were ashamed of themselves, and it was therefore uncharitable and unkind to keep up the discussion any longer. The Bachelors were a noble body of men. He had gone to their Ball by special invitation with Miss CHITCHAT to supply the place of Lord and Lady HOBART who were unable to attend the Ball: being unequal to the fatigue of going over after dinner at

Government House, Madras, to such a distant place as the Banqueting Hall is from their residence. The distance really is actually said to be 53 yards and a half.

Well, having attended in that capacity he was bound to say the Ball was a very great success—it was the best Ball of the season and Madras Society duly appreciated the kindness and hospitality of the Bachelors. The worthy Doctor further remarked that when next year the Bachelors give their Ball, he was sure they would avoid the mistakes of this year, and he hoped that many, very many, of those who were hosts on this occasion would be guests on that occasion. The Doctor observed a great many very nice young ladies at the Ball the other night, but they looked only half as well as they would have looked, if instead of being spinsters, spinning round, they had been married ladies enjoying themselves as married ladies alone can do.

Whilst on the subject of the Bachelors and the ladies, I must not omit to record the resolution which the Club came to on learning of the plucky way in which two very estimable ladies of Madras came forward to vindicate the rights of the Friend-in-Need Society's workshop to punish the suspected Superintendent THOMAS. Bravo! Mrs. SHAW, shouted Dr. CHITCHAT, that is one to Mr. GORDON, who had asked Mrs. SHAW if the almirahs in the workshop were securely closed with Chubb's locks, as Mrs. SHAW's own almirahs were which contained her silk dresses, to which the lady sharply replied, "No, Mr. GORDON, and for the reason that these almirahs did not contain silk dresses but only dusters!" Dr. CHITCHAT would recommend Mrs. SHAW and Mrs. CHIPPERFIELD to count the number of doors and windows they have in their houses, and perhaps it would be as well for them to count the panes of glasses in their windows and doors, so as to be able to satisfy the enquiries of that insatiable man GORDON, in the event of his again examining them before the Police Court. And Dr. CHITCHAT's advice to the Club and through it to the public is, now that these ladies have shown how much they have done and will do in a good cause, that every one should patronise the workshop. Dr. CHITCHAT's shirts are made there, and they are first-rate, and he intends to patronise the establishment even for dusters.

CHARLIE LARKYNS tells us that it is wonderful how the late tour in the north has benefited the health of Lord HOBART. It is whispered that his Lordship is about to inaugurate "Polo" at Guindy. But there is one difficulty. My readers may have remarked what gigantic men the Governor's Staff is composed of? Well, it has been found that whatever horses Dr. FURNELL, Captains ANDREY and WILLOUGHBY, and the rest, bestride, their feet touch the ground on either side of the saddle! Colonel TOMMY THOMSON has, however, agreed to furnish Government House with Australians from Oosoor, 17 hands high, to obviate the present difficulty.

The Marine authorities are at length to be clad properly. The Governor has said there is to be no *delay in the matter*. Are we to infer from this that hitherto the habiliments of the Marines have been of a peculiar nature,—that the cut of Captain CROWTHER's nether appendages, and the fit of Mr. BARTLETT's waistcoat, have given offence? Nothing is said in the recent order about the clothing of the boatmen, who are to do service in future cyclones. Quite right. The least said of their clothing the better, for there is so little of it to say at present anything about! The gold lace and stripes Mr. DALRYMPLE has bargained for will be no doubt effective:—the Chit-chat Club will take an early opportunity of running down to the beach to watch the general effect produced. I say, Mr. FONGECA—capital idea—paint a grand picture—"BOWEN recognizing a Marine for the first time!" The Major should have a cynical smile playing over his classic visage, whilst the Marine might be surrounded by a score of natives admiring his "pith topee." By the way, these latter are usually of various shapes, and the order of Government says nothing about the shape to be adopted. There is the mushroom pattern, the inverted tumbler fashion, the teapot topee, the mutton-chop shape, the spoon, the blanc-mango tin shape, the coal-scuttle the flat dish pattern, the undulating broadbrim style, the oyster shell, the fig leaf, and the sugar-loaf kinds. Which—which will be selected? Time alone can prove. -

A contributor has sent, for the criticisms of the Club, a few questions in Geography, for the next Matriculation Examination.

1. Describe the situation of Perambore. Has it any latitude or longitude, and if so which and how much?

2. State how long it would take any one to go round the island of Ceylon as the crow flies and give your reasons succinctly and without periphrasis.

3. From what parts of the world do University Text Book annotators come from; and where will they ultimately go?

4. Mention the different countries in the world in which tame cats are found, and describe the physical features of the women found in them?

5. Where was captain Hobart's parrot raised, and mention any peculiarities in its education that may strike you.

6. How do you account for the fixed stars moving, and for the immovableness of the movable feasts? If any one stole your dinner, would you call the stolen property a movable feast?

7. Give the names of the rivers that take their rise at their source and have not washed down any bridges built by the D. P. W.

8. If a man sailed from Beypore to Aden through what countries would he pass, what languages would he hear, and what fruit not grown in India would he see?

9. Describe the change of geographical position in a body to whom the great Teo Gee might say: "Two months with hard labour—heaven have mercy on your soul, you abandoned villain—take him away!"

10. Name the chief mountains, valleys, rivers, lakes, highlands and lowlands, in the Mount Road after it has been "repaired."

11. Draw a map, showing the precise boundary which exists between (1) the Royal and Civil Engineers, (2) the Covenanted and Uncovenanted Civil Services, (3) Staff Corps officers and officers of Native Regiments, (4) Missionaries and Chaplains, and (5) Marines and Policemen?

12. What is the latitude of Mr. Powell's ideas on the result system, and the longitude of a candidate's face when he learns he has been plucked for his matriculation.

A member of the Club next brought up the subject of the late case of Colonel Ford against the Madras Railway Company. The point he urged for discussion was what ought in Small Cause Court law and justice to be deemed "an act of God and the Queen's enemies." The story as he related it, out of which the point arose, was as follows:

Colonel Ford had sent a very valuable arab horse by rail from Bangalore to Madras, for which although the horse was worth a priceless sum the Colonel had in consequence of the necessities of its late owner, paid the

moderate sum of 350 Rs. The horse was securely put into one of the most secure horse boxes which the Railway Co. possess. The carriage was securely fastened with all the appliances that recent locomotive discoveries had brought to light. The train arrived in Madras; and was found securely fastened but no horse could be discovered in the truck. The Station Master at Royapooram looked for the horse in the stall, and out of the stall, and was contemplating taking up the planks of the truck with the view of seeing if the horse could have squeezed himself under the planks, but was stopped by the Traffic Manager, a man of exceedingly High Church principles, coming up on the platform in a breathless state of excitement with a telegram in his hands which he had just received from Cadgoody station announcing the melancholy intelligence that a horse had been found dead on the line close to that station. The guard swore that that must have been a horse the train had run over, but could not possibly be the horse that was in the carriage, for said he, there are no open windows to the horse box out of which the horse could have fallen. A Committee of Railway officials was summoned to enquire into the case and after very mature deliberation it was found that no one could account for the horse which was secured in the carriage, being found dead on the line as before represented. On consulting their lawyers, the Railway Company were advised that the accident must have occurred by the "act of God," and that the Company should defend the action threatened by the irate Colonel. The action was brought, the Company defended it, their counsel insisted that the inherent vice of the animal must have occasioned the loss and that that would amount to an act of God. But the Court held that though the loss was an unaccountable one, and though according to the evidence nobody seemed to be in fault, the Company being insurers were liable for the loss.

Dr. CHITCHAT said he agreed with the learned Judge's judgment, but the Club outvoted him, as it had been clearly shewn that there was a mystery about this accident. The Chaplain of the Club said that as the ways of Providence were most mysterious, this accident which was certainly one of the most mysterious ones he had ever heard of must be attributed, as the Traffic Manager of High Church principles had forcibly contended, to an act of Providence, and if so it would under the learned Judge's laying down of the law, be an accident for which the Railway Company would not be liable. It was suggested that if the Company were insurers of horses, they would be equally insurers of human passengers, so that if a lunatic passenger or a man under violent D T, (of which fact the Railway Company might possibly be as ignorant as they were of the capriciousness or inherent vice or virtue of the Colonel's steed,) was to bob

his head out of the window of his compartment in a sudden fancy to cut a double summersault in the open air, and he came to grief, the Railway Company as common carriers and insurers of human lives would be responsible for the accident, and be mulcted in heavy damages at the instance of the dead lunatic's representatives. It was then unanimously resolved that the meek and gentle but deeply learned Bishop of Madras should be requested to define what is an *Act of God*—at which grave deliberation His Lordship would no doubt invite all the resident clergy of Madras from the midæval KENNET to the modern DuBois. Of course one of the topics to be considered by this Synod would be, could a Railway Company be duly anathematized and excommunicated if they solemnly affirmed that an act of devilry in a horse was an act of God. As to the philosophico-logico-ethico-theological definition of the grand and comprehensive term "Act of God," the Chit-chat Club would invite the earnest attention of such sublime and devoted believers in the ways of Providence, as the most erudite HOLLOWAY, J, and his smaller brother BUSTLED of the Small Cause Court.

The Chit-chat Club's Letter-box contained a copy of verses, giving a slightly different version of the great Horse case. This, I think, is worth laying before my readers:—

THE COLONEL'S BEAST.

AIR:—*An Norrible Tale.*

An Norrible Tale I have to tell
Of what to a Colonel's Beast befell,
A beast which he bought, as the best of hacks,
From a needy owner for fifteen lakhs!

This beast, the gallant Colonel swore,
Was too good to remain at Bangalore.
He determined, therefore, to show its paces,
With the "Pegu Prince" at Madras's Races.

The beast was shut up in a Railway Box
Padlock'd with Chubb and with Brahma locks
But lo, next morning, across the rail,
The noble beast lay dead as a nail!

The Railway authorities met in state
And CURCH he scratched away at his pate,
And all of them swore to Colonel Ford,
"This is nothing more than an Act of the Lord."

But Ford didn't see it, so brought a suit
To recover the loss of the noble brute
The case was argued, and wise Busted
Gave the Colonel three-fifty back for his steed.

'There's a groaning and moaning from Elwin and Church,
The Railway men feel they've been left in the lurch
And they furiously cry, "O Colonel Ford,
" 'Twasn't our fault—'twas an act of the Lord !"

Let's join in the Chorus, with one accord,
" 'Twas not the beast's fault, 'twas an act of the Lord.
Fie, fie! you naughty old Colonel Ford
Why don't you submit to such acts of the Lord ?"

Amongst the papers found in the Club box was the following :
"Irish Polish—going cheap—apply at the High Court." CHARLIE LARKYNS was awfully savage :—I move, Sir, he said, that there be stuck in large letters outside the Club box—"Advertisers referred to the proprietor of the Commercial Advertiser. The resolution was put to the Club and carried *nem con*. The Doctor was very angry—everybody was very angry—that the Club should be used as an advertising medium ; but what was to be done. There was the advertisement. It was read and was obliged therefore to be recorded in the Club proceedings. A brilliant idea struck the junior member of the Club. I move, Sir, he said, that the advertisement be torn up—that its destruction be recorded, but that the discovery of the advertisement be expunged from our proceedings. But as the record of destruction would lead to inquiry, the motion fell to the ground for want of support.

It was brought to the notice of the Club that the prospects of shoe-makers were rising. The High Court was prepared to admit as solicitors, without requiring them to serve an apprenticeship or to pass any examination, any shoe-maker that might apply. The Doctor begged leave to doubt the report, because he was certain that if there were truth in it PYKE & Co. (whom King Dengue had lately unfitted for the last) would be certain to apply. CHARLIE LARKYNS was not certain of the correctness of the Doctor's conclusion. He thought it was based on a fallacy. The Doctor must have supposed that PYKE & Co. had heard of the new Rule made by the Judges of the High Court. His last order at PYKE & Co.'s had been but that evening completed. The right shoe pinched and he went out to

have it righted and had then met the denguedified crispin who had told him that now that he was forced to retire from business "he didn't know what to do"—CHARLIE LARKYNS was afraid of being convicted of inconsistency or he would suggest that the Doctor's motion should be reported to PRKE & Co., only that might be looked on as countenancing the idea that the Club might be used as an advertising medium.

A thrill of indignant consternation, the Club hears, has lately flashed through that most moral and sanctimonious abode of virtue—the Custom House. Bundles of penknives addressed to Mr. GERDES were opened, and horror of horrors, they were found partly to contain photographs of actresses and ballet girls. This was much too bad! Actresses!—the very name of actresses was sufficient to pollute the holy atmosphere of the Custom House. Somebody must be punished. Who? The worthy Collector's notions of morality were too severely injured to permit of his doing nothing. He therefore seized upon poor Mr. GERDES—who had never ordered the goods—to suffer the confiscation of what, by consignment, was his property. Grand resolve! Dr. CHITCHAT has been duly impressed with a fitting notion of the Collector's terror of actresses' faces,—but is not Mr. GERDES rather badly used? The Club mildly submits that it is not quite necessary for men to be punished when they are utterly innocent, even for the sake of public morality. Put to the vote, and carried *nem con*,—that the photo of the prettiest actiess in any Madras shop be purchased, and sent, with the compliments of the Club, to the authorities of the Madras Custom House.

By the way, when on this subject, I may mention the Club have been rather scandalized at the scene the Madras Courts have lately presented. Divorce cases seem to be the order of the day. Is the air of benighted Madras conducive to love-making on a broader and more liberal basis than that contemplated by the laws of England? The question is a highly interesting, but scarcely a proper one!

Another letter found in the Club Letter-box was about

CAPTAIN HOBART'S PALROT

MY DEAR DR CHITCHAT,—As an ardent ornithologist I was grierously disappointed at finding no further notice of the exceedingly interesting

feathered biped, known to history as Captain Hobart's Parrot, in your Chit chat of Saturday last. Your prophetic notice of the previous week of domestic events in its life made me nearly as interested in seeing the development of its tale, as our renowned Astronomer was in the tail of Biela a short time since. He was lucky enough to "take up the wondrous tail"; you were tantalizing enough to drop the same and now I and other devoted naturalists are vainly thirsting for further information. Couldn't the gallant Captain be prevailed upon to give us a diary of his pet's life for the last few eventful weeks since it woke to find itself famous? Something perhaps in this style.—

Monday.—Polly duced slow. The reflected effect of the Archdeacon's Sunday Evening's Sermon evidently too much for her.

Tuesday.—Took Polly to the Clothing Board. Arguing with Durzees as to the price per dozen for making up an unmentionable article. They stuck out for two rupees; but in the nick of time Polly struck in with "Only Half-a-Crown," and not seeing the glorious bird, they ascribed the voice to a higher power (whilst Polly was just then being hooked up to the roof) and gave in.

[NOTE:—Polly thus saved to Government more than my pay for six months, in spite of the rascally *Athenæum*. I only wish I could; hook it up.]

Wednesday.—Polly slow gain. Because of her long drive to office and back yesterday she demands rest.

Thursday.—One of our quiet days. All of us too slow to do anything, and nothing to be done. Polly had only one eye open, alternating or heptics.

Friday.—Being, as I am, a good Churchman, and being moreover, slightly in the dumps, from the "pay" fellows making a bother, Polly's food was cut down. She retaliated by screaming, and when addressed as "Naughty Polly," sang out in her best form "Three Cheers for the Queen,—hip, hip, hurrah." (I had just taught her this: she is a knowing old bird, very quick at learning what I teach her) I succumbed.

Saturday.—Reception day. I shut the beast up in a dark room for fear any of the Chit-chat Club fellows might hear her, and had serious thoughts of twisting the brute's neck to shut up all farther chaffing—but after a B and S thought better of it, and put in an appearance, looking as big as I could, because I felt so small.

One of the most signal instances of domestic devotion came to the notice of the Chit-chat Club yesterday. A certain Mr.—is rather a wrathful customer, and actually had the gross bad taste to call his wife "a goose" before a friend who was staying at their house. Mrs.—is an angel (what lady is not?) and promptly replied to her spouse,—“Well, dear, I call you a

duck!" Could there be adduced a finer instance of tact, self-possession, good humour, and wit? The best of it is, the story concerns, I believe, a well-known gentleman and lady in Madras who—but no. It is enough. I must not let this pen of mine wag so fast.

Au revoir, kind readers, till next Saturday.

TENTH PAPER.

SATURDAY, 1st March 1873.

IT is getting hot. The Chit-chat Club feel this, even at their late and cool hour of meeting. The punkah however did its duty well last night; and ever and anon came a waft of air, laden "with odours of brine from the ocean", softly stirring the casuarinas about the Doctor's house, and bearing faint echoes of the evening band on the beach. Anyhow,—warmth or coolness,—what can check the mirthful flow of genial conversation, when all round a board are well-known faces, and all hearts of a company are one?

The most serious topic of the week was first discussed at our TABLE LONG. Lord HOBART is showing, in his quiet demure way, a great deal of solid sterling energy,—in the cause of right or of wrong, let others decide. The latest order of his Lordship is a most striking one. The Governor in Council quietly asks a question, which contains a world of meaning within its narrow scope of words. He asks of the heads of all the Departments, in other words,—“You remember I told you that I desired the advancement of the Mahomedan community?—well, nearly six months have elapsed since I told you this; now, by the close of these six months, just tell me what you have done to further my expressed wishes and deliberate intentions. I am not a man to be trifled with: see ye to yourselves: work whilst it is called to-day: woe be to the wretch who will not be able to write to me saying that he has advanced some Mussulman or other in his department.—If you have not yet done so, a short time is yet before you for doing so. *Verb. Sap!*”

His Lordship's order is much briefer than my version in the above, but the above is, I believe, its real scope and intention.

Be glad, ye sons of Islam, leap and rejoice, apply for lucrative posts forthwith. Allah is propitious, the Prophet's intercession is heard! By the way, is not this seemingly mild little order, published very unostentatiously in the *Athenæum* of Saturday last and almost wholly ignored by the press and public, a very significant one? It is said, and it appears said with truth, that Lord HOBART is soon to "re-visit his island home;" certainly Mr. LOCH's eager acceptance of the Municipal Presidentship looks precious like it; but does it not seem clear as noon-day, that, whatever the future may bring forth, Lord HOBART intends, in an unobtrusive manner, to enforce to the letter everything he at present willeth? Well, the Chit-chat Club cannot but admire a Governor for inflexibility of purpose even in small things. It is however quite, another question, whether or no the Governor's encouragement of Mussulmans is judicious and conducive to political good.

But what must the Mohamedans think of their Patron? Surely Lord HOBART, even if he condemn the ethics of the New Testament, might pay deference to the ethics of the Koran. But now, "Allah be with us—Prophet of Mecca intercede for us"—might the true son of Islam exclaim aghast,—“our Friend in High Places is an infidel at heart, and heedeth not the sacred writings of Mahomet!” And indeed a Mussulman has written in this strain to the Chit-chat Club. And why? Lord HOBART has not, in the appointment of Captain HOBART, acted up to the morality of the Koran. He has given an appointment to a man less qualified than others for that appointment, simply because he is his relative. And these are the solemn words of the Koran, which I italicize:—

“A ruler who appoints any man to an office, when there is in his dominions another man better qualified for it, sins against Allah and against the State.”

If Lord HOBART will heed no voice from Jerusalem (or even from the *Athenæum* Office, Popham's Broadway, Madras)—he will surely heed these solemn words of the blessed Koran!

So there is to be a Masquerade Ball after all in the Banqueting Hall. This is indeed news! The following list has been obtained by the Chit-chat Club of the characters different

gentlemen of Madras intend to assume on the interesting occasion :—

NAMES OF GENTLEMEN.	CHARACTERS ASSUMED.
Lord Hobart.	... The Good Haroun Alraschid.
Bishop Fennelly.	... Martin Luther.
Justice Holloway.	... Demosthenes.
Mr. Chisholm.	... Hiram Abiff.
Bishop Gell.	... An Archimandrite.
Captain Hallett.	.. Bombastes Furioso.
Mr. Harrington.	... Jeremiah, weeping over the ruins of Jerusalem.
Mr. Herbert Church.	... A Monastic Missionary.
Mr. Gould.	... The Colleen Bawn.
Rev. Mr. Wailow.	... Archdeacon of the Andamans.
Mr. James Bradshaw.	... A walking Trigonometrical Problem.
Rev. Mr. Clarke.	... St. Simeon Stylites.
Rev. Mr. DuBois.	... Spurgeon.
Lient. Meares.	... "The Charming young widder I met in the Train."
Dr. Pope.	... Dr. Snashem.
Mr. Cadell.	... A Hindu Rajah.
Col. Cadell.	... Von Moltke.
Capt. Andry.	.. Goliath of Gath.
Capt. Walter Campbell.	.. Hotapur.
Dr. Chipperfield.	... Mr. Weller, Senior.
Col. Ross Church.	.. A Horse Marine.
Editors Mail & Times.	... Adam and Eve.
Col. Childers.	... An Acolyte.
Mr. Cunningham.	... Minerva.
Mr. MacMillan.	... A Dying Sinner.
Rev. Mr. Lys.	... An Eolian Harp.
Mr. Dalrymple.	... Captain Crosstee.
Mr. Reeves.	... Baron Renter.
Col. Napier Campbell.	... Mars.
Mr. T. G. Clarke.	... Pius IX.
Dr. Cornish.	... Cholera Morbus.
Rev. Mr. Stevenson.	... Tam O'Shanter.
Dr. Shortt.	... A Snake-Charmer.
Charlie-Larkyns.	... The D——L.

There is little news from the educational world. A few educationalists are yet talking, so Dr. CHITCHAT hears, of the unhappy demise of that late lamented old lady, the *Educational Record*. By the way, the periodical always went by the name of the Magazine of the Bouncing B's—wherefore, it is only too easy to surmise. There is one other subject which educational-

ists are still canvassing, and that is, the wondrous and unimaginable merits of Captain HALLETT, that he should have been recently selected as University Examiner. He acts well, and his recitation is so-so,—but what more? What does he know of English as a language, further than that he is able to pronounce words distinctly? Roll on, years of progress and enlightenment! Turn round swiftly, wheel of fortune! Captain HOBART's Parrot may yet be appointed as Examiner in English Poetry by the sapient Syndicate of Madras!

Of course Dr. CHITCHAT and every member of his Club with their several ladies were at the Agri-Horticultural Gardens on Thursday. How sweetly bloomed the roses—on the ladies' cheeks!—

Past all the fragrant roses,
 With my lovelier Rosa went I;
 The sun flower turned in its flower-pot
 To watch my sun past by.

She praised the ferns—and they trembled;
 But I led her away—away,
 To where, in a vase with the others,
 Stood my own little show bouquet.

From its place I took it, saying,
 “No! I will not have it compete
 For another prize than your glances,—
 Accept it, my own, my sweet!”

On her heart my loved one placed it,
 And I heard the judges say,
 In a whisper as we passed by them—
 “There goes the Prize Bouquet!”

Ay, ay, earth's fairest blossom,
 My beautiful, winsome wife,
 You are the priceless prize, love,
 I have won in the Flower-show of Life!

Pray don't suppose, gentle reader, that the above is mine! I am no poet, only the Silent Member of the Chit-chat Club. The verses, CHARLIE LARKYNS swears, are by———but no! The name of the author was revealed to the Club in strict confidence.

A rather good story is told of Mr. TROTTER, the Madras Undertaker. He was asked, (so 'tis said—I don't vouch for the story) by some one who did not know him,—“To what pro-

fession do you belong, sir?" He meekly answered—"To the *Post-Medical Profession!*" Quite so. When Doctors have done with a patient, Mr. TROTTER trots away with him!

These papers only profess to detail in brief the doings and sayings of the Chit-chat Club. I do not imagine that my humble pen can condense into these ephemeral weekly productions the wit, the brilliance of epigram, and the sparkling *double entendre*, which scintillates every fortnight for the pages of the *Indian Charivari*. But here is one epigram which I think is worthy of the Calcutta, or even of the London, *Punch*. Dr. Chit-chat cried out—"Good, good, ha! ha!"—as he read it out, having extracted it from the Club Letter-box. It may be an epigram known to several persons in Madras before, but certainly it is new to me:—

EPIGRAM ON DR BOWER.

(*The Rev. Henry Bower, an able Missionary of the S. P. G., was lately made a Doctor of Divinity by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in an acknowledgment of his signal services and linguistic attainments.*)

Of Bower's worth and Missionary zeal,
Madras, its sense unable to conceal,
To Canterbury wrote home, his cause to plead,
Simply requesting that he might be D—D!

The following conversation is said to have taken place between two persons attending one of our recent Auctions:—

Englishman:—I say, Jonathan, you are surely not going to buy that brute of a horse!

Yankee:—I guess I am, Britisher. It's cheap at fifty-rupees—here goes! (Yankee cries out "*Fifty-five rupees*," and the horse is knocked down to him.)

Englishman:—Jonathan, I'm sorry for you! Why the beast is spavined!

Yankee:—Look here, stranger! I guess I'm as 'cute as yew. I hev contracted a tender sentiment to that air hoss. He's turnation spavined—I know it—but I loves that air hoss, I du! He's big—looks all right—and yew see stranger, my mother—

Englishman:—What!

Yankee:—My maternal ancestor jist wants that hoss,—I knows her tastes as I didn't ought,—and she'll have it, I calculate, afore this evening for, let's see,—say, a hundred dollars. Bisnes is bisness, stranger!

Need I say that the Englishman was *lightly* shut up, finding that when he thought he would warn his Yankee friend of

making a rash bargain, he had, in American parlance, "got the wrong squirrel by the tail."

One of the severest things said of one Madrassee by another was alluded to at the Club meeting last night. A learned Judge who with all his faults is a profound man, is said to have alluded to a certain Hon'ble gentleman as "a man who uses his wit to conceal his ignorance." It is not for me to say who the learned Judge, or who the Hon'ble referred to, is.

The Chit-chat Club have heard a story, one of the very best of its kind, and which is all the better because I have reason to believe it is strictly true. If I be mistaken in its details, many Madras Missionaries of the Church Mission Society will be able to set me right. I believe the clergyman to whom it refers is the Reverend Mr. MACDONALD of the C. M. S., and that the Rev. Mr. FENN can corroborate the truth of my statements.

Mr. MACDONALD was once out in tents, itinerating amongst the Hindus, on a missionary tour in the South of the Presidency. He had, I believe, the Rev. Mr. FENN with him as his co-adjutor at the time. Well, the missionaries fixed their tents near to a populous village, and for a long time preached to a surging crowd of natives. Though numbers of these came and went, Mr. MACDONALD noticed one solitary native, a reverend man with earnest face and melancholy eyes, never moved from his station as one of the listeners. Several hours did the patient missionary preach ardently the doctrines of Christianity to his hearers,—still that solemn man stood in his place, every now and then nodding his head in acquiescence to some especially zealous statement on the part of Mr. MACDONALD. At length the discourse was over, and the clergyman retired to his tent. His heart had been greatly cheered and gladdened by the thought that one man at least of all that crowd had evidently drunk in the words of truth and soberness which he had uttered, Mr. MACDONALD was still more pleased when the man came after him towards his tent, evidently as an "enquirer." He received the native gladly, and asked him if he had agreed with what he had said. "Oh yes! Every word of it," exclaimed the convert, "but sir—do you see that tree?"

"That tree? What do you mean, my good man?"

"Look, sahib, there—that free."

Mr. MACDONALD saw nothing but a gaily dressed woman sitting near it, chewing betel.

"Well, I see nothing," said the unsuspecting Missionary.

"O Sar," exclaimed the grave and melancholy eyed native, "She one plenty nice fine too much young dancing girl—

Mr MACDONALD jumped up in horror—rushed into the tent to find a slipper to fling at the head of the old rogue—and sent the astounded native flying.

You know, gentle reader, that dancing girls form an important part in the religious observances of the Hindoos. Mr. MACDONALD has been, I believe, rather sceptical about sudden conversions during his preaching after this interesting incident in his itinerant career.

The late Divorce case at our High Court formed the subject of an animated discussion. One member of the Club utterly dissented from the views propounded by the learned Counsel for the petitioner, who had submitted that a husband was perfectly justified in restraining the liberty of his wife's actions and procedure—and in fact in confining her to her own room until further orders. And, it was stated, that although His Lordship Mr. Justice H. did not express his acquiescence in such a doctrine, he did not, as this member of our Club thought he ought to have done, express his dissent and disapprobation of Mr. MILLER's contention, and it was on that account he brought the subject before the Club for their consideration. An animated discussion took place, and on the vote being taken it was found that the Club was equally divided on the point, and when the President rose the Club listened with breathless excitement to see which way he would give his casting vote, but he, good-natured old man as he is, voted in favour of the fair sex, saying that he was quite sure that if the husband went the right way about it, a wish expressed to his wife was as binding as chains and as secure as bolts and bars.

CHARLIE LARKYNS—wicked fellow that he is—as usual tried to make fun of this serious question by turning the subject under discussion to another phase of the matter. He said he

quite agreed with the learned Counsel for the respondent and co-respondent, and thought it was very wrong of Mr. Justice HOLLOWAY to say that human nature was different in this country to what it was in England. Man's passions were the same wherever he was whether in Greenland or in India. Well, anyhow, continued CHARLIE LARKYNS, here are a few original verses on the subject:—

THE HIGH COURT MORALIST.

Great Holloway sat in judgment
On an interesting suit for divorce,
And moralized sadly and sternly—
Smacking his lips of course.
He said,—“ In this tropical country,
In this heathenish Hindustan,
Curious devilish practices
The devil develops in man.
In this case, as the Counsel has argued,
There was no intent beforehand;
Just so—of course—I quite see it—
'Tis *always* so in this land!
There's nothing like Premeditation.
Alipresto! The THOUGHT—then the DEED!
As lightning is followed by thunder,
Crime follows th' intention with speed!
The subject is quaint and curious—
The nature of Tropical Crime.
I grant a *Rule nisi*—well gentlemen,
I think it is *time*!”

There was a roar of laughter over this, but Dr. CHITCHAT sternly suggested that the whole matter was one which he would prefer that Club should take into consideration this evening six months hence, and that meantime CHARLIE LARKYNS might place himself in communication with the Secretary of the Anthropological Society of London with the view to having full statistics on the subject of phases of animal development in the tropics when next the matter is brought up for discussion. Agreed *non con.*

This week again the identity of our worthy President has been fiercely, I was going to say wantonly, discussed. One portion of society says that Dr. CHITCHAT is no other than a gallant Scotch Colonel. Another portion of society affirms him to be a

a certain well known Barrister. Once again I must protest against such idle guesses. The Colonel, no doubt, possesses several most estimable qualities of mind and heart,—but he lacks many others with which Dr. CHITCHAT is pre-eminently endowed. In the same manner the Barrister no doubt possesses many estimable qualities, but he too in several respects falls short of the worthy old President of the Chit-chat Club. Dr. CHITCHAT is none other than himself. He is a gentleman who combines in himself all the best characteristics of THACKERAY'S *Col. Newcome* and Dickens's *Pickwick*. Can I say more?

I cannot close my Chit-chat this week without alluding to the last Philharmonic Concert, which, in Dr. CHITCHAT'S opinion, was a very successful one indeed. The approaching departure of the leading contralto has, however, thrown a deep gloom upon many members of our Club. Yet, let us hope, we will some day hear her highly-cultivated voice again, and that she will once again—sing us in Madras an English song.

ELEVENTH PAPER.

SATURDAY, 8th March 1873.

THE gun announced 8 p.m. As usual it was five minutes late. The Club heard it, just as they were about to sit down to their weekly meeting. On Friday night Dr. CHITCHAT is obliged to dine an hour earlier than usual, so as to get through the business of the Club before the small hours of the morning. Lately we have had so much to talk about, read, hear, or laugh over, that it is quite a rarity to get through our feast of reason and flow of soul before midnight. We found the mass of correspondence so great this last meeting that our deliberations were prolonged till two a.m. As I was returning from the Club to my house at half past two this morning, a peon rushed up to my carriage with a note. I hastily opened it and read in the dim light of the carriage lantern,

Timbuctoo House, Adyar.

DEAR DOCTOR,—Please come at once. My little one has, I fear, swallowed the top of her feeding-bottle.

Your sincerely,

AMELIA JANE—

"My dear man," I exclaimed to the peon, "I am not a Doctor!" "Oh Sahib," he answered, "I thought you were Dr. PAUL!" Scarcely had the man made this explanation, when up rushed another fellow, saying, "your honor, mistress very ill at Perambore, come please once now missus said." "Why bless me," I cried, "who do you think I am?" "You Dr. DUFF" exclaimed the fellow! "He always drive about now this time." I explained that I was not Dr. DUFF and drove on, meditating over the awful work popular Doctors like Drs. PAUL and DUFF have to undergo! Adyar—Perambore! Half past two in the morning! Peons dodging about in the dark to catch the Doctor! Missus ill, and baby swallowed summut!—Heigho I am glad I am not a Doctor! The Silent Member of the Chit-chat Club, whatever may be his profession, has an easier time of it, I fancy, than the hard-worked popular Doctors of Madras.

Of course, there is an echo in the Club meetings of every story which goes the round of Madras Society. The story of the week applies to two ladies and a gentleman, who shall be nameless. I must refrain from telling the story plainly for many reasons. The vague outline I will now give of it, will convince those of the public who have discussed the story in private, names and all, that few things pass in society, without the Chit-chat Club knowing all about them. However, a certain reticence must be observed when public allusion is made to the private Chit-chat of a Club composed of friends.

Mrs. A (so I shall call her) gave one of her select parties the other day. To it thirty or forty persons were invited and amongst others Mrs. B and Mr. C. Mrs. B is, though a lady, not very high in the scale of Madras Society. Mr. C is a gentleman in high position, with rank equivalent to that of a Lieutenant-Colonel. Mr. C, at the dinner, was asked to take in Mrs. B. A day or two after, Mrs. B wrote to the hostess of the evening previous, namely, Mrs. A, complaining that she had been sent into dinner with Mr. C, a man to whom she objected for this and that reason. Mrs. A was naturally deeply offended at the foolish conduct of Mrs. B for thus writing; and asked to have an interview with Mrs. B. Mrs. B was elate. She thought she was going to have an apology, or at least an explanation. Mrs. A received Mrs. B very coldly and sedately, and motioned her into a

sent, and simply told Mrs. B what she thought of her conduct. Mrs. B now found she had got into the wrong box, and tried to put the matter aside, saying, "Well, Mrs. A, I trust it will not occur again."

"No, Mrs. B," quietly said Mrs. A, "It shall never occur again,—*never*,—NEVER! Your name is struck off my list of visitors! Good morning!

"Well done, Mrs. A!" cried Dr. CHITCHAT, when the story was narrated to the Club by SWELLINGTON who had just dropt in,—*"Your conduct is plucky, dignified, and just! This is just the way ladies, with overweening opinions of themselves, and who are constantly desiring to create divisions and unpleasantnesses, should be treated."* And "I may tell my readers, the Chit-chat Club entirely agree with their President, and heartily admire the firm and lady-like course adopted by Mrs. A.

The Chit-chat Club are duly thankful for the weekly quotations of market prices published by the Municipality. The following particulars might also (with just as much public use) be published:—

Cabbage has 112. Butter made of suet, candle grease, and soap, can be had cheap,—considering the high rents paid to the municipality for market stalls.

Stale salt-fish stands as it was.

Capons that have died natural deaths may be had according to size from 13 annas to 8 annas 8 pies.

Crows (make nice curry) two annas a piece.

Sandpipers (a good imitation of snipes) three annas each. The real articles fetch less, as they don't look so plump.

Eggs 3 pies each. Valuable eggs (with live chickens inside them) 5 pies.

Nutmegs (very fine imitation, made of best seasoned wood) one anna each.

Dead chickens (no questions to be asked) one anna each—very cheap, highly recommended for invalids.

Crabs stand at par. Little demand for frogs. Rotten potatoes depressed. Grassgreens rising. Market generally dull,

except when there is a fight between an unreasonable vendor and an irascible butler.

The following is the best of the many letters Dr. CHITCHAT drew forth from the Club Letter-box:—

MR. HELMICH'S LECTURE, AND THE AGRI HORTICULTURAL SHOW.

MY DEAR DR. CHITCHAT,—You've been in the modern Babylon, I suppose? London I mean—that haunt of the rich and the mean, the virtuous and the depraved, in short, that world within a world?

Some years ago (there are a few silvery streaks on the capillary decoration of my sinful old nut now, Sir), it was impossible to walk fifty yards about the Metropolis without having it brought to your unfeited notice, in huge capitals of many colours, that Rosherville was "the place to spend a happy day." "Happy day," indeed! I once was young and innocent enough to try the experiment. But my overweening confidence received a shock the sad effects of which linger behind to this day.

We steamed away, for I had a companion, Sir, and we went by steamer—fare, there and back only two bob an' a tanner—we steamed away, I say, from London Bridge, our hearts beating high with hopeful expectation, and our fobs containing the wherewithal to do an unwholesome gorge in "tea and shrimps." Yes, away we steamed, on board that noble vessel (five tons and a half burthen) "with one here on the briny ocean, an' tother on Billingsgate Mawket"

"Tedious as a twice-told tale" would it be were I to recount the many little incidents of our passage. The principal elements of attraction were the puff puffing of an underpowered little engine; the hoarse exclamations of that "monster of the deep" who was in charge of our little craft which ever and anon harshly sounded on one's ear,—Heas'er! Stop'er! Go a 'ead! Heas'er! Back'er! Go a 'ead. These and such like were the shouts that monotonously filled the odorons air which floated o'er the then muddy Thames. Suffice it to say that we 'heased,' and we 'stop-ped,' and we 'backed,' and we 'go'ed a 'ead-again until we reached our destination.

Arrived at Rosherville what saw we?—Artificial nullahs hollowed out of chalk—but no happiness. (N. B. You'd have dug deep enough for that commodity.) Everything was chalk and misery, misery and chalk, by turns. No band; no signs; no inviting bars; no anything in the way of the attractions heralded in the glaring posters. Nothing but chalk and misery, misery and chalk.

The spirit moved us back to town with expedition. We landed at Cannon street with bosoms full sad. To the fire blazing hospitality of Wine Office Court and the cheer dispensing comforts of "Ye old Cheshire Cheese" hied we full soon. It was Saturday, "steak padding night." Enery centoty

'cade Enery) was in his seventh day obsequious gloiy; honest John was looking more love-lorn than ever; Clifford was stiffer and more majestic than the stiff and majestic Clifford of yesterday. But all three were graciously attentive and welcome overspread the countenance of each.

(John, loq) As usual, Sir?

"As usual, John and, John?

(John) "Yessa!"

Don't forget the li——"

(John) "All righta! All right"

And John did not forget my weakness.

The Steak Pudding was done brave justice to; the calumet of peace was lit, and the influences of sundry "goes of 'ot" so worked upon my better nature that I forgave the advertising thieves who had inveighed me to Rosherville on base pretences. Shade of Baron Nathan, but they were base pretences indeed!

Just as it is with Rosherville so is it with Royapooram; but with this difference that, at Rosherville you have chalk and misery whilst at Royapooram you have no chalk, but heaps of ruddy sand and loathsome smells. Ugh! the smells!

'Sand and smells,' then, being the normal objections to live in 'Royapooram,' you will readily perceive how gaspingly we seize upon any opportunity which invites us forth from our unimelled lair.

On Wednesday last a lecture at the Banqueting Hall offered a welcome chance of unfettering myself, for an hour or two, from the trammels of my sandy and odorous existence.

The lecturer, who had already dived into his subject and was somewhat heated when I entered the stall, appeared to be a gentleman in what is termed the prime of life. "Jarra," "Jarra" were the first words which caught my ear. I composed myself contentedly besides an ex colonial who had vegetated at the Cape for many years, and who now managed to throw lightly more intelligence into his elongated countenance than I have ever before witnessed in that nigh barren vicinity. There were not many people present beyond the Chairman, the ex-Colonial and myself, and as I looked around me on the empty benches, I could not but speculate upon what manner of man this Postmaster General Helmich might be who had permitted his loving enthusiasm to rise to the high pitch of newspaper advertisements, posters, and ozokerit candles, in a cause so coldly supported. Fame fame! thou Will-o'-the-Wisp, thou hast much to answer for!

But my speculations were soon cut short. "JARRA!!!" again rung hoarsely through the Hall, and my eyes were rivetted upon the West Australian trumpeter. "Jarra is unquestionably the finest timber in the world. No other wood can withstand the ravages of the white ants; or so

effectively resist the rotting properties of the sea. For Railway sleepers its qualities are that if its durable properties were fully recognised, and its use resorted to in *Injah*, the consequence would be a clear saving to the Government of this country amounting to the enormous sum of many crores of rupees per annum." (Think of that, Sir Richard, and "Shiver. . . . your timbers"). As I am a large consumer of matches I was disappointed that the talented lecturer did not hazard his views as to the probable reduction which might be effected in the price of the half-penny box of Belcher's patent lights in the event of "Jarra" being imported in quantities into the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

Passing from the timber question Mr. Postmaster General Helmich plunged headlong into "Society." The general tone of his remarks under this head was such as would have warmed up the cockles of an Odger's heart, or moved to bubbling ecstasy the springs of Mister Bradlaugh's large-hearted principles.

In Western Australia one man is as good as another,—and a great deal better. It matters not whether John Smith, the energetic proprietor of your flourishing stores, has been an honest man in his honest old country or has figured in the *Newgate* calendar as a shedder of his brother's blood. Here are no distinctions of caste. The bondman is as good as the freeman, and it is regarded as rather pleasant than otherwise to have a Roupell, a Madeline Smith or a latter day. Hail to grace one's festive board. Send your daughter to school for one year; have her instructed in the use of the piano and she's ready to enter with dignity into the holy bonds of matrimony with the most accomplished Jack Ketch of the period. Freemantle convicts—Gentlemen of the youthful and rising colony of Western Australia—truly are your lines cast in pleasant places!

It occurred to me, Sir, that a passage to Swan River, at Her Majesty's expense would be far away from a bad thing. Compare the prosperity of an Australian convict with that of a Bristolian prisoner, the author of the following lines:—

"I cannot take my walks abroad,
I'm under lock and key;
And much the public I applaud,
For all their care of me."

Not more than others I deserve,
In fact much less than more;
Yet I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door."

"The honest pauper in the street,
Half naked I behold;
While I am clad from head to feet,
And covered from the cold."

"Thousands there are who scarce can tell,
Where they may lay their head;
But I've a warm and well air'd cell,
A bath, good books and bed "

"While they are fed on Workhouse fare,
And grudged them scanty food,
Three times a day my meals I get,
Sufficient, wholesome, good "

"Then to the British public health,
Who all our care relieves,
And while they treat us as they do,
'They'll never want for thers "

"Fremantle for ever" say I There the offscourings of Society have liberty which is denied them in their native land: there they have comforts unknown to the honest son of toil, who, "by the sweat of his brow," strugglingly labours to keep body and soul together; and,—alas for the cause of honesty! too often succumbs to the cruel pangs of bitter adversity. Here, as in the case of the happy Bristolian, is offered a high premium to the commission of crime. Honesty, save from a moral standpoint, is, then, clearly *not* "the best policy." In theory it is all very well, but in hunger-knowing practice it is illusory. I left the Banqueting Hall, Sir, saying to myself:—

"Farewell, honesty Crime, be thon my policy "

* * * * *

I met Charlie Larkins at the flower show the other day, and my first enquiry was for you, Dr. CRITCHAM "He was here but a minute ago, the admired of all admirers, the centre of a circle of youth and beauty," was the answer vouchsafed me I hurried on, Su, in search of you, but was mortified to find myself half an hour thereafter standing face to face again with Charlie without so much as having caught sight of your coat-tail.

"Charlie, old fellow," again I asked, "where is the Doctor? I have sought everywhere for him and must see the dear old gentleman."

"Su," said Charlie, assuming an air of Johnsonian superiority and looking contemptuously upon this Boswell, "Call him not old. "Age cannot wither—"

"For heaven's sake, Larkins, say, where is he?"

"Young man (Sir, you must ask Charlie to treat me a wee bit more respectfully)—" Young man," says he,——

"Here, by this fount, we parted; I to the Fruit "And he for Vegetables—too late—too late."

"The Doctor has gone home; so, *ne vous derangez pas*, my 'Golden pip-pin'—my 'blooming early-Cabbage.'

"Larkyns——;" but I could not speak. My hitherto waggative tongue refused to do its office. I turned from my unsympathising friend, feeling that I was alone amidst all the surrounding quietude and that there was

"A craving void left aching at my heart." Walking moodily along, my gaze lost in heaps of Carrots, Cabbages and Chilies, I hear a whisper—

"No, no; nonsense old man. It can't be Soldie."

"Yes, but I'm certain it is he and none other. That coat—I knew it in Regent's Park of a Sunday many years ago." My ears tingled with burning throbs and I passed on as if without concern. True, it was an old English coat, and had been worn to the Zoo, as well as to the Tabernacle. But what of that!—I know an officer high up in her Majesty's Madras Army who'll buy it from me any day for a trifle.

"Ah! good day C——; what's the news."

"Nothing much, Sir; except the heat, which tends to make this a weary world for those (and I am one) who have head-work to perform. By the way, I've got the first prize for turnips."

"Indeed! glad to hear it. Head-work, then can't be so bad after all nor yet quite unremunerative."

The lynx-eyed little solicitor threw a big suspicious look upon me, and I am not aware that he has since spoken of his head and turnips in the same breath. I rather think he has not; though he told a friend of mine who was at the show that I was "a cynical old humbug."

I was deeply immersed in a thaumaturgical study which was leading me in search of a reason for sewing up peacocks' eyes, and was marvelling much on the cruelty of the proceeding, when a well-known amateur poulterer stopped by my side and, rightly interpreting my thoughts, said "queer isn't it. But it don't hurt, you know. Its only done to tame'em and teach'em to keep their nebs out of your eyes and mine."

(I wonder, Sir, whether, if the eyes of the Income Tax people were sewed up, they'd keep their bills away from us and their hands out of our breeches pockets.)

"You rather surrender your better feelings to the cultivation of Cochin Chinas, Bantams and other bacon-door specimens of the feathered tribe, I hear, Mr. Arathoon,"

"Yes, I'm anxious, you know, to make a name for myself, and to benefit future generations of 'cock-a-leeky' snipping Society. To introduce a new breed of fowls into this Presidency. 'Ere is a bird, (and he *was* a bird) Sir,—about four feet high who is quite a youngster as yet: you see 'e's already a big bird and if he gets on as well as I expect, he'll be as large as

a hostich in a month or two. The Lord Bishop, who is up amongst the flowers and the ladies, as just been recommendin' me to call him the "Hon stroke us Aahit-oon-us-Madrasiensis." But come and see my heggs. Regular gems, and I'd offerem to yoh, but the Chief's lady coaxed them out of me. These, too, are my own heggs; and I'd offer them to you, but I'n goin to atch em. Those chickens have just passed through a serious hullness. I tried them with hantbilious pills, no good: castor oil, no good: Holloway's nintment, perfect cure. Some one suggested Ipecacuanha but I thought of a past affection, and a little verse written by Lord Hobart, and I couldn't bring myself to use that medicine. His Lordship, you know, wrote these lines:—

"Down the lane I met my love
Her name 'twas Juliana,
There I wooed and won my love;
Hipeacuanha!"

With light and easy-flowing converse like the above time sped swift on, and, catching a sight of our friend the Editor, I bid Mr. Anthoon good day. I noticed, when passing the Hoo-Strike-us, &c., some time afterwards, that another listener had been button-holed.

And now, sir, I bid you adieu. Next week, if agreeable to you, I may again address you.

Meantime, I remain,
Yours obediently,

OSCAR ATHELSTANE SOLDIE.

Kimmel Villa, Royapooram, 7th March 1873.

Calcutta is a lively place just now. Bishop MILMAN seems to have caught a reflection of that liveliness, for he has been propounding a riddle, which we beg to submit to our Bishop and the Madras clergy when they next meet for the little muligatany cum Greek Testament.

What is the difference between temptation and eternity?

Of course the answer to this is—

The one is a wile of a devil and the other is a devil of a while!

I must next give you—

DR. CHITCHAT'S ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. "SPURS."—Yes, in Easter Week, but the lady is having her floor boarded, and will next write in all her invitations, "Please wear huge spurs."

GRIFFIN.—When you see his Lordship, bow deeply, raising your hand to your forehead, and cry "Sahnun aherkounn, Sahb, Allah il-Allah jehnd-Taj-at-Agia sahnun;" Lord Hobart will appreciate the compliment,

and probably ask politely what the deuce do you mean?—As to your second query, we can only say that we have not yet heard the rumour that the new Private Secretary of commanding presence is going to adopt the Mussulman dress.

FEW RENTS.—Quite so,—a judicious blow under the left ear of any person daring to occupy your pew would have the desired effect. We are not aware if Mr. Brock can box. Colonel Childers, according to the usual custom in the army, always carries a six-shooter in his coat-pocket; so he should be avoided. Yes, Mr George Hope Ross is going to become a deacon of the Free Kirk. The free sent movement has opened his eyes suddenly to the sad antichristian evils of episcopacy.

AGRI-HORTICULTURALIST—Yes, "Mr. Arathoon's eggs" were the most marvellous ever exhibited, in fact they were eggs extraordinarily eggcellent egg samples of eggs.

BAPTIST.—The Cozum is not in good condition for the operation just at present. Wait till after the next heavy shower.

MEDICUS—Yes, the disease is a very extraordinary one. Ophthalmia amongst the fair sex cannot be cured. The chief symptom of the disease is expressed through the servant who informs in tragic tones those who call—"Missus can't see!"

Dr. CHITCHAT thought that all his friends who had hitherto supplied his letter-box with acrostics, had forgotten him. But no. Last night, when the said interesting receptacle was opened, amongst other things, out popped the following capital Double Acrostic. Dr. CHITCHAT believes it is as well worth solving as it is difficult. The theme of it is—but no, I must not even hint at what it concerns. Who will be the first to solve it correctly? It is brief enough,—yet the Club worked hard over it for half an hour. At length BOB ELLIS cried out "I have it"—the Hon'ble Bob being, I must tell you, a member now on probation. He is a great friend of CHARLIE LARKYNS and the only thing against his perpetual membership is, that he, with the irrepressible CHARLIE, may be too much for the graver members of the Club. Well, here, without any further rigmarole of explanation, is the effusion I allude to:—

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

I.

With eye-glass in his eye he struts;
Mark his conceited air!
From forth his kerchief perfumes flow
And odours from his hair.

Green are his gloves, his necktie pink,
 He thinks he's quite the cheese ;
 His trousers, at his ankles wide,
 Compress his weak knocked knees.
 His thin monstache is waxed and twiled,
 A gold tipp'd can he bears,
 At all the ladies, as they pass,
 With stony gaze he stares.
 Aw ! Aw ! Draw me ! A pretty gal !"
 Exclaims he, as they pass,—
 In short the subject of this verse
 Is a consummate ass !

II.

As it flows on it charms the sense,
 'Tis sweetest at its end,
 For there, my magic influence
 To grace the whole, I lend.

III.

Upon the marble of her brow
 Its penciled shadow lies,
 And over niches, like night's heaven,
 The star-beams of her eyes.

IV.

A Claimant, after many years
 Of absence strange, was seen,
 But oh ! His waistcoat's size was not
 Quite what it once had been ;
 They cried " He's grown —" but please dear friend
 Find out the word I mean.

The Whole.

Oh, such a fuss, such a row, such a lark !
 Will some one please knock
 That mad fellow Brock
 On the head for setting up D. G. Clarke,
 To withhold from one or two men their dues
 —Conspicuous, cosy, best front pews :
 O ! O ! I protest !
 (For I sit in the best,
 Quite near, do ye see
 To the mighty " F. C.")
 I protest ! 't's a shame ! It will never do !
 (Mine happens to be the swellest pew)
 No, no ! I'll not stand this detestable work ;
 I'll secede—with George Hope Ross—to the Kirk ! ! !

And here I must abruptly close my Chit-chat for this week, having exhausted all the space at my command, with only half of my matter. Everything, you see, must come to an end,—even the Bishop's Domestic Chaplain's most brilliant sermons Mr. HOLLOWAY's longest cheroots, and my weekly gossip

TWELFTH PAPER.

SATURDAY, 15th March 1873.

AGAIN the merry dinner with good old Dr. CHITCHAT, and with his winsome daughter acting as lady of the house (by the way, CHARLIE LARKYNS has, I fancy, a certain shy *penchant* in that direction)—again the stroll in the garden afterwards, cigar in mouth, with soft sea-breeze sighing in the trees, and the mellow moonlight over all—and then again the long Club Room, with that glorious, friendly, free-and-easy, sparkling Chit-chat, which is as truly the centre and innermost kernel of social gossip in Madras, as Madras itself is the centre of interest in this Presidency.

The religious fracas at Vepery formed one of the most important subjects of discussion last night at the Chit-chat Club. Curiously enough, when the Club Letter-box was opened, the first contribution read out was the following, which purported to be from a poetically inclined friend of CHARLIE LARKYN's at Mangalore on the Western Coast. Herewith I append it:—

A DREAM.

The moon smiled sweet; cool breathed the air :
I dozed off in my long-armed chair ;
And thought that I abode no more
In solitary Mangalore,
But had gone off, a week to pass
Of jollity in Old Madras.

As through Madras I stroll'd, the air
Reverberated everywhere
To a strange sound, now loud, now low,
Where'er my feet might chance to go.
Now rose the thunderous roar, as when
In crash of war meet armed men ;
Now sank the sound, as if a breeze
Sighed faint through casuarina trees.

But still, where'er I went, I found
 Some echo ring of that strange sound.
 I heard it thrill, faint, soft, and far,
 Midst the cool groves of Adyar,
 (Doubtless the Hermit heard the shundy
 In his retreat in quiet Guindy)
 I heard it, when I chanced to walk
 Through the Dutch Gardens of Chepauk ;
 I heard the hum, I heard the buzz,
 Thrill through the palm groves of sweet Luz ,
 In Teynampett and Nungumbankum,
 In St Thome and Puisewankum
 It stole o'er Veysnapandy's plains,
 It breathed from Royapuram drains,
 It echoed from far Cassemode
 Along the length of long Mount Road,
 New Town and Fort it murmur'd through,
 From Peramboke to Black Town flew ,
 It thundered through that fair abode
 Of dusty bliss, sweet Randall's road
 Then swelled the roar more wild and clear
 Whilst I, methought, at length drew near
 (The sun had set—'twas growing dark)
 Unto the Church of D G Clarke '

O what a sight 'twas then my fate
 To witness by the church's gate !
 There stood the padre all in tears,
 His two thumbs stuck in his two ears ;
 With features wan and woe begone
 A roaring crowd he looked upon
 Claspng, in fright, his quaking knees,—
 Lay in a heap the Lay Trustees !
 All round them, furious, fiery, peppery,
 Congregated " Youths of Vepery "
 Old youths, young youths, youth girls, youth boys,
 Who raised a pandemoniac noise ;
 Each fought with each, and rushed about,
 With yell, and howl, and screech, and shout ;
 " Pew Rents ! " roared some, with mouths all wide ;
 " Free Seats ! " the others hoarsely cried !
 Church was knocked over. At the shock
 He tumbled over groaning Brock
 Childers at JERUSALEM dashed—
 There was a sound of heads that crashed !
 Pierce Ross received some heavy blows,

That damaged sore his Roman nose!
 Night fell; but still uprose the city—
 "Free Sents!" "Paw Rents!" that rent the sky.
 Heart-sick, I could no longer stay
 From the sad scene I rushed away;
 When, as I hurried off, I met,
 A form, once seen, none can forget.
 A tall thin man, with visago meek,
 Long nose, large eyes, and sunken cheek;
 And looking down, I chanced to see
 Gaiters he wore beneath the knee!
 Of course I came to a dead stop
 Seeing it was the Lud Bish—opp!
 His Ludship knew me "Friend," he cried,
 "Linger a little by my side.
 Indeed I'm sad and sore distressed;
 Tell me,—what course to take is best?
 Those parties twain appeal to me;
 But which is right I cannot see."

"Me Lud," I bluntly said, "this fuss
 Is not—excuse me—worth a cuss!
 If the "Yonths" like it—let'em shout!
 Don't fight,—but let'em fight it out!"

And then, methought in my strange dream.
 With smiles his face began to beam.
 His Ludship then approached the crowd
 And said in accents clear and loud,—
 'Yonths of Both Sexes, list to me.
 I'm sorry that you can't agree.
 You're all wrong:—that is my conviction;
 But come—take this my benediction.
 Friends, Pax Vobiscum! Ye who are
 From Perambore or Adyar,
 From St. Thome or Pursewankum,
 From Luz, or Fort or Nungambankum;
 From Black Town or from Cassemode,
 From Mount Road or from Randall's Road,
 My dear friends all—GO AND BE BL—D!"

"Ah! CHARLIE CHARLIE,"—said Dr. CHITCHAT to LAREYNS
 mournfully, after the laugh had subsided,—
 "I fear it was no friend from Mangalore who sent us this,—unless indeed you
 have been to Mangalore and back since we last met!" CHARLIE
 melodramatically hid his face—he has a handsome face, and

the rogue knows it—in his pocket-handkerchief, and then began to hum nonsense-verses,—

Her Mangalore-mangle once I saw,
All snore 'twas highly an eyesore,
She took it away
And the very next day,
I saw that Mangle at Mysore!

“MR. LARKINS!” said the Doctor gravely.—CHARLIE hid his face again in his pocket-handkerchief,—and there was BOB ELLIS sitting beside him, shaking his sides with suppressed laughter, and every now and then egging CHARLIE on to some fresh extravagance. However the Doctor paid no more attention to the over exuberance of spirits exhibited by these “gay and festive cusses,” and went on reading the letters addressed to the Club. Here is the first important one which turned up:—

A TRUE ANECDOTE OF BANGALORE CIVILITIES.

“DEAR DR CHURCHILL,—I was delighted to observe from your last report that you were flourishing, like a green bay horse! I was rather amused with that little story of yours in which a certain Mrs. B. and Mr. C. cut prominent figures.

It is no doubt a truism that “comparisons are odious” and yet I find myself unconsciously almost, drifting into the same strain, and as I have gone so far, I had perhaps better go through I suppose.

Snobism, I am sorry to say, has spread to Bangalore. The following anecdote will confirm my assertion. On Saturday last two friends of mine were driving home from the Lal Bagh, when by an unfortunate *contretemps* their carriages upset. Colonel M—, who happened to pass at the time, was very kind in offering assistance. After matters had been partially rectified, my two friends finding that they could not use the carriage again, decided on “trudging” home. Now, before writing any farther, I must inform you that these two gentlemen hold certain positions in Bangalore which cannot be sneered at, though they do not move in the circle held sacred to all but the “upper ten-thousand.” Well, to proceed. These gentlemen had not gone far, when they were overtaken by a Captain C— of the Native Infantry. The gallant Captain taking compassion perhaps on the pedestrians, came up and asked if he could give them a lift? Nothing loth, the latter accepted his kind offer with thanks, and were just stepping into the carriage, when Capt. C—cried out, “Oh! I labored under the impression that you were somebody else.” And *without* another word he drove off, leaving Messrs. So-and-so to go their own ways!

I fancy it was lucky the gallant Captain had a lady with him!

With salaams to all the members of your esteemed Club, believe me,
my dear Doctor,

Yours faithfully,
A CORRESPONDENT.

Bangalore, 12th March 1873.

The Club were agreed in considering the above letter a most important one. SWELLINGTON is shortly going to see an old friend in the Royal Engineers at Bangalore, and he intends to make a few farther enquiries about the matter. A man may be a lover of very select society, and yet behave politely and considerately to his inferiors. Is true courtesy getting to be at a low ebb at Bangalore? Dr. CHITCHAT and his Club hope not. As for the anecdote related in the above letter, it reminds me of the old story of an Anglo-Indian high up in the Civil Service who was passing by a tank, and saw an Englishman who had recently arrived in the country drowning in the middle of it, but did not help him out—"because he had not been introduced, to him!"

One of the members of the Club drew our attention to the following letter, which appeared in the *Madras Standard* last Wednesday about Tucker's Chapel which is under the pastoral care of the Very Reverend Edward, D. D. Bishop of St. Corrie's, Prince of the most glorious and exalted Order of Rosicrucians, and one of the Honorary Chaplains to the Chit-chat Club:—

SIR,—I went last Sunday to that "popular preacher's" Church in Pop-ham's Broadway, known as Tucker's Church and was pleased to hear the preacher give us a plain, practical discourse, and was quite taken up with the attendance in church which was, in fact, thronged. *The organ and singing were orderly and devotional—purely evangelical—nothing savoring of the attitudinarianism of Ritualism.* I do not recollect seeing any church so well attended as this church. I would recommend those who are not semi-Romanists, attending this place of worship. I think the only objectionable thing about the church compound wall is the drain, which the Sanitary Inspector to the municipality ought to have covered over with granite, as is the case with the drain on the west side of the compound wall which, only till recently, was closed. This nuisance removed, I would say this is the church to which all Evangelicals should flock.

Yours obediently,
S. P. G.

The member who drew attention to the above then said—"I would strongly recommend my hearers who are of a curious turn of mind to attend next Sunday at Tucker's Church, Pop-

ham's Broadway, for, according to "S. P. G." the writer of the letter I have laid before this meeting. Tucker's Church, in addition to having attached to it a popular preacher, who can discourse "plainly and practically," has the advantage of containing a most wonderful proof of the effects of missionary efforts in Southern India, in the shape of an organ, which is not only "orderly and devotional," but which has evidently profited by the "plain and practical" discourses of our well-known friend the preacher to such an extent as to have become "purely Evangelical." Why despair of missionary efforts in this country when so powerful a demonstration can be afforded as that of a converted organ? The letter in the *Standard* to which I have drawn attention, is a production unique in its way. The writer has evidently an organ of his own,—a sensitive nasal one—for, in spite of his admiration for the preacher and his organ, he could not but notice a drawback in the shape of a drain in the Church compound. Could not the drain be also converted; or, a more brilliant thought still, why should not the Government respectfully request the whole Municipal body, (of course accompanied by the well known and loyal Naider of Madras) to attend a series of 'plain and practical discourses' to be delivered weekly in Tucker's Church, and thus enable Madras to boast not only of an "Evangelical Organ," but of a Municipal Body, hitherto somnolent, but, thanks to the Tucker Church sermons, stirred up into being vigorous and zealous converts to the doctrine that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness!" After delivering this oration, the speaker sat down, highly applauded. *Resolution*.—That our absent Honorary Chaplain be informed that the Chit-chat Club tender to him their congratulations on the recent organic conversion. Carried *Nem Con*.

It was announced by Dr. CHITCHAT that one of our members, Sir WALTER MORGAN, was about to leave us. The Club expressed its unanimous hope that Sir WALTER would have an enjoyable voyage—especially as he goes home in such very pleasant company. It was suggested that Sir WALTER has had enough of Madras and does not intend to return; whereupon a discussion arose as to whether any public demonstration should be made on the occasion of his departure. If the Chit-chat Club intended to give him a dinner, it was suggested that Mr. TARRANT should

be deputed to get up an address from the Bar. In such a case, doubtless, Mr. LUTCHMEEPATTY NAIDOO would gladly second Mr. TARRANT's efforts in this direction.

On his elevation to the position of Chief Justice, the Chit-chat Club, according to an old established custom, elected Mr. HOLLOWAY to be *ex-officio* member of their association.

The appointment of Mr. HOLLOWAY has given great and general satisfaction, and it cannot but be regarded as an index of what amount of weight the Government has given to the recent ill-natured strictures of the *Madras Mail*. Some members of the Club expressed grave doubts as to the strict legality of the appointment (although they all admitted there could not have been a better one) because Mr. HOLLOWAY is not a Barrister, and the statute requires that the holder of the high office of Chief Justice should be drawn from that class. Dr. CHITCHAT upon this said that he would write to his friend the Duke of Argyll on the subject,—when it was suddenly recollected by the Club that, according to the latest telegrams, the Gladstone ministry had gone to smash, the Duke of Argyll of course receiving his *coup de grace* with it.

There is a capital story going the round of Madras concerning the Rev. Mr. LYS. You know he has been in a state of deep and constant alarm lest he should be at any unexpected moment moved from his comfortable North Black Town quarters, to give room to the Rev. Mr. DEANE of Dhoney renown. Well—during the height of the Mohurram, a band of shouting and leaping Mussulmans passed by Mr. LYS' house in Royapooram, shrieking, as is their wont "*Theen! Theen!*" Poor Mr. LYS heard this cry, and nearly fell into an apoplectic fit, imagining the shout was "*Deane! Deane!*"—portending the arrival of his dreaded supplanter!

Mr. CUNNINGHAM, the Advocate General dropped in late, but stopped the real business of the evening by the relation of a very interesting anecdote, for the truth of which the hon'ble gentleman said he had undoubted credible evidence.

The story as he related it had reference to two very worthy irascible gentlemen who practice as attorneys at law in Madras. I shall not divulge their names—no, not I—but they are each of

them Champions of the law, and one of them is alleged to be a descendant of an old Highland clan, I think it is the Gordon clan. Well, as I said just now, they shall be nameless, but I shall refer to them as Mr. C. and Mr. G.

It appears that Mr. G., who is of the fighting type of attorney, had in some way or other given offence to Mr. C., who is as bellicose as himself. One day last week, both Mr. C. and Mr. G. had cases in the Small Cause Court, before different Judges, and in the Court of the First Judge it was a case on the list for trial in which Mr. C. appeared for the plaintiff and Mr. G. for the defendant.

Just at the time that this case was reached in the First Judge's Court, it was found that Mr. G. was engaged in conducting a case before one of the other Judges; and very naturally he could not be in two courts at one and the same time. Mr. C., insisted on his case in the First Judges' Court being called on, and client, writer, peons, and witnesses, rushed frantically into the other Court to apprise Mr. G. that the case was called on, and that Mr. C. insisted on its being proceeded with in Mr. G.'s absence. Mr. G. on this obtained permission from the 3rd Judge, before whom he was conducting his case, to go into the other Court for a minute to apply for an adjournment. Mr. G. applied for the adjournment, Mr. C. strenuously opposed it, and the First Judge said he would be reluctantly obliged to go on with the case unless the adjournment was consented to. This consent Mr. C. would not give, so off rushed the indignant Mr. G. to the third Judge's Court, and the first thing he did was to call Mr. C. as his next witness. Mr. C. was upon this obliged to attend the Third Judge's Court to give evidence and Mr. G. kept him there, it is said, so long under examination, that the First Judge finding that no one came before him to represent and conduct the case for plaintiff, *nonsuited* Mr. C.'s client! Capital joke, said Mr. Cunningham, is it not? Yes, said Dr. CHITCHAT, it is the old case of diamond cutting diamond!

I have now to give the solution of the double acrostic I laid before my readers last week. The Chit-chat Club were pleased to see that so many essayed to solve the riddle. The chief difficulty in it lay in the second word, *rhyme*, which was used in the acrostic in two senses. Milton speaks of "building the lofty

rhyme," that is to say, constructing a great poem; whereas in common parlance we speak of the correct assonance of two or more distinct syllables at the ends of verses as "rhyme."

F	o	P
R	hym	E
E	ye-bro	W
E	normou	S

This week I am commissioned by Dr. CHITCHAT to give the readers of these papers a really hard nut to crack. I trust however that, with the inherent Anglo-Saxon love of overcoming difficulties many of them will set themselves down to conquer the task. Mr. A. P. W. Begbie furnished to the Club the skeleton of the double acrostic, which is now laid, in a versified form, before the riddle-loving public:—

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The Whole.

I'm coming, I'm coming!
 My spirit shall pass,
 Fervid, relentless,
 Over Madras,—
 O'er sun-stricken mountain,
 O'er withering plain,—
 Till I melt in the arms
 Of the breeze from the main!

I.

When you and I are hoary,
 Our sons shall tell the story
 Of how old England's glory
 From thee flashed brightly, when,
 Whilst foes in thousands fled,
 Our few brave hundreds sped
 Straight through the storm of lead,
 To free our countrymen!

II

Two sweet Brahmin youths, it came to pass,
 Were had up before the High Court of Madras,
 It appeared they'd imbibed, by mental suction,
 A good deal of our high pressure instruction.
 And yet they'd been guilty a thousand times
 Of the most awful of human crimes.
 They'd murder'd—yes, from them confession was wrung—
 They'd frequently murdered—the English Tongue!
 Of our University, so they averred,
 They were—bnt, reader, please find out the word!

III.

An officer he of repnte,—but 'tis clear
He's not very popular down about here !

IV. —

They thought not of his doom. His side
Stood by the merry winter fire
Their talk was of him. His young bride
Sat smiling by the old man's side,
Whose glittering eyes were sweetly wet
With tears of honest joy,—
He had just read in the *Gazette*
The valour of his boy !
But where was he that hour ? His hand
Still held the fragment of his brand,
The stars shone down upon the hill ;
The creeping mist fell dense and chill,
And shrouded, like a pall, the earth
Of the broad corpse strewn fields of Woeth,
Where, on the trampled, blood-stain'd clay
As lifeless and as cold, he lay.

A sweet little story comes from Sullivan's Garden's Seminary, wherein promising youths are trained for the mission by the *Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts*. The following dialogue was recently heard near the institution. The speakers were two peculiarly mild-looking young men who were evidently what vulgar persons would ineverently call "sucking missionaries" :—

Methuselah —How do, sar ? Have you not heard the too much plenty fine news Jonas ?

Jonas.—I not hear, sar. What for you say ? What mean ? Tell to me much plain.

Methuselah.—On this next coming 15th day of month March his honor Governor say to much peoples you all may kill dogs, four annas present I give for each dog done kill dead

Jonas —Very good, sar. I plenty extremely glad ! I will get much big stick—

Methuselah —Yes, sar ! Yes, sar ! We plenty money get ! We kill master WARLOW's dog first, then get plenty much more monies for other done killed dogs.

Jonas.—Yes, sar. Dog kill—much play and present : Master KENNET Greek Testament—too much plenty bother, no pay.

Methuselah.—I quite 'gree with you, sar. Plenty salaams! I now go.
Here comes Master KIDD with nuder arm prayer book, looking plenty too pious and angry with us.

Jonas.—I also go now. Sar, salaam!

And the story runs that these two mild candidates for mission employ, have procured two jolly big thick sticks in readiness for the day on which they intend to make "plenty too much rupees by done killed dogs."

Talking about Mr. J. D. G. GRIBBLE's poems, which have been so mercilessly pulled to pieces by the *Athenæum*, one of our members remarked that he had known the poet several years ago in Cuddalore "on the banks of the swift Pennyar" as Mr. GRIBBLE elegantly says in his poems, and that Mr. GRIBBLE was always known to be of an extremely poetical turn of mind. "It is not generally known," continued the member, "that it was he who composed a beautiful and touching lyric—unaccountably not included in Mr. GRIBBLE's book of poems—which lyric is to this day sung to the music of the tom-tom by the intelligent natives of Cuddalore:—

(Tune—*Old Hundredth*.)

All peo-pul that in-jah dwell
Sing this sweet hymn by Grib-ble sung
They wot tell lies will go to H—ll,
And have a hole burnt in their Tongue!
But they wot does the other thing,
And all who live in Cud-al-ore,
Will go to heaven, and there will sing
Grib-ble's sweet hymns for ev-er-more

Of course CHARLIE LARKYNS was called upon during the meeting last night to sing us one of his Topical songs. He rose and said—his merry eyes twinkling with fun—"Dr. CHITCHAT and gentlemen. This evening at the hospitable board of our President, previous to this meeting of ours, unseen by you yet viewed clearly by the eye of my imagination, sat the Ghost of Mr. TENNYSON, the Poet Laureate. The poor Ghost, unaccustomed to our climate, was, methought, perspiring visibly. It looked around for just that commodity which was most conspicuous by its absence—ice. I breathed in the ear of the poetic Ghost that Madras had just run short of ice; whereupon certain verses were immediately whispered into my ear,—which verses I will now deliver to you.

No Ice.

(TUNE:—that popularly set to Tennyson's
Late, late, so late, and dark the night and chill.)

Ice, Ice, no Ice, and hot the tropic day.
Let us have ice, lest we too melt away !
" Too late, too late ! The stock's exhausted now !"
What, must we die ? Is there no ice, alas !
Hot ! Hot ! So Hot ! We're grilling in Madras.
" Too late, too late ! There's no use grumbling now."
No ice for tiff ! No ice for dinner too !
O give us some,—for once oblige us—do !
" Too late, too late ! Ye cannot have some now !"
Have we not heard that sick folk may have ice ?
O we are sick—we'll pay a double price !
" No go ! Too late ! All shamming's useless now !"

When the applause which followed this song—trolled out in Charlie's clear rich voice—was over, Dr. CHITCHAT said that Mr. Soldi had addressed him, another of his very amusing letters which he would now read :—

THE SCOTCH CAPTAIN, AND THE DREAM.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—When I promised last week that I should write you again, I little thought that I should soon have to pass through one of the most curious scenes that has ever occurred to disturb the even-tenor of my manhood's dreams. Mark—I am not a timid man. But, listen !

Last Monday evening I quitted these foreign shores and set sail for a large white-ported vessel lying at anchor in the Bay, and which I shall call the "*Lass O' Galloway*." Britannia had not on this occasion exercised, her prerogative which is to "rule the waves," for the sea, (to a land-lubber like myself) was mighty tempestuous and my inner man got wofully exercised in consequence. The skipper of the white-ported vessel was with me in the gig and kept up a perfect river of remarks which flowed from a mental ocean filled, to overflowing almost, with a pride in his "bonnie barque." "They" (his owners, I suppose, he meant)—"they bocht her chaip. She's ainaist new an' was biggit far the Cheenie tadd. Bit they thocht they cud mak' a hantle mair siller by despawtchin her oot this gite an' sae they pit a cargy o' black demons (Sawmy meant diamonds) intil her an' shippit her aff to this Kintra; an' noo aw'm juist swutherin' in my ain mine whather it wadna' hae been weesser tae ha' gotten ither wark for her. Heeb, Sir, but she's a bonnie—

"Lord safe usa' Sir; bit what'n a scawred lookin' glower there's sittin' on yer face, Awre'o no weel, Sir? Bi my feth, bit ye're a white's a cloot."
"Captain," I gasped, "I'm dying."

"Na, na, Sir; ye're nane deen. It's naethin' bit a wee twang o' seek-nass that a drap o' the cratur (we're no far aff the veshes noo, Sir,) 'ull pit ta richts in the crawk o' a chookie's thoom. Haud up yer pow, Sir—haud it up. There's e awr noo'—Aw tell'd y'e, ye'd be better i' a meenit. Look at the big boat yonner, Sir; she's as sicker as Embro, Cawstle." "Captain," I groaned,—heedless of the honest sailor's kindly meant words—"take me home and put me to bed and don't let me get up for a month."

"Hoot-toots, man; dinna tawk haivers. We're juist at the veshel noo and, ance aboard, ye'll no' ken bit what ye're a wee wean cuddled i' yer mither's airms. Ye'll be sae quacet an' peacefu'. Juist look at the "Lass o' Gallowa'," Sir; is na' she as steady as the Tiron Kirk?"

"Oh, Captain, I'm very ill."

"Dinna be lookin' sae dooncas' Maister Souldie. "Here we irr, Sir,—safe nu' soun' at the guid ship's side. Gie me yer haun,' Sir. Tak tent that he dinna pit yer fit intil the water. Noo's yer time—noo, Sir—that's richt. Aw beg yer parden, Mr. Souldie—au didna' tittle tae step on yer taes. Safe an' soun,' Sir, ance mair Isnna' she a snod bit boat?"

"For heaven's sake, Captain McCulloch, a glass of water."

"Wallna' ye hae a sinner in't, Sir?"

Steward, fetch furrard the Glenleerawt. Aff wi't, Sir; aff wit—dinna be scarred."

"Thank you, Captain; thank you. Already I begin to feel better."

"That's richt, Sir. Juist pit tae yer haun an' help versel. Wait a meenit, sit nu' hae some ice in't. Mau, bit it's unco' cauld—cauld as ony snawba,' or a blash o' Janwar'-sleet. D'ye like that whuskey, Mr. Sawldie? Yee dae! Ye'll hae a dizen o't wi' ye the morn as shure as ma name's Rab McCulloch."

And the Captain was as good as his word. I've got the spirits, sir; and they're of a superb "blend"—Glenlevat, Islay, and Campbelltown, with a dash of raw Bladnoch. You must look in and see me, my dear doctor, first time you're passing—or, better still, I'll take a couple of bottles up to you next Friday evening and I hope you will do me the favour to accept them.

"There's no muckle the maitter wi' ye noo, Mr. Sawldie, awmthinkin'! Juist staun abeich a wee, Sir, an' let the lawds bring the supper in: dinner, au suppose, yed ca't on lau.' Man bit the wairld iss hotchin' wi' queer, come noashans: bit its thocht ginteeler, aw dowresay, tae ca't dinner. Hae, some broth, Sir. Aw dinna ken whuther ye'll care for't. Mr. Sawldie, bit aw'm maist awsome (pairtial) til't ma'sel'. Let me sen' ye anither leddlefu' Sir.

"Thank you, Captain, the broth is indeed lovely and I don't mind if I do patronise it again."

"Weel, Sir, aw canna say muckle aboot it's bein' luvly, bit, ta ma geezar its juist perfectly gran." See here, Mr. Sawldie,—this maks cogie-fa' nummer three an' aw'll no sweer bit what aw'll mobby swall't up tae nummer fowre."

"What a glorious odour, Captain. What can it be?"

"Aw fin't tae, Sir. Whant in the name o' wunner, can't be? Swine chaps as aw'm a leevin' sinner! Ye wadna' beleave't, mebbly, bit it's a real genuin-
wan Scotch poriker, Sir, boan on my fether's fairm in the Rhinns o'Gallowa! My auld mither (God bless the puir body aw hope's she's weel, the noo) wad hae me tak' him wi' me richt or wrang: bit he was juist a wee shot o' a grumphy then an' nae bigger nor my wee tawrier "Trim" wha's lookin' up tae ye for a bane there Su (gie her that spawl aff the bubbly-jock, Mr. Sawldie—thawnk 'e Sir.) Au haena' muckle grew o' swine pigs, Sir, bit aw'm shure aw'm no' sayin' wrang whan aw tell ye that this ane was naethin' bit a perfeck royal gentlemaun. An, dissna' he gang down weel, Su? saeses an' siccan' like trash an' aboamin aishuns, gin' it binna epple-sasse, Sir, hae nae proavawnce here. He juist melts i' yer moo like butter in a hot pingle, or snau aff a daik afore the moarin sun."

"I've heard of pork chops before, Captain; and have eaten pork chops, too—but such chops as these—so tender and so sweet—I've never either heard of or tasted. I'll trouble you for another. Thank you. They're simply divine."

An' noo, Sir—noo for a thimmelfu' o' the cratur on the tap o' Sawney an' a' wull be quaetnass an' tranqweelity wi' in

Dae ye sing, Sir? Man, an' sa' frae the varra ootset that ye end. Gie us a Scotch sang, Sir."

It was a lovely moonlight night, Doctor, and the sea was wrapped in one vastsheet of silv'ry light. It was a night to carry me back to the days when, light-hearted and bare footed, I skipped gleefully along the sandy coast of my native Galloway. "Sing!" . . . bless your heart, Captain, I feel as if I could sing for ever." Then, wetting my whistle with a jorum of McCulloch's excellent "blend" I poured foith in song. *Ye Banks an' Braes* was the song I sang.

"Eb, Mr. Sawldie, bit that iss a bonnie sang, Hooever can' ye man' to pit sae muckle trimlan' feeling in til't, Sir. Aw never hawrd the sang rennat wi ae hunnerth pairt the sweetnass afore. It's juist amaiist neist tae a new sang tae me the nicht, Sir. Na, na, Mr. Sawldie; efter that aw wunna' be tempit tae open my mooth. Man, bit yer vice iss a thoosan times mair beguillin' nor ony cushie-does.

We puffed away at our cutties for more than an hour in the deepest silence. At last I was aroused from my dreams of "home and the dear ones there" by the striking of the bells which seemed also to arouse the Captain.

"Man, bit aw'm growing' unco uappizome."

"Then let's to bed, Captain."

"Wit' a' a' the plesure i' life, Sir. Bit, first, juist let's dookoer pawlat in a caulker afore pairtin'. . . . Nynm, nynm, sir—whaht on a' the aith can cope wi' whuskey as a baivrawge? Naethinava' Guid nicht, Mr. Sawldie; guid nicht, sir; an' sou' sleep till ye."

"Nature's soft nurse" required no alluring words to draw her to my side. Softly she nestled on my peaceful bosom and away we sped, hand-in hand, into the land of dreams'.

* * * * *

My dear Doctor CHITCHAT, what I dreamt I will tell you next week. It was a dream and no mistake!

* * * * *

"Gaid mornin,' Sir, aw thocht ye were niver gain tae open yer een again Dinna sit scartin' yer heed there, Mr. Sawldie, bit come an' hae a cup a coffee vi' me."

I had the coffee, dear Doctor, and returned on shore—always to remain.

My dear Doctor,

Your very truly,

OSCAR ATHELSTANE SOLDIE.

Rimmel Villa, Royapooam, 14th March.

When this letter had been read and "done finish," Dr. CHITCHAT found that it was just on the stroke of 2 A. M. So we had to part, as the best of friends must. *Au revoir*, gentle reader, till next week.

THIRTEENTH PAPER.

SATURDAY, 22nd March 1873.

WHEN opening our weekly meeting last night, Dr. CHITCHAT rose and said:—"Gentlemen, I may mention to you that I have long known, and lately have frequently met, and enjoyed the company of, a most estimable and scientific man, who is staying in our midst at present, having been obliged from ill-health to leave England and temporarily seek a warmer climate. I refer to Dr. DRUITT, at present the guest of my friend Lord HOBART, at Guindy. Dr. DRUITT is a London physician, who has turned his attention to the important subject of wines and their uses, and has written the standard work on the subject; and the London *Times* of the 18th of

January last, did the learned Doctor the justice of reviewing favourably and at great length his book, the first edition of which, I may be pardoned for mentioning, I have long been acquainted with,—and to be acquainted with it means the same thing as admiring it.” “Gentlemen,” continued Dr. CHITCHAT, motioning with his hand towards a quiet, grey-haired gentleman sitting on his right, “allow me to introduce Dr. DRUITT to you all. He has this evening done us the honour of being present at our Club gathering; and I trust that he will carry back with him to old England, when with recruited health and strength he may return to its shores, the memory of a pleasant evening spent in Madras with the Chit-chat Club.” A deep murmur of applause followed this neat little speech from our President, which was redoubled when Dr. DRUITT rose up, and out of the capacious receptacles of an enormous great-coat which he wore, produced a number of old-fashioned bottles, saying,—“If Doctor CHITCHAT will permit me, I will ask the Club to taste a sample or two or a few dozens of old Burgundy I brought out from London expressly for your honoured and world-renowned President, Dr. CHITCHAT.” In a twinkling, after a wink and a nod from CHARLIE LARKYNS to the servants, wine glasses were placed on the table, and a great smacking of lips *à la Holloway* ensued, upon which Dr. DRUITT remarked that he had selected the wine because—“it had a certain indefinable round, smooth, stable taste, an exquisite bouquet, a delicate perfume felt in the act of deglutition, and a dark ruby or carbuncular colour of unfathomable brilliancy,—combined with an astringency which was not obtrusive, and a delicious full body.” Mr. COLEMAN—I beg his pardon, Lieut. Colonel COLEMAN—who, hearing beforehand that Dr. DRUITT was to be present at our Club last night had driven over from Royapuram to listen to what the learned Doctor might say—as soon as he had tasted a little of the wine, exclaimed “By heaven, it is the nectar of the gods!” and had to be carried out of the room, having fainted away with sheer bliss!

Of course one of the first things done at our meeting was to open the Club Letter-box. It was simply crammed. “Felix Jones” sends a letter from St. Thome, proposing a nut for lawyers to crack, and “Eureka” sends acrostics by the dozen.

(The answer to the last Double Acrostic, by the way, "is LAND-WIND;"—the "hard nut" has after all been "cracked," by half a dozen contributors at least). One of the letters first read out was the following one from a Volunteer:—

DRILL INCONVENIENCES.

MY DEAR DOCTOR CHITCHAT,—I am a Volunteer officer. I have only lately joined, and the fire of my first ardour is yet strong within me. But there are a few inconveniences which I confess, I do suffer and would gladly escape if possible.

Halt! 'Tention! Shou'lrre arrrms! Firre! Quick March! Charrige! As you were! Left wheel! Piecpare to meet cavalry! Firre! Unfix baynitts! Fix baynitts! Charge! Firre! Right Wheel! Foirrm squarrre! Retreat! Right wheel! Left wheel! Charge! Firre! Charge! &c. &c. &c. My poor head is giddy with such words, and I even dream of them. But it is my duty to learn my drill, and I go through it like a true son of Erin. Yet the latest manoeuvre is rather hard to understand the use of. It consists of having a horse's tail stuck into your face, and a fellow running a bayonet into you behind, at one and the same time! But I will explain.

The other day I was in my proper position,—I suppose so at least—there was a line of men with fixed bayonets behind me, I had my scabbard in its usual place (between my legs), and straight in front of me was an officer on a frisky piebald horse capering away like any thing. The order was given to "Charrige!" The tail of the capering horse was straight before my nose. I hesitated for a moment. I suddenly felt a sharp prick behind. I rushed blindly forward. I remember no more. I write this lying in bed. I think the horse must have left fly with its heels in my bread-basket, and that, after describing a parabola through the air, I must have descended on the point of a bayonet. I feel very sore, depressed, and confused. But I feel I am a veteran. I have seen the dangers of war and have been in action! I remain, dear Doctor,—in bed,—

Yours truly,
SCABBARD.

P. S.—DR. CHIPPERFIELD says I have a compound fracture of the *tibial* bone, my *diaphragm* is displaced, my *os coccygis* is discolated, I have a puncture in my *aorta*, and besides several minor confusions, there is a nasty protrusion of my *cerebrum* into my *cerebellum*.

Dr. PAUL, who happened to be present at the Club last night as a friend, remarked that it did certainly seem that the poor fellow was in a bad state, but that his injuries were nothing to what had been sustained by Drs. BALFOUR and VANSOMEREN

after being pilloried the other day in the columns of a certain too-outspoken paper.

One of the foremost topics of conversation at the Club last night was the trial of IRAM PILLAR, late cash-keeper of the Negapatam Bank, before Mr. NELSON of Tranquebar. Mr. NELSON is a shrewd and able civilian, who is however a little too fond of brilliant paradoxes, and of parading his cleverness. He would make a good practising Barrister, but he certainly does not make a perfect Judge. The way he treated Mr. CREWE'S fantastic evidence was very unique—very Nelsonian. CHARLIE LARKYNS laid before the Club a rhymed version of Mr. CREWE'S examination before Mr. NELSON, which, though not correct in detail, is funny enough. Here it is:—

A. S-CREWE LOOSE.

Mr. Nelson he sat in his Court in state
And called Bank-Manager Crewe,
And when he was up in the witness-box
He asked him a question or two.

"Mr. Crewe" he said, "Mr. Crewe" said he,
"I hope you won't think me rude,
But I wish to know, in th' hotel 'tother night
Was it Rolland or you that was screwed?"

Poor Mr. Crewe, his face turned blue,
With a cough "Your Honor," said he,
"Rolland and Court and Dawson and I
That night drank only—ten!"

"Then of course you remember," said Nelson to Crewe,
"The statements you made that night?"

"Well—hem!" the manager meekly replied,
"Your honor,—ha! hem!—not quite!"

"That's enough, Mr. Crewe," Mr. Nelson said.

"But ere you go off, I must say,
Mr. Crewe, you have given your evidence
In a most satisfactory way!"

Dr. CRITCHAT was pleased, though greatly surprised, that the last Chit-chat Double Acrostic was solved by so many. The Double Acrostic I am authorised to lay before my readers this week is, I fancy, a *leetle* more difficult still. Who will be the first to solve it? I am led to understand that the latest acrostic was found out because, when writing of *the whole*, the allusion

to "LAND WIND" was so plain. This time I shall simply say that my whole is—"A *Locality in Madras.*"

I.

Dear Fred,—I write in breathless haste,—your sister
Has not refused me! Her sweet head bent low—
Half turned aside—her lips they murmured "No"—
But all her mien said "yes"—and so I kissed her
O Fred, O Fred, was ever girl so fair,
Was ever nobler wealth of golden hair!
Her forehead's lily-white, her lips are roses!
Her breath's the morning perfume of choice, posies,
Her star-like eyes gleam brighter hour by hour;
And lastly, Fred, her dear delicious nose is
"Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower!"

II.

A musical instrument.

III.

A part of the body.

IV.

She was beautiful, and the affianced bride of a handsome and wealthy nobleman. But she knew not that he was mad. The fair wedding party proceeded to the altar, when the bridegroom was observed to swallow something. It was poison. The next moment there was a flash, and a report, and the poor clergyman performing the wedding service, (a father of thirteen children) lay dead with a bullet in his brain. Ere the smoke had cleared away, a stiletto had pierced the heart of the bride. Happily, by this time, the poison had begun to work, and the bridegroom, without doing any further mischief, fell down dead by the side of her he was to have married. MORAL,—the ways of maniacs are inscrutable.

V.

In the crash of war you hear me,
When English sabres flash,
When on the wavering enemy
The British bayonets dash.
You hear me when our sailors
Swarm up a vessel's side,
And tear down from the yard-arm
The foemen's flag of pride.

By the way, I may mention that it was R. W. P. who sent to the Chit-chat Club the outline of the above acrostic,—one which, I think, will be found of peculiar difficulty.

One of the most important letters read at our meeting ran as follows:—

DEAR DOCTOR,—Lawyers are, as a rule, a dangerous class of men—they have strange "*usages of the profession*" as they term it, and few of the uninitiated can understand their etiquette. But on this one point there is no question, they are not permitted to tout for business for themselves nor are they permitted to keep touts. Some exceptions are to be found, and an instance of such an exception having lately come to my notice, I desire to have the views of the Chit-chat Club, as to whether in India, the Bench and the Bar are governed by the same rules as in England, or otherwise.

The instance I allude to is the following, and is rather an extraordinary one, as a Judge is made to act the part of a tout for a certain learned gentleman.

In a district not 100 miles from Madras is a District Judge. He appears to be a great friend of a certain learned gentleman of the bar at Madras, and this learned Judge, it is well known, openly touts and asks the Vakils and suitors of his Court for business for the said learned gentleman. What I want to know is,—is this in accordance with the proper etiquette of the Bench and the Bar. It certainly to me savours of a business unclean and not very respectable.

Yours as always,

ALLAHABAD.

P. S.—Should you or the Club wish to have further and better particulars, I will give them to you next week or on another occasion.

There was but one opinion expressed by the Club as to the conduct impugned in this letter. The learned gentleman in question was absolved from all connection with the iniquity, but the conduct of the District Judge was severely condemned. And it was ultimately unanimously resolved that our new Chief Justice be communicated with, in order that District Judge may be directed to abstain from acting as touts for any barrister, vakeel, or attorney-at-law.

The next letter which popped out of the Club Letter-box ran as follows:

BILLIARDS

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—Why is it that the Proprietor of the Clarendon Hotel is the best Billiard Player in Madras?

Answer—Because he will tick any other person!

Yours truly,

O'DONOGHUE.

P. S.—I need only mention that Mr. Willick is the Proprietor of the Hotel referred to.

"Oh! oh!" cried the Club, and the Doctor joined in with a sepulchral grunt. You must know that Dr. CHITCHAT has a frightful horror of puns on names.

The next letters produced for the perusal of the Club were rather novel ones. They were as follows:—

MRS. HARRIS TO DOCTOR CHITCHAT.

DEAR DOCTOR,—I has come to Madras just to look about, in a quiet secluded sort of way, and as I is a quiet sort of kind of person, leastways what don't like to make myself public, Doctor, I aint much seen about, but has my own private talks with my friend Mrs. Gamp, who has writed the follering letter to me, which I send to you, Doctor, for the reading of your Club, what is, I have heard say, a respectable tea-party of gentlemen who is distinguished in many ways, and much talked of by black persons and white ones in this city, which is a very remarkable sort of town thinks.

yours (without telling on it)

BETSY HARRIS.

MRS. GAMP ON THE P. AND O. LOCAL AGENT.

MY DEAR MRS. ARMS,—I considers, as perhaps didn't ought, that never since you and I were made publick carakters by Dickens that odjious man, I never thinks on him but I takes a drop o'tea out of my bottle with something in it besides, just to keep one's spirits up,—and this country is very depressing as I say to you last evening, and you anseis it is, you remember, don't you? when that man Bob Ellis passed us in his carridge, and says, "There goes Sairey Gamp, she does," the odjious man,—well as I was agreeing with you I thinks this Madras huncommon queerish sort of place I does, and I says to myself, says I, "Mrs. Arms and me leaves this ere to-morrow," and so I goes to get a steamboat for us to go back, leastways just to enquire for the tickuts what they have here as they says in the *Hathenacum* which paper is just like the *Daily Telegraph* only different,—well I drives along and the black gentleman driving me says, says he, "Where marm going?" and I thinks "anywhere you please first," so he takes me to Mr. MARTINE what his Christian name is Kamaid, and I walks up and asks for tickuts for passidge, and he talks to the black gentleman driving me, and sends me on till I stopped at a place called LECKONS, where they says there are Steamers, very good ones, which has to be had cheap, so I steps up beldly and asks, and a gentleman all smiling and smelling very nice of roses asks me, says he peilightly, "Mrs. Gamp, I believe marm," and I cuntsays very low, and tells him that I is that lady, and he says,— "Has you are a publick karacter, Mrs. Gamp, I'll give you Twenty per cent reduckshins," then says I "I'll try for more redukshins a fore I comes to you again," so off I goes to Pea an Ho's orfice quite joyfil,

and on the way I had some of that strong tea you remembris we made in that black bottle of mine—but O lor! Betsy!

There he sat, the Pea an Ho Agint in his office, and I axed a young man with mustache and pleasant face outside that office door, if tother man inside was really the head agint, and he said he was, and then I stept up to talk with him about reduckshins, but O lor! Betsy!

He was a man,—this Pea an Ho Agint,—of half yellor, half green, billius look, as if he had not been reated on taters but on "Cockles pills," and was in the course of his profession, allers getting sea sick,—and this yellor cadaverous man says, says he "What do you want? Reduckshirs!—no Mrs. Gamp, we never gives em, we doesn't Goaway!" and he never axes me to take a seat but looks as if his grandmother had just died and he was troubled with jaundice in consequence—O lor! Betsy!—I never seed sich a sight of a man, so rude and so unmannerly, and I went away, and when I gets to England with you Betsy I'll tell the managers of the Pea an Ho that their Agint here is enough to frighten any one from sailing in their steamers I will and so says, your own friend, allers.

SAIREY GAMP.

"Dear me," said Dr. CHITCHAT, after the letter had been read through, "I must enquire about this! Mrs. Gamp, although too found of gin, and although her diction is not quite perfect, is evidently a shrewd person. It certainly is a mistake of such a glorious company as the P. and O. to have such a sea-sick looking individual as their agent in Madras. Agents, if they know their duties, should at least be civil to the would-be patronizers of the companies they represent." And as usual, the Club agreed *in toto* with their worthy president's remarks.

CHARLIE LARKYNS told the Club of a rather good repartee he heard the other day. A jocative member of the legal profession was explaining to his wife, before some of their friends, the facility with which divorces are now obtained. "Madam," he said, assuming a grave and learned aspect, and trying to keep down to the utmost his resible faculties,—“Madam, if I ordered you to stay in this room, and never leave it, and you disobeyed me by leaving it without my permission, that would be sufficient cause for me to procure a Rule *Nisi*!” The witty little wife quietly replied, with a twinkle of her bright eyes,—“Dear me,—that would be a *Nice* I dear!!!

A correspondent from up country writes in the following terms to the Chit-chat Club:—Your story with reference to Mrs. A. and Mr. B. in one of your last Chit-chat, reminds me of a similar

case that happened at Calcutta, at one of the Government dinners. The native Judge of the High Court, a very much respected gentleman, was told off to take in a certain lady well up in Calcutta society; the lady declined the honour, and there was likely to be a serious contretemps, or anyhow considerable unpleasantness, when Lady MAYO, whispering a few words to the high official who was to have taken her in immediately proceeded and took the rejected arm of the Native Judge. A greater snub than this could not, I think you will agree, have been given. I think if Dr. CHITCHAT was to attempt to describe all the numerous instances of contretemps, or whatever you choose to call them, that are now taking place, it would take him all his time. Has he heard of the one that has arisen out of a certain society meeting. Mr. A. was expected to preside at the said meeting. After waiting half an hour, and Mrs. A. not putting in an appearance, Mrs. B. was asked to preside, and the meeting proceeded. After it was over, Mrs. B. was deputed to find out why Mrs. A. had not attended as promised; and was informed after some time that the meeting had quite escaped Mrs. A.'s memory? for which she was sorry. Mrs. C. who was also at the meeting, had and been kept waiting, and not knowing of the answer Mrs. B. had received from Mrs. A., happened to meet Mrs. A. some two or three days after, and at once took her to task for having kept them all waiting on the day in question. Mrs. A. affected no remembrance of the occasion; upon which, Mrs. C. said,—Well, I think anyhow there is an apology due to us ladies;—Mrs. A.—“An apology indeed! I am very sorry for having disappointed the old woman, but as for your ladies there is no apology required.” I need not say the ladies parted in any thing but a good humour with one another, and that the breach widens daily.

Another letter, produced from our never-failing Club Letter-box ran as follows:—

TIT FOR TAT.

DEAR DR. CHITCHAT,—Allow me to present through you to your Club and the public, a new phase of the late “spnr” question.

If ladies take it upon themselves to object to us wearing spurs, why should we not insist upon ladies at our Bachelor's Balls, discarding trains to their dresses?

Secunderabad, March 1873.

Your obedient servant,
HYDERABAD CONTINGENT.

Dr. CHITCHAT did not make any remarks upon this letter. He simply and suggestively shrugged his shoulders; and SWIL- LINGTON remarked earnestly—"for heavens' sake don't let us interfere with the ladies!" Quite so! The only thing dreaded by the Chit-chat Club is the wrath of the fair sex.

A correspondent sends us the following anecdote. He vouches for it that it is true, but we have a feint suspicion that, even if true, (it is rather too good to be true) it is not altogether new:—

ALL FOR THE SERVICE.

Mrs. A, a wife of a Barrister who had just arrived from home, called on the Collector's wife, Mrs. B, shortly after her arrival. Both ladies had known each other well as girls—at home. Mrs. B. was very glad indeed to meet her old friend, and of course asked what appointment her husband held, and received the reply that he was not in either of the services. "Not in the Service!" cried Mrs. B, "then what is he?" Mrs. A. replied that her husband was a Barrister. "A Barrister!" said Mrs. B. "what is that!" Poor Mrs. A. returned home, and in the evening detailed the incidents of her call to her husband. "What did you tell her a Barrister was," asked he. "Oh I told her you were connected with the Court." "The next time you are asked that question," said he, "be sure and say, a Barrister is a man who stands behind a Bar and serves out drinks!"

One of the members brought to the notice of the Club last night the following paragraph, that lately appeared in the *Madras Standard*, about the Chaplain of North Black Town:—

"We understand that there is every probability of the Rev. F. G. Lys, M.A., continuing in North Black Town, as the congregation memorialised the Lord Bishop of Madras, who through his Domestic Chaplain returned a very satisfactory and hopeful reply to the memorialists. Mr. Lys' staunch admirers may, however, flatter themselves that their importunity has secured to them the services of their much beloved pastor for the present."

The member who brought this to the notice of the meeting said,—"It is perfectly true that the bold and plain article in the *Athenæum* about the threatened retirement of Mr. Lys produced the effect of making the parishioners of North Black Town Church address a memorial to the Bishop, but the *Standard* goes too far when it hints that the Bishop has promised to allow Mr. Lys to remain in his present quarters. The Bishop, whatever people may say, is an old and canny bird. He is greatly addicted to utterances somewhat like those of the Delphic Oracle. His answer to the memorialists in this instance, I have

reason to believe, was a most enigmatical one, something after this sort,—

GENTLEMEN,—I am highly delighted with the proof your memorial bears on the face of it, that Mr. Lys is a very hardworking clergyman, and has in consequence endeared himself to you. Your true interests shall never, I can assure you, be lost sight of. North Black Town is an Oasis in the desert of life. Brethren, I commend you to grace. Be of good cheer. I salute you all with a holy kiss. Amen.

Yours now and evermore,

“FREDERICK MADRAS.”

“Fellow members of the Chit-chat Club,” continued the speaker, “I am convinced that our good Bishop is not so simple as he looks.”

And with such talk as this the hours glided by, till it was time to part, and we went off to our several homes,—carrying with us, by the way, the taste in our mouths of a final bumper of Dr. Druitt’s choice old Burgundy !

FOURTEENTH PAPER.

SATURDAY, 29th March 1873.

NO doubt MOORE the poet felt and believed what he said, when he exclaimed that there is no spot on earth so sweet as the place where the bright waters meet. Sweeter far to me is the place sacred to the meeting of bright and genial spirits. No waters this earthly sun has seen flowing and mingling together, with every ripple laughing and glittering, are to be compared in my humble estimation to that “flow of soul,” that eternal fresh flood of wit, friendliness, and good humour, the scene of which, week by week, is the dear little room in Dr. CHITCHAT’S house, wherein the Chit-chat Club hold their matchless meetings.

Talk to me of the Madras Club ! A capital Club it is. When I saunter in there of an evening, to glance at the latest “Punch,” or see what the latest London papers think about the approaching Oxford and Cambridge Boat race, I often meet some of the most eminent, most kind hearted, and most genial, men in Madras, and I have a respect for the institution which draws together so much of our South Indian talent, wit, and

good nature. But do I not also meet young SNOBLEY, who affects to pooh-poooh every one's abilities who is not in the twice-born Service? Do I not meet young SNEAK, his friend the Sub-Lieutenant, who twirls the attenuated caricature of a moustache, as he talks about the "gals," as if he had only to whistle and all our purest daughters would rush into his arms. Fugh! Ladies and gentlemen, our Chit-chat Club is a small one, but it is select; we are all friends! and whilst we glory in the grand privilege of Englishmen to "speak the thing we will," were any thing of meanness, of spite, or of immorality, to be whispered or even hinted at in our midst, our good old President would vacate his chair, and the Club be dissolved.

Come now, between you and me, isn't it a pleasant thing to be *cosy*? You all must feel how delicious it is to *feel at home*? This is just what our Club is—a cosy Club—a meeting at which we each and all of us feel thoroughly and entirely at home. We chat away, and the hours of our communion together glide along as swiftly as a meteor glides across a summer sky, or as a dolphin cleaves the purple water in her splendid course.

"Well, gentlemen," said Dr. CHITCHAT, as he took the chair last night, "what have we to talk about—has anything particular happened this week, SWELLINGTON?"

That rather languid and superbly whiskered gentleman leaned back, raised his glass of claret to the light, glanced with one eye through it, and then breathed gently forth the suggestive word—"Ice!"

"And American apples!" cried CHARLIE LARKYNS—"I was at Chota Hazree in Mrs. PRETTYTOE's house and ate two of them yesterday morning, very nice—fresh—juicy, and all that. But I am sorry for you Tee Gee!"

The worthy magistrate turned very red in the face, as the flash of recollection passed through his mind that at dessert, half an hour before, he had taken two of the fruit. "What! CHARLIE! I pray you be explicit!"

"Mulligrubs!" said CHARLIE sepulchrally and laconically, laying his hand on the lowest button of his waistcoat.

We all burst out laughing, but our worthy friend the magistrate looked as if he had mentally fined himself five rupees, and

ordered himself to be taken away ! However, our attention was immediately diverted, for CHARLIE said, "what we have been saying has suggested to me a double acrostic—here it is :"—

I
In my first I am.

II
My second I put on

III
What I might be, if I were black.

IV
What one of my teeth is.

V
What I follow.

VI
What I am never seen without.

The Club think that this acrostic will be, because of its very brevity, a very *brazilian* "nut to crack !"

There is rather a good story going the round of Madras, which found its due echo in the Club last night. A certain gentleman, of high position, the head of a certain well-known establishment or department (I will not say which) found one morning recently that the hard work he had given his carriage horses was knocking them up, so was obliged to hire for the day an ordinary carriage from one of our numerous stables. In this hired carriage he proceeded on his way to his place of business (in what part of Madras it is not for me to state) and from some cause or another, whether that the carriage came in collision with another, or ran against a post, or was over-weighted and simply obeyed the laws of gravity, I do not know, but as I say, the said carriage came to grief, whilst the gentleman was on his road to his business. The gentleman whom I refer to, when his vehicle overturned, did not happily receive any further damage than a severe shaking. One of the members of our Club was driving by at the nick of time, and witnessed all which took place. The carriage door at the moment of reversal, flew open ; and with the gentleman—here comes the point of the story—out rolled—

1 Office box.

1 Cash box.

- 2 Band boxes—contents unknown.
- 1 Tiffin basket, emptied of its contents.
- 1 Cold roast turkey.
- 2 Capons.
- 1 Ham.
- 1 Tongue.
- 10 Sausages.
- 23 Fine boiled potatoos.
- 1 Dish of greens, ditto of cauliflower, ditto of knoll-koll.
- 6 Snipes, and six pieces of toast.
- 3 Champagne bottles—in quarts; ditto in pints.
- 2 Claret bottles.
- 4 Quarts English bottled ale.
- 1 Dish curry.
- 1 Dish rice.
- 4 Larges pieces of rumkin toast.
- 1 Inverted soup-tureen,—kind of soup spilt—not known.

A vast assortment of miscellaneous table articles, such as dishes, plates, knives, forks, spoons, &c., &c., &c.

The wonder of course is, not how the articles rolled out, but “how the devil they got there,” in the compass of an ordinary palanquin coach! The Club was inclined to be of the opinion that the gentleman in question was going to have a “grand feed” in his office on the day in the morning of which the accident occurred. His disappointed guests are objects of pity to all those who have heard of the story. As for the hack driver, he was observed, immediately after the disaster, looking at the debris of the intended tiffin, and saying “Oh Sar! What for master make this plenty waste? Too much nice things in bandy, your honour, bandy too heavy get then turn over quick, and now all food done spoilt. Give to me now, and to horse-keeper, please your honour!”

“Well, well,” said our President, as this story was narrated, “all I can say is, when the narrative we have just heard is imprinted indelibly in the columns of the *Athenæum*, what will folk out of Madras think of us? Will they not say,—Madras may be benighted, but certainly it is an appetizing place, wherein people are addicted to eating big tiffins!”

Dr. CHITCHAT has empowered CHARLIE LARKYNS to find out what is the reason for Captain HALLETT's always being with Captain WELDON in his Court, learning the work of a Police Magistrate. Says Captain WELDON to his friend frequently somewhat as follows:—"Look here, HALLETT, this is how we does it—this memo.—I sign it here, initial it there, look, it is done! Lor bless you, our work here is much preferable to being in a Penitentiary all day!" And Captain HALLETT replies, in the immortal words of the divine Shakespere, "Thru for yez, me boy!"

The Club had a little chat about Racing matters, which for several reasons I shall not recount now. I hope that by the time next Friday comes round, I shall have no ground for referring to certain very unpleasant matters, which are lowering our Presidency in the eyes of India.—*Verb Sap.*

The Chit-chat Club have been delighted to witness the great improvement in the Cathedral Clock of late. Archdeacon GORON is to be congratulated! On Friday, noon, last week, the time marked by the hands of the clock was 7-22. On the same day and same time this week, the hands point to 9-39. In time—say in thirty or forty years—the clock will actually become useful to that foolish portion of the public who think that a time-piece is made for use rather than for ornament.

We told a rather amusing story the other day about the curiosities of Volunteer drill. An "Old Volunteer" writes to us somewhat angrily, and tells us that as for Officers of the Line they ride worse than Volunteer Officers do. A short time ago, it appears, a regiment of Native Infantry were out on rather an important occasion, in a Mofussil Cantonment Brigade-Exercise day. A company were ordered to form in square, prepared to meet a charge of Cavalry. Somehow a few of the company got a little askew. The Adjutant—a short pursy fiery little man—roared at the men, and then dashed up, waving his sword, to the square. Unfortunately his spurs tickled up his skittish Arab a little too severely, and the horse bolted, and came suddenly to a stand still within a foot of the bayonets of the men. The Adjutant was "bucked off" clean into the centre of the square—nearly being "spitted" on the way—and was picked up with his collar bone broken. "Thus you see," said

Dr. CHITCHAT, as he read out the letter, "over-zeal is a constant source of danger, even in our Majesty's gallant India Army!"

SWELLINGTON told the Club that the following very interesting and important conversation was held (he accidentally overheard it) at Cupid's Bow a few evenings ago.

Lady in carriage, bows

Gentleman, with dundreary whiskers, takes off his hat, and approaches.

Gentleman —Ha' How d'ye do—haw'

Lady —Good evening—Hem'

Gentleman .—Haw—fine day'

Lady .—Yes—hem—a very fine day

Gentleman .—Band—haw—tollewably good to-night.

Lady .—Yes—that is—hem—the music I think is—hem—improving every evening.

Gentleman —Aw, ynas' Pwactice makes pwerfect' (*Smiles, takes off his hat, bows deeply*) haw—good evoning!

Lady .—Good evening! (Turns to a young lady sitting beside her in the carriage) What a very nice intelligent man that is, dear! Such charming manners! He's Mr. Fitzfoodle—Conservator General of Patchappah's Hall, and Political Agent to the Begum of Pulicat,—draws three thousand a month, dear!

Second Lady —Dear me! I thought he was rather insipid, but now you mention it, I think he was very *distingue* and a very interesting conversationalist!

The following letter was taken from the Club Letter-box

HONORED SAR,—I am a suitor in case before High Court, defendant your honour to a humbugging plaintiff who unjustly drags me to bar of Court to answer to a false claim, and your Honour I have been attending every day for last seven days at High Court to get justice, before Justice Kernan, but that Judge got full business in Insolvent Court, and no time to hear final disposal cases, so what can do your Honor, if Justice Kernan keep sitting Insolvent Court every day this way, every body will soon become Insolvent mad, Judge, Barristers, Attorneys suitors and public in general. Please your Honor if Justice Kernan is member of Chit-chat Club recommend that His Lordship do more quickly send insolvents discharge or jail, or adjourn cases, that system plenty good for lawyers and very tiresome to opposing creditors. In this way Justice Kernan can final disposal cases take as well as Insolvent cases which latter His Lordship is plenty fond of, because he one Irish gentleman

Yours respectfully,
RAMASAWMY IYENGAR,
Plf. in O'S 5467 of 73.

The following two letters were found in the Club Letter-box, and duly read out. I entitle them "*Our Great Madras Barber*," and "*The Serenader Discomfited*":—

OUR GREAT MADRAS BARBER

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE CHIT-CHAT CLUB.

SIR,—I beg to present for the amusement of your Club, and through them of your numerous Military friends the enclosed copy of a genuine testimonial in the possession of a certain Barber, who is well known about the town. He has shaved many a Military officer in his day, and was well known to our late Commander-in-Chief General McCleverty, who often felt the edge of his razor when he was an Ensign in Fort St. George in 1822. The General on his return to India as C-in-C. was so glad to see the old fellow again, that he was pleased to introduce him to his lady as "the oldest friend he had in India"—and more than this the old boy never repeated his subsequent visits to the General, but the latter always sent him on his way rejoicing with five or six Rs. in his pocket.

The Barber I refer to is a lucky fellow, for he has frequently shaved the present C-in-C when a subaltern in India, many years ago, and he does not now fail to visit him occasionally.

I am, dear Doctor,

Yours faithfully,

W. E. F.

Madras, 27th March 1873.

BELLARY, 16th Sept. 1842.

The bearer of this, Condaiah, alias Tom the Barber, has infested my house for four years, during which time he has shaved me, or cut my hair both when he has been drunk, or when he has been sober, but always without inflicting a wound. It is true that he had at first a nasty habit of taking hold of the tip of my nose: but a mere hint was sufficient to make him discontinue that practice. His accomplishments are manifest and not to be here named. He scrapes chins in a superior style. I have given him more than one bottle of brandy.

(Signed). W. H. M., Captain, 4th K. O. Regt.

THE SERENADER DISCOMFORTED.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—Thinking of old days, Sir, "when we were boys together," I had almost addressed you in a more familiar strain. Knowing as I do that your mind has long ago sailed past the period of passion and imprudence and that your moderate and calm opinions are ever tempered with the uprightness of manly justice, I place before you the following incident which occurred within our Municipal limits on the evening—or night rather—of Wednesday last, so that you may decide whether or not the officer and gentleman who forms the subject of the little history has, or has not, earned the displeasure of Sir Frederick Haines.

On the night in question I dined with my friend Green whose compound adjoins my own. After dinner and the customary peg, I bade Green good night and proceeded towards my house "whistling as I went for want of thought." (My wife declares that whistle under such circumstances because I am afraid of cobias; but, then, my wife, you see, Doctor, is only a woman, and consequently has rather undefined—lord! here, she comes, and she'll *certainly* want to know what I'm writing.*

Of course, you will recollect, that just as you leave Green's gateway, you find yourself in Rungasawmy Road and gazing into X——'s front verandah. You can't help yourself, you *must* gaze into X——'s verandah, X——'s house was dark as dark might be, dark as my thoughts which were speculating upon the awful responsibilities attaching to the approaching addition of another "little blessing" to the already crowded quiver. I was in the high notes of *Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still* (Oh treason! I was thinking then of an old sweetheart) when my attention was arrested by a distant sound of Music, Music—and yet, 'twas surely strange music? I hung upon my step, listening—and was satisfied that the strains were borne to me from Julia X——'s venetians. Proposed (in my own mind) and carried *nem con*. "I'll go and listen to Julia on the sly—the Missus will think I'm at Green's."

Not without numerous furtive glances, cut both up and down, did I trust myself within the precincts of the inascible X——'s demesne. But still I entered, creeping stealthily and my heart sending forth thumps loud enough to awaken the seven sleepers.

"Yes, there is a light in Julia's window and there is Julia herself. How sweetly the dear little creature sings!" *Her* voice died away, but silence did not reign. A strange weird noise now floated on the long-shore wind and, as I listened to it spell-bound as 'twere, jealously marched with heavy tread into the region of "my bosom's lord."

Ah, too true! 'twas a man's voice. No wonder, then, the sound seemed weird. Advancing cautiously towards the house I soon found myself close to the adored Julia's window. *Albeit the night was moonless, my jealous eye quickly detected the form of Captain Z—— of Her Majesty's Madras Staff Corps.* Now, his voice was hushed, and it seemed as if he listened for an answering strain from Julia. But Julia (good girl) answered not.

Suddenly Z—— inserted his dexter hand into the deep and mysterious recesses (yelept pockets) of his nether garments and drew forth therefrom into the stillness of the sable night an instrument which my fevered brain imagined to be a revolver. Great heavens! Could it be that the villain was about to sever the silver cord which bound dear Julia to this smiling world and her loving friends? The agony of that moment I can never—never forget. Laying the murderous implement upon his outspread hand—

* Here there is a blot big enough to indicate the extreme hotness of the haste with which Mr. Muttonchopper must have concealed his missive.

kerchief, or so much of that useful article as was not engaged in protecting his elbow from the mouldy ground, the heartless monster next dived from his bosom a letter. Now, I could see it all: the infuriated maniac would not be content with taking Julia's life, but must also sacrifice his own; and the letter which he had taken from the vicinity of his shirt front was a farewell and last dying confession addressed to his widowed mother in Ireland. "Oh agony!" . . . "OH JERUSALEM!! OH DESPAIR!!! Julia was to be murdered; and I——I who have a sneaking regard for her—unable to sound the note of warning. No, I dared not to have screamed. My name—my reputation; and . . . and . . . yes——"My WIFE! My whole frame was bathed in perspiration. And I quivered like "the rowan tree" on mountain side in an equinoctial gale. But, see! . . . Oh, heaven be praised! 'Tis not, after all, a revolver. As a deep sigh of relief escapes me I perceive that it is . . . A COMB! And that the letter is a piece of tissue paper..!

Now, the peaceful intentions of my hated rival are made clear and, with the backward snig of earnest thankfulness which washes in upon my sighing buzzum is borne a feeling of half-love for Z——.

Carefully adjusting the tissue paper round the comb, the gallant Captain artistically raises this primitive musical instrument to his mustachoid lips and, with pristine simplicity of style, hums out "My love she's like a red, red rose." See! See!! Julia advances to the casement!

"But how very tall you have grown, Julia: and how very broad-shouldered too!

And how is it that Ramasawmy walks behind you, "in my lady's boudoir," staggering under the weight of an overflowing foot-bath.

Captain Z——blows on . . . Te rum tum, tum, ra ta te da . . . It was on my lips to sound the *qui vive* to the poor fellow, when suddenly the comb was dashed from his hand and "Take that, you wretch!!!" rang piercingly through the night.

It was not Julia who had advanced to the window: It was Julia's inascible and stern parent who, failing to recognise in Z——'s comby, struins influences of a sentimental or snorific character, had risen from his couch and entered into a solemn league and covenant with his butler to cool the ardour of the Captain's love. How well and faithfully this covenant was observed and executed, the fate of Captain Z——'s comb will have already indicated to you. Poor Z——was sadly dienched; and, as the story has got wind, he has applied for sixty days' privilege leave in order that he may escape from the chaff of his friends.

And now, my dear Doctor, while anxiously awaiting your decision in the matter, I beg to subscribe myself, yours very sincerely,

HENRY D'COURCY MUTTONCHOPPER.

D'COURCY CASTLE, Madras, 27th March 1873.

"And now, gentlemen," said the Doctor as he finished the perusal of this epistle, "I can assure you that my friend MUTTONCHOPPER, though a somewhat copious and florid writer, is, nevertheless, a strictly truthful man. He is a gentleman whose heart is bound up in his wife and family and the little allusions in his letter as to his love for JULIA are nothing but the effervescence of his mirthful heart which keeps ever beating time to the tune of gaiety. As regards the story of Captain Q——I have ascertained that the main incidents are correct, and I am heartily sorry for the poor fellow. He loves this JULIA, and this JULIA loves him. Old X——is a man who, as perhaps you may be aware, has sprung from a very humble position indeed. He is one of those individuals who think that their daughters should "begin the world where their mothers have left off." Gentlemen, when I first came to this country, (now many years ago) this same X——was nobody. The gallant Captain whom he now considers as "not good enough" to wed his daughter would not have looked at him in those days. Gentlemen, I know JULIA; she is a sweet girl and 'tis strange to see so sweet a flower sprung from such a stem. I have a scheme on hand though, gentlemen, which I think will operate to secure the happiness of the young people. No, LARKYNS, my dear boy; thanks for your offer of assistance—but you're too hasty and impulsive for the delicate work on hand.

So saying the Doctor relit his havanna and the "Club" were lost in admiration at the old man's benignity.

A new idea has struck the Chit-chat Club. Why not have each week a list of

CHIT-CHAT ADVERTISEMENTS.

I.

Messrs. Garratt & Co, Mount Road, Madras, have patented a new kind of braces, that naturally—*instinctively* as it were—contract when the wearer approaches water. They will be found very useful when our "Mangoe Showers" commence, to pedestrians along our streets, which will then contain numerous puddles of water. When the wearer of the braces approaches a puddle, the braces contract, lift him clean over, and drop him neatly on the other side. Ingenious invention, is it not? Dear reader, go to Mr. Garratt—ask him all about it—and in the meanwhile have yourself fitted for a new suit of clothes!

II.

Messrs. Waller and Co. have invented a gharry which is expressly intended for being hired out month by month. At the end of a month, if the hire for the vehicle has not been paid, the wheels as they roll you to office, turn round the handle of a barrel organ, which plays the appropriate tone, of *Garry Owen* gently and persistently, reminding the person inside that he owes the Garry-hire to Messrs. Waller and Co.

III.

Messrs. Orr and Co. have invented a Dutch Clock, containing a figure the very fac-simile of Mr. Pogson. Precisely at noon and 8 p.m. each day, the figure pops out, fires a gun, exclaims "Right for once this time, thank heaven!" and then pops in again.

IV.

Messrs. Oakes and Co. are just now exhibiting some remarkable specimens of shot silk. One of these misguided silks has shot itself in no less than thirteen places!

V.

Messrs. Norton and Co. recommend their new bread and butter pills,—to be taken each week, by the patient at Chota Hazree, on Saturday morning, with eggs and coffee whilst he reads the *Athenæum Chit-chat*.

VI.

Madame Lorenz begs to announce express trains for ladies' dresses on the board guage principle. The machinery is very simple. Once set a-going the trains adopt an undulating motion, curling every now and then round the legs of chairs or those of gentlemen standing near. They produce quite a sensation in the ball-room, magically forcing many a gentleman down on his knees before the lady he admires.

VII.

Messrs. Lewis Milner and Co., have much pleasure in recommending to the Public, the Chisholm Toppee, which is a light, airy, Saracenic hat, with a small cupola at the top, and small minarets of gilded pith all round. It will be found only second in picturesque effectiveness to the helmets at present worn by the Body Guard.

Scarcely had the above advertisements been read, when outburst that irrepressible CHARLIE LARKYNS with a song beginning,—

O where and O where, has our Architect been,
 O where and O where went he,
 I hear he has come' from Tree-van-dram
 Wherever that city may be-o-o
 Wherever that city may be.
 Down in Tievandram what did he do?
 O what did he do down there?
 Ho gave a lecturë, on Architecture,
 And Ballard he sat in the chair-air-air
 And Ballard he sat in the chair.

What else did our Architect do down there,
 Down there in Tree-van-drum?
 Whilst at the station, he saw the foundation
 Of the Napier Mu-se-nm, um, um,
 Of the Napier Museum.

"Enough, enough!" cried Dr. CHITCHAT, "CHARLIE your Muse is forsaking you altogether!"

"My dear Doctor," cried CHARLIE, "I don't know what it is—the influence of Lent perhaps—but Madras is frightfully dull just now, and there are few topics either for conversation or for song."

"True, my dear boy," answered our President. "There is little to amuse in Madras just now. Lord HOBART is meditating a flight to the hills. The new Police Court in town is just about to tumble down. The poor Archdeacon is losing his appetite, and—but, gentlemen I see it is getting late, and it is time for all good boys to be in bed."

FIFTEENTH PAPER.

SATURDAY, 5th April 1873.

YES, Madras is getting dull, stupid, and hot. The flight hill-wards is being seriously meditated upon. Old Colonel BLOWHARD uses his yellow bandanna more vigorously than ever, to sweep away the beaded perspiration from his round red face. Mrs. SIMPLERLEIGH naively remarks, to each of her visitors as they drop in, "I really believe I shall soon melt away with the heat." As Archdeacon WARLOW—I beg his pardon, plain Mr. WARLOW—concluded his farewell sermon at the Cathedral last Sunday, he was observed to raise his pocket-handkerchief and sweep it over his eyes—but it was not moisture from his eyes, but from the pores of his skin, which he brushed away. But, as eagerly as our thirsty palates yearn for the diurnal lump of ice in our beverage—so earnestly Madras looks forward to my accounts of the cool and refreshing Weekly Meeting of the Chit-chat Club,—and Madras shall not be disappointed! (Hem! I am not so bashful, you see, as to unduly under-rate my services!) The third month opens upon my weekly *resumés* of our Club Chit-chat. I made my bow to the public on the 1st of

January, and here I am in the month of—but ha ! that reminds me !——

APRIL FOOL'S DAY !!! That Wag of days has not passed over our dear old city without playing his usual pranks. Even Dr. CHITCHAT was taken in by that irrepressible CHARLIE LARKYNS, who burst in upon the old Doctor as he was sitting down to his Chota Hazree early on Tuesday morning, exclaiming, "O I am so sorry, Doctor ! Poor TEE GEE and BOWEN !—Buried in the debris of the New Police Court !"

"Dear me !" exclaimed the simple old Doctor, jumping up, and dropping a piece of buttered toast into his coffee,—“But—Charlie ?—ah Charlie !”—he continued, as he observed a certain comical twinkle in CHARLIE LARKYNS' tell-tale eyes—“are you not”——.

An allusion to the date brought the smile back to the Doctor's face, though he shook his head, and said “Alas ! my dear boy how will you ever make a staid, sensible, quiet husband !”

The allusion, I must tell you, was very patent to Mr. LARKYNS, although it may not be so to you. That young scapegrace CHARLIE has done the most sensible thing in his life, he has “been and gone and done it.” Well, Miss CHITCHAT is as sweet and lovesome a girl as ever breathed—so quiet, so simple, so good ; and as winsome of form and face, as she is true and tender of heart.—

(Your silent member—I will tell you this much—is an old gray-haired bachelor, who foolishly wipes his spectacles as he writes the above words. What is it to you if he is thinking of a bonnie wee flower that was suddenly withered long long years ago ! *Heigho !*—Let the sad-sweet memory pass with that sigh !)

But in faith—to return to my subject—April Fool's Day was not without being duly honoured in Madras. I have heard of two jokes, which I will especially particularize. The Chit-chat Club had a laugh over them last night ;—if you think I am drawing upon my imagination whilst narrating them, pray make inquiries, and you will find I am simply telling the bare truth.

Well then, *Hoax number one* was played upon Mr.—— of the Bank of Madras. He received a packet which seemed to be

an important one. At first he imagined some thoughtful friend had sent him a gold watch, or some jewelry. But when he looked closer, he saw the magic words *Wedding Cake* inscribed on the cover of the packet. His eyes began to beam—his mouth began to water. He hurriedly opened the packet exclaiming to himself "Who's married, I wonder? How very kind of them to send me such a large piece of wedding-cake, just in time, too, for my tiffin,"—when, from the opened packet, out jumped six small sleek shiny skittish——FROGS!!! Let us drop an indulgent curtain over the sad scene!

Hoax number two was one of a much more serious kind. Three Madras ladies on the 1st of April, presented their startled husbands with——but read the advertisements in the Daily Papers, under the suggestive heading of *Domestic Occurrences!*

A little after the Club had been opened and a few of the letters in the Club Letter-box had been read, Dr. CHITCHAT narrated the substance of an affecting conversation he recently had with Mr. S——. of the *M—dr—s T—m—s*,—I don't desire to disclose the gentleman's name. Dr. CHITCHAT described how he had met Mr. S. on the beach, striding along with his diminutive French hat over his far-fluttering, ambrosial curls, and revelling in the cool evening sea breeze. "Ah, gentlemen," said our worthy President, addressing the Club, "I have always been the friend of the afflicted, and my heart has long yearned towards poor Mr. S.——ever since that fearful day when I first saw him at the General Hospital, strapped down, whilst terribly sharp surgical instruments, in dexterous but unmerciful hands, were operating upon his head. You all know the weakness of our friends the Scotch—of whom Mr. S. is such an eminent member. Well, I need say no more than that the surgical operation was being performed on my friend in order to get the perception of a witticism into the patient's skull!"

"Well, gentlemen," continued Doctor CHITCHAT, "I had always a deep feeling of pity and regard for Mr. S. since that awful day, and was consequently very glad to receive a call from him the other noon. Mr. S. did not seem quite well. There was an indefinable moribund languor about his mien. "How is the *T—m—s*. getting on?" I enquired politely, Mr. S. heaved

a deep sigh. "Let us hasten, friend CHITCHAT," he piously exclaimed, "to another and a better world. This life is not worthy of us! Let us depart in peace. Let us withdraw from existence."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed a member of our Club eagerly, "I trust Dr. CHITCHAT you gave Mr. S. a fitting answer in the negative?"

"I only replied quietly and suggestively," said our benign President, "that I should be most happy to assist at Mr. S.'s *hari-kari*, and that *afterwards* I should think calmly over the interesting subject of self-extinction, when the principles of this new science had been clearly and conspicuously carried out in the person of the Ed-t-r of the *T-m-s*! Poor Mr. S."—continued Dr. CHITCHAT "smole a ghastly smile. The truth is, he is in bad state. His *circulation* is enfeebled frightfully, and he is dying of dullness and inanition. No wonder he is desirous of being shown the way, or at least accompanied, into the realms of dissolution and annihilation, by some one else. I do not, gentlemen of the Chit-chat Club, quite see my way just yet towards removing myself to another sphere, (*great applause*,) and I hope that, long after the return of Mr. S. with his historic teapot, to the Land O'Cakes, I shall be spared to preside over this Club. (*Loud and prolonged cheers*.) We have many important subjects to discuss week by week. (Cries of "*We have*") and we have a MISSION IN MADRAS. (*Hear, hear!*) Gentlemen, what matters it to us that persons lacking the vitality of public favour which we possess, should suggest this and that? Whilst we meet their interested suggestions with contempt, let us adhere to our path of duty, let us still exert ourselves to the utmost in the cause of truth, good-humour, cheerful wit, and public good, so let us, in future, treat, as we should treat the cackle of a goose, the jealous self-interested suggestions of each and every person professing to be trained in the wide field of European literature!" (*Thunders of applause*.)

After this vigorous speech from Dr. CHITCHAT, the business of the meeting was proceeded with, and the following letter from a gallant gentleman in Madras was read and duly appreciated:—

TRAVANCORE AFFAIRS.

MY DEAR DR. CHITCHAT,—If it quite true, as has been remarked by the Madras Papers, that it is very difficult for Madrassees to find out anything reliable about Travancore affairs. I know Travancore well and beg to give you a letter, which I trust you will find worthy of laying before your Club.

It appears, as hinted in a recent letter in the *Athenæum*, that after having perhaps vainly sought in the Lunatic Asylum for a successor to the present Commandant of the Nair Brigade, Major Ellis proceeding on furlough to Europe, the Governor has been compelled to turn to the jail (of Salem) for the services of a competent officer or rather Field Officer! It is said that the appointment has been offered to four officers in succession, who were not connected with either of the above institutions, that they had, one and all, rejected the soft impeachment! And that finally the offer has been accepted by Major Bloomfield of the Salem Central Jail,—long may he bloom in the field he has selected. From what is known of Lord Hobart's method of dispensing patronage, it is not to be wondered at that he has passed over those who had any claims to the vacant acting office, from long service in the Brigade, and an acquaintance with the manners and language of the people, for a stranger who is however a pal of his own! But let us suggest why others, outsiders also, have so spurned the appointment with scorn. Because this command is situated in a vile climate, where, to say nothing of liver, fever, small-pox, &c, you can enjoy as *specialities* rheumatism, dyspepsia, paralysis or a sort of general wishy washy effeteness in the end; and because here the mere necessities of life for the European, are hard to get at any price, and when got at a ruinous price are generally worthless, if not positively disgusting. The bread consists too often, of mere unbaked moist lumps of dough, and there is no regulation by which you can compel your baker to bake it properly or to give you any weight for your money beyond what, in his own opinion, he deems proper! The meat consists principally of "jammy mutton," or "bully beef." A leg, or shoulder of the former generally resembles too closely the leg or shoulder of a good sized monkey to make it pleasant eating, and in fact is generally supposed to be goat with an altered nomenclature; the latter is generally an abomination of which you can never feast, and the butcher can charge just what he pleases for any joint of either, and can enforce payment accordingly, so that the price of meat is about three times what it is at other places say Bangalore or Madras for instance—where you can get good meat, if you like to pay a reasonable price for it! Because you cannot depend on any shop for a constant supply of 'olimanstores,' beer, wine, brandy and other spirits, soda water or even of tobacco, and because too often what you do buy at an unduly enhanced price at the shops is simply execrable, though not invariably so. The Natives in these parts drink a good deal now a days, and of course are not particular as to the particular kind of beer or firewater that they imbibe, so long as it is cheap! Because servant's wages are very high and it costs

and the scholastic gentlemen are also exceptionally well paid, and 'well found.' But the 'Military gentlemen' alone are staved and sat upon, for, in fact, in this 'beautiful country' the Brigade alone is vile! Who then but a madman would deliberately enter such toils?

The above, Dr. CHITCHAT, is an unvarnished account of affairs at Travancorum, especially as they concern the poor devils of military officers down there. Hoping to address you again in a short time.

I remain, my dear Doctor,

Ever yours,

A CORRESPONDING MEMBER.

THE MOUNT, April 2nd, 1873.

Rather a good story comes from Cubbon's Hotel, Bangalore. It appears Mr. BROWN of that admirable hotel had some time ago a number of discontented boarders who kept declaring that the beef he set before them was buffalo-flesh. This got unbearable, so thought Mr. BROWN, "I will just try and see if they know what buffalo meat is"—and this resolution he carried into practice, setting before the dissatisfied gentlemen a good sirloin of buffalo—which at once, one and all, they declared was excellent—just what they wanted, &c., &c. When they had had buffalo meat for several days (enjoying it all the time) Mr. BROWN took pity on them, and explained to them their slight error. They never criticised Mr. BROWN's beef again!

The Club has heard of a novel effect of high pressure education in Palamcottah, Tinnevely. A very promising native youth went up for the matriculation examination no less than five times. On four occasions he was plucked, but on the fifth, by a lucky fluke, he just managed to save his bacon, and passed. On the strength of this wonderful achievement, he went immediately and ———got married!

An old Colonel was present at the Club last night, and narrated an anecdote. He said, "Dr. CHITCHAT and gentlemen, if you will permit me, I will tell you an instinctive potent plaster,—something stronger than mustard was spread over it.—I warmed it gently in the sun, and then with cat-like tread, I approached the snoring wretch. For a moment I paused to gloat over my victim. Native women, you know, are lightly clad above the waist, and I observed a vacant patch of skin near the small of her back, and I deftly and tenderly clapped on the

Truth is stranger than fiction, and I am about to relate an anecdote of a little Doveton boy, which was related to the Club last night, and which I have every reason to believe to be absolutely true. Young Curly-head—as I shall call the sweet little youth, is one of the dearest and most comical of little scamps, and in his own way is an ornament of Doveton. On Wednesday last his big brother found him rumaging about in his room looking for a stool-chest.

“Hullo! youngster”—shouted his brother—“what new bit of mischief are you about! What are you doing in my room.”

“O don’t please tell anybody,” cried out Curly-head, as he tried to escape and was caught, “but I want your big gimlet.”

“My gimlet! What for?”

“Oh please, don’t tell anybody, but you know to-morrow they are going to give us prizes at Doveton, and Mr. HOLLOWAY is to be there and a lot of swells, and you know,—but please don’t tell!”

“Well—go on!”

“Why, the prize-books are all packed up in a big box which has come from England and hasn’t been opened yet. It’s in the Library at school, and Johnny——, and Charlie——, and Fred——, and me, are going to bore holes into the top cover, and—oh, it will be such a lark, you know—we are going to collect all the ink bottles on the sly, and pour the ink into the box—but please don’t tell!” “Well, I never!” laughed Dr. CHITCHAT, when he was informed who’s son young Curly-head was, and that the anecdote was strictly true, “anyhow were we not all boys once?” continued the Doctor. “I like to see the spirit of fun in a boy—only, I beg to add that if I were Mr. THOM, and I caught a youngster up to such pranks—wouldn’t I lay it on just!” Of course we all agreed to what the Doctor said.

Dr. CHITCHAT has received an important but rather vague communication from the Western Coast. It runs as follows:—“Mr. Cecil Barrow, it is recently rumoured, is about to publish a book. The subject of the book has not yet transpired, and it is feared never will. Some one suggests that the title will probably be “Hymns for Hindoos of tender years,” but the

majority of the Mangalore Public are favorable to the opinion that the work will be either an affecting "Mortuary Notice of the Journal of Education," or "Gentle Hints on the Art of effective scholastic Flagellation."

After the preliminary business of the Club had been transacted last night, Dr. CHITCHAT, with his usual urbanity, asked if any one of those present had anything to lay before the meeting, requesting them, "not to speak all at once." Up jumped a certain plucky little member of our local Bar (not the Crown Prosecutor) and almost choking with excitement burst out with that one awful word "*Police!*" creating a very unpleasant feeling among the members present, and causing every one instinctly to feel his pockets and look suspiciously under the table. When the excited Barrister had recovered himself sufficiently aided by a draught of Dr. DRUITT's Burgundy, he laid the following anecdote before the meeting, saying that he vouched for its truthfulness.

"As I was seated at work in my chambers, I was disturbed by the most pitiful cries of a little boy under my window. On looking out, I beheld an European Inspector of Police vigorously hanging on to the handle of a Jutka which had discharged its living freight of Brahmins at my office door. The little victim imagined that he was about to be taken into custody for some unheard-of-offence and so he kept up a perfect torrent of yells and howls.

The Inspector appealed to the urchin in affecting terms in English to stop his cries, and then began to bargain with him in the same language, imagining I suppose that education had become so cheap, that the boy was a Matriculation student of our "Varsity." At length, by the aid of bystanders, the boy was made to understand that the Inspector wanted to be driven for hire to the nearest Thannah. The boy's howlings ceased. Inside then went the Peeler, and up jumped the lad on his box, and as he was about to start, one of the lookers on, out of pure mischief said "What a shame to humbug the poor boy like that! He is being made to drive the Policeman to the nearest Thannah, so that the little fellow may be locked up." The terrified urchin no sooner heard this than he jumped off his box

and trashing his pony into a furious gallop, bolted down a side lane, and left the Inspector, jukka, and pony, to take the best care they could of themselves. The pony tore off at a gallop, and soon upset the astonished Policeman into a nasty ditch!"

The Club, on hearing the above, put it to the meeting (and the motion was carried Nem. Con,) that the Inspector General of Police should be written to on the subject of European Inspectors of Police being obliged to pass in one of the Vernaculars of the country, in order that they might understand the natives, and, whilst preserving themselves from possible injuries of the kind above related, might also prove as useful in their profession as they are now doubtless ornamental.

A correspondent writes from Negapatam :—

DEAR DR. CHITCHAT,—I haven't much local news suitable for laying before your Club. This station has again relapsed into its normal state of coma. But, by the way, you must have not a little fun in Madras. Why, even the stand old *Madras Standard* has taken to chronicling the comic doings of its worthy editor, whom I knew many years ago when I was in Madras. Let me explain myself. The Editor, reporting the arrival in Madras Roads of the ship *Lucy Wills* with ice and apples, says "the American flag star and stripes floats triumphantly as we write on the top of the *Tudor Company's* office in honor of the event. (*Vide the Standard*, March 24th.

Dear, dear me! And is it come to such a pass that the Editor of the *Standard*, in search of coolness, has been obliged to seek such an airy and elevated situation! You must be hot in Madras just now! With salaams to all your respected Club, I beg to remain, my dear Doctor CHITCHAT.

Yours ever,
AN OLD MADRASSEE.

NEGAPATAM, 1st April 1873

The Double Acrostic which I have chosen this week is one of peculiar difficulty. Here it is :—

THE WHOLE.

When you chance to see me float in the air
Of the fierce-rolling wave, O Boatmen beware!

I.

Of me, O Boatmen, I pray you beware,
When ye see it float high in the windy air.

II.

If ye strive, unmindful of storm-lashed sea,
To reach shore from ship, ye may be—me

III.

If o'erwhelmed in the wave, on your body may I
Fix whilst you sink, and feed whilst you die.

IV.

So when you see me float free in the air,
Of the white, roaring wave, O boatmen, beware !

I fancy my readers will have to scan their dictionaries pretty carefully before they can answer the third word of the above Acrostic correctly.

Talking of "W." the "Whether-Prophet," the Club agreed that too much had been made of his predictions. His "weather-cast for Madras" runs as follows :—

Madras ; Thunderstorms 29th March to 2nd April—Do. 7th to 13th April ;—clouded, muggy, and perhaps sometimes windy and rainy between 14th and 26th ; thunderstorms 30th to 3rd May.

Now it is patent to all that the recent heavy weather first visited Madras on the 3rd of April. A miss is as good as a mile in weather-prediction. The absolute accuracy of science is one thing, and guesses—now lucky now utterly wide of the mark,—are another.

Dr. CHITCHAT drew attention, during the course of the meeting, to Mr. HOLLOWAY's speech at the Doveton Collge, on Thursday evening. The Hon'ble, learned, and facetious gentleman had remarked, amongst other things, that "he was the last person to say that a combative person was a dangerous person." This speech was regarded by the Club as an eminently characteristic one. Well and boldly said, Mr. HOLLOWAY ! The old well-tried athlete of the law delighteth in his heart, like King DAVID, in war ! A man of war from his youth, he loves the shock of opinions and the clash of words ! So he teacheth the young idea how to fight. The Club wonders how the dreamy Mr. SELL liked this eulogy on the innocuous character of combativeness ! A cold shudder must have crept through the Principal's bones as the memory of the scenes of the late great Doveton Fracas flashed through his mind.

In bringing this paper to a close, I am authorized to announce that next Friday being GOOD FRIDAY, the usual meeting of the Chit-chat Club will not be held. Dr. CHITCHAT is a staunch

member of the Church of England, and, ere he brought last night's meeting to a close, he expressed a hope that all the Members of his Club would duly honour the most solemn day of the Christian year.

SIXTEENTH PAPER.

SATURDAY, 19th April 1873.

AGAIN the happy evening of our meeting has come round. Again we hear the gentle sighing of the casuarinas round the Doctor's house. Again, to borrow some of the most glorious lines which that often-prosaic poet WORDSWORTH ever wrote—

“—the ample moon
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove
Burns like an unconsuming fire of light
In the green trees, and kindling on all sides
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own,
Yea with her own incorporate, by power
Capacious and serene !”

And again we sit round Dr. CHITCHAT's table, pleased and pleasing each other with genial converse.

As our meeting was about to commence, one of our guests for the evening—a gentleman with a classic brow and melancholy eye—mechanically drawing a note-book from his pocket, gave utterance in a hollow voice, to the exclamation, “thank heaven the Chit-chat Club meets once more !” The Doctor turned his benignant eyes upon the speaker and said smiling, “Why, friend, are you so thankful ?” Whereat came the reply, “Me name is—er—Norval, on the Ger—rampian hills, me fatherrr feeds his—er—flock !—I beg your pardon—I didn't mean to say that, but—but—but the truth is, Doctor, I am the Madras correspondent to the *Indian Statesman*, and really I don't know what to write about when your Club is not sitting.” At this the silent member for once spoke out. “The Club will thank you, sir,” said I, “if you will be good enough, when you next use our Chit-chat stories in your correspondence, you will acknowledge the source from whence you derive them. I consider your correspondence to be, perhaps, the best sent from Madras

to any newspaper; and you might as well remove from it the one blemish which at present disfigures it."

"Gentlemen," said our worthy President, formally opening the meeting, "after the absence of a fortnight, I am indeed glad to see you all here again,——." "Quite so," muttered CHARLIE LARKYNS *sotto voce*, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder, and all that!" "No—I didn't mean that, of course," said the Doctor laughing as he observed a smile stole round the room, "I didn't mean that your absence was a source of pleasure, but that the pleasure of your presence now is enhanced by the remembrance of our late somewhat prolonged separation. I for my part have been absent from Madras, having taken a short trip, to—" "Ooty, I'll be bound, from your cheeks, Doctor—my love is like a red red rose!" again broke in the irrepressible CHARLIE,—"there is quite a reflection of Neilgherry rhododendrons in your face, Dr. CHITCHAT!" The poor Doctor tried to resume his speech,—“and I believe most of you my friends have been absent from Madras—” “Yes, in spirit” chimed in CHARLIE. “Talking of spirits—.” “O CHARLIE, CHARLIE!” exclaimed the Doctor, “I see you are perfectly incorrigible.”

“My dear Doctor,” gravely said CHARLIE LARKYNS, “I trust you will allow me to explain myself to the Club, ere I proceed to—resign!” With a gasp of horror the whole Club begged CHARLIE not to do anything of the kind. Strange to say, Arch-deacon GORTON was amongst the most demonstrative of the members on this point—for dear old Mr. GORTON has an immense fund of humour in him which only a few friends know of, and he quietly appreciates wit with the best of us,—although his sermons may be a *leetle* dry now and then.

“Well, gentlemen,” continued LARKYNS, “I really do not know what to do. I went to a certain shop the other day. What I tell you is sober solemn fact. It was Saturday—the day after we held our last meeting. The owner of the shop was sitting in a chair in his shop, roaring—literally roaring—with laughter, and a stout old man standing was looking over his shoulder. Both were reading our Chit-chat in the *Athenæum*. I paused, and was about to address the two concerning the articles I wished to purchase, when I heard the one who was sitting say, “I tell you, *know* who CHARLIE LARKYNS is.”

"What for you say so—why this talk?" asked the one standing. "You not know that gentleman!"

"I do know him—I ain certain who he is—" responded the man on the chair,—“he is———Dr. BALFOUR!!!”

We all exploded with laughter, CHARLIE looked as glum as possible—cross as two sticks—muttering “I Dr. BALFOUR!—I’ll resign, I will! I won’t expose myself to such mistakes!”—when an event occurred which at once gave a turn to the conversation, and we heard no more of CHARLIE’s threat to resign. This event was the advent of——(we heard his voice as he came up the stair-case). “Hither boy! You rascal! What do you mean you good-for-nothing vagabond, you impudent scoundrel, not announcing me to Dr. CHITCHAT? I’ll serve you out, sir, serve you out,—take care of yourself, if you ever come before me, I’ll hang you sir, hang you,—How d’ye do Dr. CHITCHAT, glad to see you sir, good-evening gentlemen, good-evening, hot work coming up these stairs, and how are you all? I’ve just dropt in upon your Club, you see, gentlemen, in a quiet way,—how d’ye do LARKYNS you old rogne. Ha! ha! ha! I hear you’re about to—Ha! ha!—go and get spliced! Bravo! my boy—ah woman—lovely woman—you’re a sensible boy LARKYNS—married life is a paradise, sir, yes, it is a *paradise*! Ah Doctor, we old boys know that, do we not? Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!”

Of course it was the great TEE GEE. “A speech from TEE GEE about the ladies!” cried out a chorus of voices,—and TER GEE stood up, with a glass of Dr. DRUITT’s Burgundy in one hand, with his other hand laid feelingly upon his heart and began a speech on the fair sex—with allusions to EVE, ESTHER, RUTH, CLEOPATRA, ROSAMOND, JULIET, ELAINE—forgive me, gentle readers, but I was so dazzled by TEE GEE’s eloquence on this interesting topic, that I could not transcribe what he said.

Shortly after this, the Club settled down to their Chit-chat. And story, song, joke, and light-hearted gossip flowed on, following one after the other, as quickly and lightly as ripples glint along on a swift stream that glides with the wind.

We had a good deal of talk about Mr. PORTER’s Convocation Speech. It was a pretty comment upon it, that those who paid the least attention to it were just those whose interests Mr. PORTER most warmly advocated! The “highly educated”

young men in the Banqueting Hall were just those who hustled about, chatted, and prevented their own advocate's words from being heard! This must have been encouraging! This must have egged on Mr. PORTER to further flights of eloquence! A fine fruit this of "Higher Education"! The Club agreed *nem. con.* with the opinion of Dr. CHITCHAT that Mr. PORTER's was a most able—and most utterly unconvincing speech. Up from a knowledge of a few "highly educated" natives, the speaker argued as to the whole,—very fine logic indeed! The particular is good, therefore the general must also be good, was the sagacious tenour of Mr. PORTER's argument. He prudently overlooked the fact that it is not higher education that is objected to, so much as lavish Government expenditure in aid of higher education. He eulogized good absent, when there was a sufficient quantum of evil present to nullify his eulogy. If those young men who formed so large a part of his audience were highly educated, good manners, to say the least, did not form a portion of that education, or they would have listened with breathless attention to a man who has done more for the higher phases of education in this presidency than perhaps any one else.

"Ah yes!" cried CHARLIE LARKYNS, "but they *have* done something—at least one of them has, to show his gratitude. You may have seen lately in the *Athenæum* quotations from *Mookerjee's Magazine*, in which Lord NORTHBROOK is lauded to the skies as the benefactor of India? One of the young native gentlemen who has passed through the high pressure education Mr. PORTER advocates, and who was present on the occasion of Mr. PORTER'S' speech has composed a poem in honour of him, which will certainly immortalize the great Combaconum Educationalist!"

"The poem! The poem!"—shouted the Club.—"Well, here are the opening lines," and may you admire them!" replied CHARLIE, after which he gave us the following

VERSES, IN HONOUR OF MR. PORTER.

By a Bee Yea.

Talk not of wine,
Boast not of beer;
A liquor is mine,
More precious, more dear!
No nectarine draft
Has mortal e'er quaffed
More sparkling, more clear!

Through brain and aorta,
Lungs, liver, and soul,
PORTER, dear *Porter*,
Thy sweet words shall roll!
My heart I shall teach
For thy flood of soft speech
To be—a big bowl '!'!

Strange to say, in the course of the evening, we found, whilst rummaging out the contents of the Club Letter-box, another poetical eulogy of MR. PORTER. As it is in quite a different, and much more ornate oriental style, I will give a few lines of it:—

THE BELOVED OF VISHNU.—A CORONAL.

O moon faced being of angelic form,
Calm as a Coonm-fish swimming in a storm,
Sweet as clear honey or as lucid ghee,
Fair as the rare flower of the Chambak tree.
Brave as the elephant that's trained to tread,—
Squashing it neatly,—on the culprit's head.
Lovely as pensive Suttees when they hop,
Pleasantly screeching, on the pyre's hot top.
Keen eyed as storks which to the sluice stand near,
Seeming all withered—till a fish draw near.
Warrior of Words, who oft hath vanquished us
With the great Differential Calculus,
Whose praise, like that of Vishnu, none can utter.
(Vishnu who neatly stole a pot of butter)
Generous and noble, tender, splendid, true,
O PORTER! was e'er mortal man like you!

* * * * *

Thy lotus-feet, where'er they chance to go,
Step soft on heads of Rishi's bending low
Fair Saraswatti, gazing from the sky,
Powers on thee sweet loro lustre from her eye
The Belly-god protects thee amorous swain,
Whom vagins view and faint away in pain.
How oft, at Combaconum, thou my back
Divinely deigned'st frequently to whack!
Till I, triumphant, to a B. A. rose,
Through titivation of judicious blows
Hail PORTER! PORTER Hail! Again I say,
HAIL! HAIL!

Thus sings your

RUMMUN ROW, B.A.

When the laughter with which this was received had subsided, the further business of the meeting was proceeded with.

A lady this week sends Dr. CHITCHAT a capital letter, which I believe simply narrates well-known facts:—

BUYING BUTCHER'S MEAT IN THE MOFUSSIL.

DEAR DOCTOR CHITCHAT,—You know the Mofussil station at which my husband is at present settled—settled, at least I hope so, for he has been in an acting appointment these two years,—but the Government now-a-days profess to regard “acting claims” as no claims at all! But let this pass. I have not written to you to air my grievances, but simply to try and amuse your good Club with a little anecdote.

My house is a neat one though small, and stands in the centre of our Cantonment. All along in front of the verandah are passion-flowers and blossoming creepers. (My dear Doctor, when will you pay us a visit?) My next-door neighbors are the Fastleighs. (Fastleigh is in the Police, and he leaves his gay pretty little wife too much to herself) and the Spoonneys, —Colonel Spooney! and his three croquet-loving daughters. Opposite lives the Chaplain, the Rev. Orilebranch Quiverful, and I often see him of a morning taking his dear little toddling twins out for a walk in his garden, and wiping their lovely turned-up noses—pretty dears!

Well, but what has all this to do with my story? Nothing at all, my dear Doctor. But women are allowed to be prolix and round about, if they please, are they not?—But, without any further parley, I'll tell you what I have to tell.

A day or two ago our old butcher, whom I have often been blowing up because of the meat he has persisted in sending us, came to my door, leading a fine large white cow. Lines in red chalk were drawn all over the animal's body; and here and there, in the spaces marked by the red lines, were written, in black chalk, the names of several of our station-folk. The butcher then asked me, after I had seen all this with considerable surprise, “what piece of beef you please take ma'am!—Plenty too much nice fine cuts still left, mem Sahib!”—Yes, it was true! No wonder I was horrified! The butcher had brought round the animal he was about to kill, to enable us to choose our own joints from the yet living creature! What comment to this is needed?

Sincerely yours,

DAISY DARKEYES,

THE MOFUSSIL, April 14th, 1873.

Anent this letter, a member of our Club remarked that he had the same experience several years ago as Mrs. DARKEYES. And then a few more stories were told, from all of which the Club arrived at the opinion that Mofussil butchers are often a queer lot.

There is a joke going the round of the clerical circles of Madras, the point of which can only be guessed at. There is something mysterious about the said joke. No secular mind can quite comprehend it. But the features of the most solemn old clerical fogies relax into broad smiles when allusion is made to our good Bishop's "*Irish Brigade*." Can any of my readers tell the Club what this means? Does this epithet apply to a certain body of Hibernian Chaplains who are well known to be Dr. GELL's especial pets?

The latest news from the Madras Hotels is that the Sunday morning bandicoot-hunting fever has broken out afresh. Early, on the day of rest, while as yet the dawn is dim and grey, dozens of coolies, eager for annas, are seen rapidly carrying large pots full of these creatures to certain young gentlemen in pyjamas, holding terriers, and eagerly pacing up and down their Hotel-verandahs, waiting for the coming supply of bandicoots. When they arrive, a room is chosen—all the doors and windows are shut—the pots are broken in front of the dog's noses—out rush the bandicoots—the dogs fly at them—and the young gentlemen stand on tables and chairs looking at the "spot" in high glee, backing their several "dawgs." A young budding solicitor is said to be the *facile princeps* of this noble Sunday morning sport in Madras. He has lately, however, cooled in his ardour for the sport, owing to a severe bite in the calf of the leg from an indiscriminating bandicoot; and a Banker's Clerk is rising in estimation, in his stead, amongst the bandicoot-hunters, because of a fine bull-terrier which he possesses, a "dawg" that crunched up seventeen bandicoots the other Sunday morning before breakfast!

We all know that this is the great month in the year for Anglo-Indians to go home on furlough. Here is a song CHARLIE LARKINS gave us last night,—tune "*When ye gang awa' Jeemie*." Its purpose to be a duet between a husband and wife. The wife is going home, leaving the poor husband to grill in Madras:—

HUSBAND.

When you go away, Annie,
Far across the sea, lassie,
What will you bring from London-Town
When you return to me, lassie,

WIFE.

I'll bring you an Ellwood's Hat, Johnny
 And lots of bran new tweeds, laddie,
 And neckties blue and pink and red.
 And books for you to read, laddie !

HUSBAND.

That's no gift at all, Annie,
 That's no gift at all, lassie ;
 For I'll get my books from Higginbotham,
 And clothes from Onkes's " Hall," lassie.

WIFE.

I'll bring you a meerschaum pipe, Johnny,
 And lots of " Golden Leaf," laddie,
 And you may smoke away all day,
 Even in my drawing-room, laddie !

HUSBAND.

There's something in what you say, Annie
 You're very kind indeed, lassie,
 But I can get some Trichies here,
 Which I can smoke all day lassie,

WIFE.

Then if all this won't do, Johnnie,
 And all these gifts be naught, laddie,
 When then—I'll come back soon again,
 And bring myself to you, laddie !

HUSBAND.

Ah ! That's a gift indeed, Annie,
 Ah ! That's a gift I'll prize, lassie !
 When you're away, like night's the day
 Reft of your sunbright eyes, lassie !

" CHARLIE is getting quite sentimental," whispered a member into SWELLINGTON's ear. " Yes," answered SWELLINGTON, " coming events cast their shadows before, and he is already being influenced by a certain approaching blissful event."

A very serious case happened the other day, which was brought to the notice of the Club by a member. A party of six young gentlemen went up for a holiday excursion to Ennore and the beautiful back water which extends up to Doorgarajapatam. Ennore was made their head-quarters, and they proceeded at 6 A.M. from thence on Saturday along the Canal towards Kalangi and Pulicat, intending to be back for breakfast. Now, going northwards was an easy affair, as the wind was in their

favour, but their return was a difficult and a tedious matter, and as they never contemplated being away from head-quarters for more than a couple of hours or so, they had not taken with them any supplies of creature comforts. The party were literally starved, and at Kalangi were driven to the necessity of living upon cocoanuts, and drinking cocoanut water. One of the gentlemen happened to be a sucking Magistrate, and did not appear to relish his cocoanut water, as it was not tinged with anything to color it, or to add to its invigorating and refreshing properties. He therefore threw the nut at the nut of the meek and gentle Hindoo who had given it to him. This individual resented this act of ingratitude by a volley of abuse which so exasperated the worthy young magistrate that, in his excitement, he seized his fowling-piece and aimed at his friend, but like the man who fired at a pigeon and killed a crow, he missed his antagonist and hit a poor unfortunate boatman who was sitting behind. On this the village turned out and the youthful magistrate was conveyed to the lock-up and now awaits his trial for attempting to commit wilful murder.

The Club expressed through their President their deep regret at this sad occurrence and congratulated Madras on having such old, tried and sedate men as Messrs. T. G. CLARKE, and R. P. CAMPBELL and Major WELDON on its Magisterial Bench instead of a parcel of boys such as those by whom our Mofussil benches are presided over, many of whom cannot restrain themselves and act with such indiscretion as the young gentleman referred to in this sad affair.

Two very slim young lawyers left Madras for the Shevaroy on Wednesday evening last to enjoy their Easter holidays at Yercaud. Overwork had told on their constitutions and their jaundiced and care-worn faces indicated that their digestion was bad. They had had no appetite for anything but work for months, and, as they anticipated being able to get a dinner at Arconum on Wednesday night, they left their respective homes on Wednesday morning without breakfast, and after running about from Court to Court without any refreshment except their Court refreshers, they managed to catch the 5 P. M. train and took their tickets for Salem. They found the train very full, as every one nearly who could get away was leaving

Madras for a holiday. Half an hour after leaving Madras, as they began to shake off all the cares of Madras life, and as the country air penetrated their lungs, a feeling of hunger came over them, and by the time they reached Arcunum, they were quite ready for their dinner. To their surprise however when they reached the refreshment-room, they found it full, and no prospect of their being able to get anything to eat. Every chair around the table was full, and the leg of mutton once upon it was reduced to a bone. They were almost driven wild and went in for sundry pegs of B. and S. Whilst one of these gentlemen was engaged in drinking his B. and S., his companion espied a dish on the side table which was not quite empty and which still contained within it, some two or three delicate pigeons covered with some delicious pastry. He rushed frantically and seized the pie, and was just in the act of carrying it away to his compartment for the purpose of transferring its contents from the dish to a certain other vessel, when a lady's voice was heard crying out that the pie was private property. The young lawyer, who was a great respecter of private rights, at once returned with the dish in his trembling hands and with many apologies for his conduct. The lady in question happened to be the wife of a certain Hon'ble member of the Madras Council, and she and her good-natured husband having had quite enough of the pie themselves, insisted on the two gentlemen making their dinners off the pie in question. The moral of the story is that travellers, during the holidays especially, should not trust implicitly to refreshment-rooms—if you do, you may put your fingers into somebody else's pie, and fare perhaps much worse than these hungry lawyers did do.

The following interesting advertisement was, by some mistake evidently, put into Dr. CHITCHAT's box instead of into the box of the Manager of the *A. and D. N.*

FOR HIRE.

A Carriage and horse—at 1 anna per day. For further particulars and information, apply to the Official Assignee to the Insolvent Court.

Here is a letter which was found in our Club Letter-box, and which caused some amusement:—

A TERRIBLE ENCOUNTER BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

DR. CHITCHAT DEAR SIR,—I confess to your Club I am a man whom some call eccentric. I deny it. I am in easy circumstances, and—thank

heaven—a bachelor. I do that which seemeth well to me. I am wholly my own lord and master. I have a friend or two, well-trying friends, and don't care to enlarge the boundaries of my acquaintanceship. I like, to tell the truth, to be during the most part of my leisure time, alone. I read the *Native Public opinion* and the *Combaconum Athenæum*, as these are the only two papers in the Presidency which contain really original news. I now write to you simply because I narrated a certain anecdote to a friend of mine, Frank Cherry, the Coffee Planter, who tells me he is a corresponding member of your Club, and he advised me to communicate the story to you. I do so now merely to please him. So here is my anecdote.

I live, Sir, in St. Thomé. If I have one especial failing, it is my delight in sea-bathing by night.—Here you have it all!

Three nights ago, the air was close. The soft wind from the sea had died away. The lessening waves babbled on the beach under the full mellow moon. The surf sent forth a softer, deeper roar. I divested myself of superfluous clothing, and rushing down the sandy beach, plunged into the wave, and, as is my wont, squatted down in the water, with just my head above it, gazing at the moon. Oh it was deliciously cool—the water! The clouds, silver fringed, sailed overhead. Each wave rocked me gently. I almost felt inclined to go to sleep;—when, suddenly, I saw a Man with a Lantern pass me.

A man with a lantern! A lantern in the moonlight! It was too bad! It was, I felt, a perverting and mocking of the lights of heaven! It was a sacrilege on nature. So, moved by an uncontrollable impulse, I said, in a gruff loud voice—

“Hi!!!”

The man with the lantern dropt it like a shot, and ran off as fast as his legs could carry him. The poor man had evidently received a severe shock to his nervous system. He must have thought me a ghost.

The lantern lay on the sand, still burning brightly. The temptation was too much for the runaway. He returned, slowly and timorously, looking hither and thither, whilst I cautiously kept only my nose out of water. He evidently didn't see me.

He was just about to pick up the lantern, when I again suddenly roared out—“Hi THERE!”

He gave a groan, and tumbled down. He had fainted. I waited till he had recovered, and then, standing up in the water, I asked him what he meant!

The ungrateful wretch, finding out now whence the voice proceeded, began to abuse and slang me, using the most awful imprecations.

“Come out of that, you darned scoundrel!” said the fellow, “I know what you're arter. You're a smuggling from a bondship, you are, and I

am appointed by the Custum Hus to look arter such willins. Cum out, with yer, and bring out of the water what you've got. I knows your tricks You're sittin' on a chest I'll be bound, that you're bringing in to land free of duty. Cum out!"

Conscions of my innocence, I defied him. "Well then," says he, "I'll wait here till you cum out of that!"

An hour passed. I was getting too chilly. I suddenly made up my mind for action. With a bound I had sprung up the bank and was on my tormentor. My sleek dripping limbs flashed in the moonlight, as I seized his lantern and broke it over his head, receiving at the same time a punch from his fist which sent me down on the sand. A bright idea seized me. I grasped a heap of the sand, and flung it into his eyes. He was powerless. I pummeled him. I knocked him down. In my excessive joy, I jumped upon him. I pitched his lantern into the sea. A large hole was near—a hole dug by fishermen, who had been crab hunting. I rolled my vanquished adversary into it, and rushed away triumphantly homewards. Congratulate me, my dear Dr. CHITCHAT, on my prowess!

Yours ever,

GEORGE AUGUSTUS CUCUMBER.

St. THOME, 17th April 1873.

Shortly after this extraordinary letter was read, the meeting came to a close. Next Friday we meet as usual;—till then, gentle reader,—*Au Revoir*.

SEVENTEENTH PAPER.

SATURDAY, 26th April 1873.

LORD HOBART has passed away from Madras like a shadow. Society, however, bears the loss with considerable equanimity. The coming hot weather seems to depress people more than the Governor's departure. Dr. CHITCHAT remembers a day when this was not wont to be the case. But *tempora mutantur*,—and our Governors also. After all, what has LORD HOBART done, more than merely changing Guindy for Ooty? A few miles further off—that's all. Practically, in many ways, Guindy is as far from Madras as Ooty is. But let us leave the stale theme. Let the mists gently stoop from Dodapet, and shroud the powers that be. But for how long? Six months more, my Lord? Be it so, and let us have a little dengue in Madras again about the time fixed for your Lordship's return. It will be so

nice, you know,—for it will make a splendid excuse for adding yet another month of sweet idlesse to the six. And then seven is the mystical number emblematic of perfection ! Seven months on the hills ! Why not then make the seven into twelve, and remain at Ooty altogether ? I am sure the *South of India Observer* will be delighted ! And the Chit-chat Club believe that, after all, Madrassees won't make a foolish fuss over the change of the seat of government :—and if they do, what care you, my Lord ? Did you not come out to this benighted presidency under the distinct understanding that you were to do what you liked, and live where you liked ? So let us, with perfect contentment, hum away, to the tune of “ *The bells go a-ringing for Sairey !* ”

The guns go a booming for Hobart,
Hobart, Hobart
The guns go a booming for Hobart
Who's off to Ooty to-day !

Or, if this be too light a strain for so serious a subject, let us say, in humble imitation of “ *The Burial of Sir John Moore—*.”

LORD HOBART'S DEPARTURE.

Not a sigh was heard, not a tear was seen,
As our Governor hurried to Ooty,
The soldiers fired off the salute of seventeen,—
Simply,—because 'twas then duty !

We saw him glide off by the afternoon train,
From Obisholm's grand New Central Station,
We know we'll not see him for six months again
Yet feel we scarce need consolation !

We noticed his Lordship, though calm as of yore,
Looked a trifle bit sallow and thinner ;
But we tenderly hoped, when he got to Vellore,
He'd do ample justice to dinner.

Well, well ! And now that our Governor's gone,
May no cares of official life bore him !
Let him do what he's paid for—calmly snore on
With a bright-blazing wood-fire before him !

Dr. CHITCHAT and his Club feel that the only proper way to regard Lord HOBART'S regime is with philosophic calmness. Blessed are those who expect nothing, for they shall not to be disappointed ! What is it after all to you or me whether Lord

HOBART spends the greater part of the year away from the centre of his duty? Let us take to ourselves stoical indifference, and clothe ourselves with something of that sublime scornful apathy, with which Mr. POGSON regards the pretensions of the weather-prophet "W."

As Dr. CHITCHAT was airing these opinions before the Club, CHARLIE LARKINS began rummaging about in the Club Letter-box for readable communications, and hit on the following queer half-intelligible verses, which after the Doctor had "done finish" with his remarks he read out:—

AN ASTRONOMIC HOAX.

The wind was humming a gentle tune, .

In a neighbouring cocoa-nut tope,

As a certain astronomer scanned the moon,

Through his twelve-foot telescope.

Then, strange to relate, the moon looked down,

And the astronomer startled was he,

When "Hullo!" seemed the Orb to say with a frown,

"Why the deuce are you staring at me!"

The assistant-astronomer told me this;

And added jocosely, "Ha! ha!"

I constantly play such jokes every day

On my scientific Papa!"

The writer of these lines signed himself "FACT!" Dr. CHITCHAT hereupon was heard to remark that he always found that letters signed "TRUTH," or "FACT," or "VERITAS," or "CANDIDUS," generally contained a pretty fair percentage of lies.

The past week has not been a very dull one for this time of the year, but as for news of which the public is not already cognizant—where shall it be found? But stop,—Dr. CHITCHAT has got an item of news to relate which may not be known to the general public. Mr. COOPER, second master of the Doveton College, has sent in his resignation to the Committee. Mr. COOPER assigns no reasons. Mr. THOM tells the Committee by letter that Mr. COOPER cannot do justice to Philosophy and Latin at the same time, and *therefore* suggests that Mr. COOPER should be retained on a higher salary! Logical this! However Mr. COOPER has repeated his wish to resign. Here is another phase of Doveton politics! Dr. CHITCHAT doesn't know what to make of it all.

Our worthy President had occasion the other day to go into the Appellate Court. A certain facetious judge was on the bench, cracking jokes about Gosha women and Brahmin Gomash-tas possessing fine physique. Dr. CHITCHAT was simply horrified. The *Athenæum* defended a certain judge not long ago from certain severe imputations, but this should not provoke any judge to wilder excesses. Those who are desirous of upholding the majesty of the Law, should avoid even the appearance of evil. Dr. CHITCHAT has, I believe, mentioned the matter to the said facetious judge, who is an ex-officio member of our Club, and the gentlemen expressed contrition and promised to amend. No doubt our learned friend's glib tongue and facile wit run away with him sometimes.

Amongst our visitors last evening was Professor OPPERT, the learned Sanscrit scholar. Dr. CHITCHAT asked him to favor the Club with an oriental story, upon which the Professor kindly read out the following most remarkable ancient Tamil legend. As it will doubtless interest all Madrassesees, I shall now give it in full :—

THE ORIGIN OF HEAT IN MADRAS.

There is an ancient legend
 A legend of Hindoos,
 Dear reader, pray believe it,
 Or not—just as you choose.
 In any case, this legend,
 Whether 'tis true or not,
 Explains the reason clearly
 Wherefore Madras is hot.
 Of yore, so runs the story,—
 In the dim days of old,—
 The whole round earth was nothing
 But a great lump of cold.—
 A lump of ice, our planet
 Whirled through the frozen spheres;
 Men could not speak for shivering,
 And icicles were tears.
 In all the wide creation
 There was just one warm spot,
 And men desired to go there
 Because that place was hot !

There Yama stood contented,
Yama the lord of hell,
His back to the blue blazes
He held, and warmed it well.
But when some venturous mortal
Into his palace came,
He picked him up, and chucked him
As fuel to the flame.
One day, as usual, Yama
Stood in the halls of hell,
His back to the blue blazes,
And toasting it right well.
When "Ha!" he cried. "Confound it!"—
He stamped with pain and ire!—
"Oh! Oh! Hi! Ah,! Good gracious!
My breeches are on fire!"
Forth from the realms infernal
The god fled forth in pain,
"I'll never," he swore wildly,
"Toast my poor back again.
Where is the place to cool me?
Methinks to earth I'll hie.
I've heard men freeze there,"—just then
Madras allured his eye.
Swiftly rushed howling Yama,—
His breeches still aflame,—
Straight to our ice bound city
The blazing monarch came.
He squatted down. "O rapture!
How cool!" glad Yama cried!
The ice all melted 'neath him,—
The Coonm began to glide!
Hot grew the soil and hotter;
The people wondered sore
They felt themselves now melted
As they'd been frozen before.
Long time stayed Yama, cooling
His back, then sped away,—
But of his heat retentive
The soil is to this day!
This, saith the Hindu legend,
Is how it comes to pass
In the wide world no city
Is hotter than Madras.

A member tells us that he saw a novel sight on the Beach, near the Pier, the other day. A young gentleman from England had just landed. Quite two hundred boatmen were crowding round him, raising an unearthly din. He managed to procure a hack and jumped in. The member who gave us the information avers he saw the poor bewildered new-arrival seated with his back to the horse. An oily boatman sat beside him, and two on the seat facing him, yelling at him for money, whilst a score of others were enforcing their claims through the windows. The young gentleman was allowed to drive off after he had disbursed all the coin in his pocket promiscuously * What a nice first impression of Madras must be indelibly impressed on his memory! What an interesting letter to his mother his first one after landing must have been! By the way, cannot the police be prevailed upon to do something to prevent passengers to and from steamers and ships in the roads, being pestered and badgered as they at present are? Moreover, for the sake of the ladies, might not Lord HOBART who has sanctioned a new uniform for the Marine Department, devise a moderately respectable dress for the masoolah boatmen?

A capital story was whispered to the Club last night, concerning a Civilian judge of a mofussil district, and a learned judge of one of our High Courts. A certain officer under the former was re-instated in his official position by order of the High Court after he had undergone imprisonment. The Mofussil judge demurred, and obtained the support of Government, who in the end got the best of it against the High Court. It happened that the Mofussil judge and the judge of the High Court had been, before this case occurred, such intimate friends, that they could walk into each other's houses when they pleased. The Mofussil judge a short time ago, invited himself as usual to the house of his friend, the High Court Judge, to dinner. To his amazement he received a reply that his visit would be unacceptable! So do public men carry their official disagreements into private life! The High Court Judge in question should not be angry when he reads this in black and white in print because probably the story has leaked out by his boasting of how he had snubbed his old friend of the Mofussil

* NOTE.—We wonder if the young gentleman was a Cook's Tourist?

Amongst other letters, the following was read out by Dr. CHITCHAT to the Club :—

A NATIVE SOCIETY IN TRIPPLICANE.

MOST HONORED MR. CHITCHAT, M.D.,—It has been written by the Minstrel Pope, that “whatever is, is best.” A natural sequence of this it is that, according to the before-mentioned syllogistic argument, that the British Power in India, is, because it is, the *best*. I therefore, with my Hindu brethren, uphold the power of England, and discountenance mutiny. We have, I must inform you Mr. M. D., founded a Club in Triplicane, and wish to become correspondent memberified with the Chit-chat Club. We meet every Tuesday, under the presidential chair of the learned Mr. Ramasawmy Betelnut Pillai, Esquire, B.A. and have discussed various topics, of a few of which I subjoin the nomenclatures :—

1. Was the Universe made for man, or the man for the universe, or both, or neither—which. Subject for debate. Resolution. “Neither,” was carried by six votes.

2. Is the Deity a partial Being, with especial reference to the nonentity of things contrasted with the materialistic, moral, social and philosophic relation of events. Lecture, and subject for contemplation. Mr. Chinna-tumby, Esq., B L., delivered a long and touching lecture on this subject. The audience wept at the picture, Mr. B. L., Esq drew with reference to the subject of his lecture, of the Sowcar system as contrasted with the *cosmogony* of heaven, especially the solar system. Carried *nem. con.* that the Deity being a thaumatargical non-essential correlative Principle, he, she, or it, was neither partial nor impartial, especially impartial.

3. Hymns, or the iteration of sound and sense. Five papers were read by members on this interesting topic, each singing specimens of perfect hymns composed by himself. The meeting dispensed, with the national anthem “We won’t go home till morning.”

4. Athletics, with practical illustrations. By Mr. Juldijao Jutkawallah, Esq., F.A. The lectures delighted the audience till towards the close of his performance, when trying to turn a back somersault over Mr. Betelnut our Chairman, both came severely to grief.

5. One of the members, having given notice that he had a poem of his own composition to recite, we listened to it. It was a very beautiful one, and I quote the opening lines of it.

MADRAS. A POEM.

‘Sweet City, hear our prayer! For lo! we be
In cottages beside thy fishy sea,

The star of evening, beauteous star, doth shine,
 Bright as a redred draught of good Rhine wine.
 How oft thy children, meeting in the rye,
 "Please kiss me for your mother," softly cry.
 Here by cool grot, and many a mossy stone,
 Last roses now of summer fade alone,
 Whilst Rule Britannia echoes faintly where,
 Ever of thee, Maxwellton braes bloom fair,
 And thus all people that on earth do dwell
 Of every Campdown Race at Guindy tell.
 And what wild waves are saying soft and low;
 Row, Boatmen, row, Masoolah boatmen row!
 Or sadly, sweetly murmur—Not for Joe!

* * * * *

Now, I must close this epistolary correspondence and hope to forward to you, my dear Mr. CHITCHAT, M.D., for the instruction of your voluminous Club, more letters in the future time to come.

Believe me, honored and precocious Sir,

Your obedient servant,

GROGGYWALLAH GOOROOBATHACHARRY, B.A.,

Secretary.

The following letter was next read out:—

AN ADVENTURE IN THE PEOPLE'S PARK.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—There are amongst us those who think that the age of miracles has passed away never to return. Men there are who will proclaim their implicit belief in any miracle or wondrous thing which occurred anytime between the creation of the Universe and the dawn of the Christian Era, but who will try to laugh to scorn the spiritual manifestations of the spirit-rapping Daniel Douglas Home; the tale of the fasting Maiden of Wales, or the "True Story of the Kilpauk Ghost."

There are those who, when "down on their luck," will remember that there is a Power higher than any earthly one and will appeal to it for the help of which they temporarily stand in need. The help is vouchsafed to them. But, what cry they then? "'Twas a slice of luck, the age of miracles is past. Miracles be bothered: it was *nothing but a slice of precious good luck!*" And thus they lull their thankless consciences to rest.

"The devil was sick, and the devil a monk would be

"The devil was well and—the devil a monk was he!"

Until very lately I was one of these. But a change has come o'er the spirit of my belief; and the "Arabian Nights," and the "Adventures of Baron Munchausen," present to my regenerated brain vast fields of easy and brilliant truths which the succulent cerebral ganglion of innocent and confiding boyhood never dreamt of.

To the mind of intelligence there is probably no sight more deplorable than that afforded in the contemplation of one's fellow-creature wallowing in the mud of unbelief in the search of slimy and untenable arguments with which to urge a stubborn disregard of a truth which is made undeniably patent to his understanding, but which truth he is endeavouring to school his mind to reject simply because it is truth and not fiction.

In penning these words I have no desire that they should be construed into an apology for the strange story which I am about to relate. For "Truth is stranger than fiction," they say, and, if ever there has occurred an incident which more clearly and demonstratively than another illustrates the truth of his familiar aphorism it is surely that of

THE OSTRICH REBUS

On the evening of Wednesday last, from some cause entirely unwarranted by circumstances, a deep and melancholy despondency sank upon my previously happy heart, just as you may have seen dark and thunder-charged clouds descend upon a smiling and sunlit scene, wresting suddenly away from your enraptured gaze all that was bright and lovely, obscuring it in the blackest and most impenetrable gloom. I was alone in all the deariness of "a detached house well suited (?) for the requirements of a gentleman of moderate means." Nothing seemed powerful enough to lift the settled gloom from off my stricken heart. The charms of

"Sublime tobacco, which from east to west

"Cheers the Tar's labor and the Turkman's rest",

possessed no efficacy on the dread occasion. Tenderly I handed Mark Twain down from my book-shelf and insidiously sought to lure his laughter giving words into the dismal caverns of my troubled bosom. But Mark was shy. His "Pilgrim" was progressing in other regions than Royapooram. His "Innocents" were not "at home"—nay, they were mighty far "abroad;" whilst his "Frog" was 'jumping' in lands remote enough from ours, and clonked not for my poor edification. Sleep was out of the question as the evening was still young and the heat of the "detached house" was intolerable. There was nothing for it, then, but to take a cruise in my gharry as far as the Park in the hope that the dulcet strains from instruments of Her Majesty's Penambole Plungers would dispel my wretched feelings. Vain dream! The sound of music served but to intensify my gloom and the only lesson which this effect taught me was that I am not the possessor of a "savage breast." For *Donizetti* charmed me not. Emerging from my gharry, I wandered listlessly in the direction of the Menagerie. "The shades of night were falling fast" and it was already almost dark. But I found some slight relief in this darkening solitude, and the buzz of many insects which "wheeled their dioning flight" in undesirable proximity to my knowledge box gave forth sweeter and more welcome music than Anthony ever extracted from the throats and instruments of his Seventeenth drummers.

I was under the spreading branches of a luxuriant *Margosa* when a dark object was thrust, by some unseen agency, right in the centre of the pathway, and a strange voice said, in awful tones, "No, ye'r dont!"

What was this terrible apparition which blocked the way, towering far above me—its eyes lit up with murderous fire? My knees bent under me and I sank tremblingly upon the earth. Visions of home and thoughts of her I love crowded, in lightning-like succession, through my shuddering brain and I lived over again a life of six and twenty years in as many seconds. But I had little time for thought. Suddenly I felt myself jerked high up into the uppermost branches of the *Margosa*, and I was certain then that it was my *kismet* to be devoured by a boa-constrictor. Wildly pressing to my resigned heart, a little image of my patron Saint which hung around my neck, I repeated as many *Paters* and *Aves* as would cost a good round hundred of rupees from my own good Priest any day in the week. And then I mustered courage to look around me. I perceived for the first time that a huge Ostrich was perched upon the tree beside me, and I could not but marvel even in the midst of my over-powering fear, at this strange phenomenon. Surely I had never heard of an Ostrich climbing up a *Margosa*! Heavens! What was I to see next? An Elephant gracefully ascending a gooseberry bush with his tail foremost? Or an oystershell majestically "going out a shooting" with his Westley Richards over his shoulder?

Yes, there he sat, that Ostrich, glaring at me with deadly gaze, and I glaring at that Ostrich in terrible silence and dreadful apprehension. "Mother of Moses." I muttered. But the words had scarcely passed my lips when the Ostrich, opening wide his mouth, exclaimed,

"If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive, forbear, oh sinful mortal. Listen! The secret council of the *Grallatores* have decreed that I have sinned against my order and my tribe inasmuch as I should have permitted myself to be hatched in this heathen land. And the council have further decreed that I must expiate my crime either by solving a *Rebus* propounded by an ingenious and cunning old Ostrich who dwells by the shores of lake Nyanza, or by sacrificing my life. If it be my fate to die, you, too, must die with me." And, thus having spoken, the Ostrich relapsed into silence.

"Scarce could I speak, my collar was so tight"

but, screwing up my courage to the sticking point, I burst forth thus,—Oh, most ornithological old Brigham Young of the Desert! Oh, thou of most powerful digestion! Long may you live to enjoy your boulders of granite; to derive life sustaining nutriment from old boots, empty soda-water bottles, umbrellas and bricks."

The susceptibilities of the monarch of the feathered tribe seemed touched by this most earnest tribute to his stomachic superiority, and I could see that a single and relenting tear glistened in his ostrichly eye.

"Hold," he cried "here is the rebus."

1. I am a practice never found out.
2. Put on a head, I am yours in Scotland
3. Put on another head and I'm welcome to the Coffee-plantain in March.
4. Add another head and I take you to Bangalore.
5. Add yet another head and I allude to music
6. Prefix a double head and I prevent your progress
7. Add a tail, and a manacled felon will tell you what I am.

A light burst in upon me and, bending low, I muttered one word into the ear of my captor. "By the ghost of our brain eating Heliogabalus, I am saved!" he cried. "Now, get thee gone, good stranger; and, with thee, take my blessing. Kutchperwannie! MUMBO JUMBO is great!"

I went, Sir, and that right sharp. And, now, can you solve the Östrich Rebus?

Yours most truly,
OOSTERLING DE GRASSHOPPER.

There is a good story comes from the High Court, with which I shall end up this week's Chit-chat. A young lawyer's clerk presented himself the other day before one of the sitting Judges and said

"My Lord, I appear for ———"

"I cannot hear you," replied his Lordship.

"My Lord, I appear for ———" said the lawyer, in a louder voice,

"I tell you, I cannot hear you."

"My Lord," roared out the lawyer, at the very pitch of his voice, "I appear for ———"

"I really can *not* hear you"—said his Lordship again. It now dawned upon the mind of the lawyer that what the Judge meant was not that he *could* not hear him, but that he *would* not hear him, because he had not yet become a full fledged lawyer.

EIGHTEENTH PAPER.

SATURDAY, 3rd May 1873.

"Now the bright Morning Star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her,
The flower MAY, who from her green lap throws,
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

SO sang grand old MILLION. If he had spent last Thursday in Madras, he would, I fancy have had rather a different idea of May day. A hotter day I never knew for this time in India. True, the gusty long-shore wind blew, but its breath seemed to be breath from a furnace. Poor Mr. Justice INNES almost fainted whilst delivering judgment in the ticklish case of VEERAPERUMAL PILLAI *versus* CAMMIADÉ MARTIN & Co. in which the latter luckily only just saved their bacon. A member of the Club told us of a rather queer sight he saw about noon of the same day. He called on a certain brilliant member of our Madras Clergy. The said gentleman he found, was in his study, composing a sermon for Sunday. He was in considerable undress—for it is one of the established customs in Madras that Chaplains write their sermons in pyjamas, from which fact perhaps arises the free and easy style in which the sermons are generally couched. Well, the Clergyman in question looked remarkably cool at his work. But the mystery was soon explained, as he pointed to that on which he sat and naively said to his astonished visitor: “Good dodge, isn’t it? Its a lump of ice—just 18 pounds. I’ve found by experience that it will just last long enough, with me sitting upon it, till my sermon is finished. When one is cool down below, it is wonderful what fine thoughts rush to one’s head!!”

One of the visitors last night to the Club was a quiet melancholy gentleman, who was introduced to Dr. CHITCHAT as the Rev. Mr. TITICACA. The Doctor had a short talk with him about Doveton affairs. The Rev. gentleman groaned audibly, and then said:—“Dr. CHITCHAT, I will let you into a sad secret. In the Doveton Trust Deed it is said that in the event of any legal expenses occurring, the Trustees are to be paid out of the capital fund, but the Deed does not mention a single word about how the Committee are to be paid! So in the event of the Committee and Trustees fighting in the arena of the law, the former have everything and the latter nothing to lose. This accounts for the boldness of Dr. CONRAN and Mr. CAMPBELL, whilst the Committee, I do assure you, are rather frightened at the prospect of having to pay a considerable sum out of their own pockets.”

The Doctor offered what condolence he could, and the Rev.

Mr. TITICACA sadly took leave of the Club, having expressed his melancholy conviction that "the end of all things was nigh."

Dr. STANBOROUGH has returned to Madras, and wherever he goes, he is eagerly buttonholed by the friends—and their names are legion—of Mrs. ELLIS. Every one asks about the unfortunate accident to that lady which befel her when travelling between Coimbatore and Metapolliam. The wheel of the truck in which she sat caught her dress, and Mrs. ELLIS was violently dragged out of the truck. It was a marvel that she escaped with her life. Everyone will be glad to learn that the patient is in a very fair way of complete recovery. Dr. STANBOROUGH has again very successfully exercised his well-known great medical skill.

It is whispered that a certain Madras Solicitor received a strange visit the other day from a seedy looking gentleman, who produced a gold watch, two rings, five table spoons, a penknife, a silver tooth-pick, and a plated claret jug, and placing the articles before the amazed man of law, asked him what he could advance on the security of the articles! Slight mistakes, you see, are likely to occur in the best regulated solicitor's offices, which have sign-boards outside them, with three golden balls painted on them! If any one addressed the said solicitor after this manner,—

TO THE CELEBRATED MADRAS SOLICITOR,

Above the Three Golden Balls,

Second Line Beach,

Madras,

the Chit-chat Club have no doubt but that the letter would safely arrive at its intended destination.

The success of the late entertainment given in aid of the Friend-in-Need-Society at the Fort Theatre was most decided. The performers were all up to the mark, and the audience justly appreciative. But the monetary results, Dr. CHITCHAT believes, have not been *quite* as brilliant as ardent friends of the Friend-in-need-Society may have anticipated. The following memo. of receipts and expenditure may explain all.

RECEIPTS.	R.	A.	P.
Reserved Seats	372	0	0
First Class.....	194	4	0
Second Class.....	87	0	0
Third Class	15	2	8
Total Receipts...	668	6	8

EXPENDITURE.			
For lighting the Hall.....	27	0	0
For fittings, &c. &c.	63	2	0
For coolies, punkah men, &c.....	5	1	4
Sundries	12	0	0
Refreshments	489	0	0
Total expenditure...	596	3	4

Total Receipts	668	6	8
Total expenditure	596	3	4

Surplus given in aid of the Friend- in-need Society	72	3	4
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—Little comment is needed ! But, Dr. CHITCHAT remarked, the weather was very hot and the performers exerted themselves to such an extent that no doubt a large supply of refreshments was absolutely necessary !

An old friend of Dr. CHITCHAT writes to him as follows :—

BIBULOUS FROGS.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—As you are well aware, the conception of the metempsychosis strikingly fitted for the purposes of humour and satire ; and literature abounds with such applications of it. But, perhaps, you have not come across the following humorous passage of this sort from the pen of a remarkable writer of the present day. I therefore send it you—" In the meanwhile all the shore rang with the tramp of the bull-frogs, the sturdy spirits of ancient wine-bibblers and wassailers, still unrepentant, trying to sing a catch in their Hygieian lake ; who would fain keep up the hilarious rules of their old festal tables though their voices have waxed hoarse and solemnly grave, mocking at mirth, and the wine has lost its flavour. The most aldermanic, with his chin upon a heart leaf, which serves for a napkin to his chaps, under this northern shore quaffs a deep draught of the once scorned water, and passes round the cup with the ejaculation *tr-r-r-oonk tr-r-r-oonk !* and straightway, comes over the water

from some distant cove the same pass-word repeated, where the next in seniority and girth has gulped down to his mark; and when this observance has made the circuit of the shores, then ejaculates the master of the ceremonies, with satisfaction, *tr-r-r-oonk!* and each in his turn, down to the flabbiest-paunched, repeats the same, that there be no mistake; and then the bowl goes round again and again, until the sun disperses the morning mist, and only the patriarch is not under the pond, but vainly bellowing *troonk* from time to time, and pausing for a reply."

Yours truly,

"EXTRACT."

The Chit-chat Club heard of a grim joke (of rather a serious kind, however,) yesterday. A certain gentleman whom I shall call Mr. WALKER, left a mofussil station heavily in debt rather suddenly the other day. The day after he was fairly off, every one of his creditors received, by post, the following interesting document:—

Mr. Hookey Walker.

P. P. C.

Very considerate of Mr. WALKER, was it not? The best of it is, the above is a perfectly true story.

Amongst other letters, the Club Letter-box was found to contain the following:—

TREVANDRUM CHIT-CHAT.

By a ci devant habitue de cette maison.

MY DEAR DOCTOR CHITCHAT,—Marvellous are the ways and mysterious the manners of the Trevandrumites. You cannot walk out without incurring the risk of encountering a stray bullet every now and then! Mind you, a Civil bullet not a Military one! Oh no "*J'aime Militaires*," I do!—only *Civilians* go popping about on the loose! The other day I heard that an unfortunate Sepoy 'encountered' a stray bullet in the course of his march to a shop, to buy betel, which bullet hit him on 'the fifth rib' left side, and nearly dislocated his heart. *Pardon* I am not a 'saw bones' myself! The unwilling perpetrator of this 'unforeseen calamity' has of course not been as yet discovered, nor indeed has his revolver been identified, because it has not been found! He did not throw it away in despair when he thought he had 'killed a man!' No—he behaves like a Trojan, and keeps his own counsel! But WHERE ARE THE POLICE?

The social habits of the people are singular. Nearly all natives who are professing Christians, or desue to be considered as "Eurasians," however jet black they may be, are beginning to be particular in donning shabby and ill-cut Europe clothes and also to carry umbrellas as soon as ever they get into the P. W. D., or any Cutcheery. As long as they are "at College" they are content to appear as natives and behave as such! Some even go so far as to adopt shabby chimney-pot hats of the style of the year 'one'—probably cast aside by the 'late General CULLIV' Did I mention "umbrellas?" Why, Sn! now-a-days every Native of low degree in the place rejoices in sporting an umbrella, though he may be blessed with no more clothing than a *langotie* and a *moondoo*! Not the good old cadjan umbrella of the said year 'one' but an umbrella that has cost some three to five rupees—generally an umbrella of gaudy hue. Sometimes even a silk umbrella! This is truly a dreadfully luxurious proclivity, and must doubtless bring its own punishment on its victims in an increased liability to sunstroke when even an unfortunate niblack happens to leave his 'eberranly' at home, and also in an enhanced price of umbrellas, and a diminished supply in consequence, as Sn Madava Row and other great political economists might remark!

Formerly, when the 'ghost of my father was all flesh, no native was permitted to carry a 'State Umbrella' without the permission of the Maharajah! See what 'education' and the increase of wealth (Politico-Economist, again!) are bringing us to! There is no attempt at "Conservancy" in Travancore! Oh! for a "Municipal" and a house, and a wheel, and horse tax! Happy thought. Wish they'd tax cows and crows *et hoc genus omne*, including goats and bulls. A "Pound," for the polite reception of stray cattle has been lately erected in the expensive and elegant style usually adopted by the P. W. D., but it is kept locked up, they say, by order of "the Sircar," because every free man in a free State you know has a right to keep a cow on the loose and every other free man must perforce submit to damage and loss accruing to his cabbage, or flower garden, by semi-wild and sometimes semi-rabid animals called *Madus* or cows! (By the way, they think nothing of taking a fire barred gate flying, when plagued by "hunter" on capture intent)! If the free man does not wish to submit to such ravages, he is coolly told by the paternal (I mean patriarchal) government to keep them out "or keep his gate shut" (much use?) and also his mouth, too! *i. e.* not to complain! Bon! But, I was speaking of conservancy, or rather the want of it. Well—your readers must wait till the middle of next week for it, for "*tumpum fugo*," as a very unclassical gentleman remarks to me the other day, after visiting a tomb on which *tempus fugit* was recorded! *Tempus edax rerum* forbids further progress at present. So Bus. By-bye.

Your
CORRESPONDING MEMBER.

BANGALOFF, 30th April.

A correspondent sends Dr. CHITCHAT the following puzzle:—

I am a railway station of note. In my whole you can always find my second, though never my first.

He also sends the following:—

My first is always under your nose.

My first and second is frequently placed between my first and your nose.

My third is often known to scold my fourth for destroying my first and second. My whole you have often passed on your jaunts by rail to Bangalore.

Certainly one of the most instructive events of the past week has been the official prohibition which has been placed upon Major NEPEAN's lectures. Major NEPEAN is an "unemployed" Staff Corps Officer, with a decided *penchant* for enlightening the public, and with an unfeigned love for monolithic remains and old Hindu sepulchres. Screwing up his courage to the full pitch, Major NEPEAN determined to give a series of lectures. These lectures were to have been three in number. But they have been nipped in the bud. The public is only partially enlightened, and the monolithic remains and old tombs are to remain entombed in their pristine obscurity. Brigadier-General SHAKESPEAR, through the pen of his ready writer, Brigade Major DYER, has notified to Major NEPEAN his displeasure of lectures given by officers, which lectures are not in aid of any charitable institution. The placards that lie sunning themselves on every available wall in our streets, now expose their red characters in vain. It is *infra dig* in an "unemployed" man to employ himself, if he be an officer, unless he "employ" himself in aid of a charitable institution. But what is a "charitable institution?" Will our facile Advocate-General explain the term? Would Major NEPEAN be aiding a charitable institution if he were to give the proceeds of his lectures to the Committee of the Devon College, to help them out of their present financial difficulties? Of course the Chit-chat Club pity Major NEPEAN. Think of that gallant officer taking an evening walk through St. Thome, and coming upon one of his red posters,—bursting into tears as he reads the words "Caves of Ellora:—a lecture will be given——" &c.!

"Why should not unemployed officers employ themselves in enlightening the public?" quoth Dr. CHITCHAT.

"By blazing away with oxy-hydrogen lights at a broad screen!" added the irrepressible CHARLIE LARKYNS.

"NEPEAN's sin seems to have consisted," said SWELLINGTON, "in allowing the spectators to *pay* for their evening's pleasure of seeing the "Caves" and the "Tombs"—without going there!"

CHARLIE LARKYNS:—"Payments be hanged! It is much more remunerative to give lectures admission free, if General SHAKESPEAR desires it!"

We all asked "How?"—"Well, as for that," replied CHARLIE, "there is nothing impossible to a genius, and I'll prove this to you in a story. I once knew an officer who gave a lecture on—but here is a copy of his placard:—

THE MYSTERIES OF RUMMIPORE!!!

A Lecture.

Will be given in Ramasawmy's Hall

By CAPTAIN CUTEFISH, R.A.

During the course of this Interesting Lecture

THE ELECTRO-HYDRO-PHOSPHORICO-PETROLEO MAGNESIO-

GALVANICO-METEORIC LIGHT

will be exhibited,

REVEALING

Strange and Mysterious Scenes,

AND THRILLING INCIDENTS AND ADVENTURES.

Especially

A MOONLIGHT ELOPEMENT.

A BLOODY MIDNIGHT MURDER,

*And a Daring Deed of Sacrilegious Arson, In the Ruins of
Rummipore Pagoda.*

ADMISSION FREE.

"Well, this," continued LARKYNS, "was Captain CUTEFISH's announcement to his lecture. CUTEFISH, by the way, wanted to raise a little money on the sly, so he went about the business in a scientific manner. On the day of his lecture, hundreds of

people thronged to hear him. CUTEFISH was prepared. A narrow passage led to the Hall—RAMASWAMY'S Hall—in which he was to lecture. He had a string of trusty money-takers along this passage, each of whom had a small share in the proceeds of this "free entertainment." I will tell you what occurred. One of the audience came up. A ticket was handed to him. The unsuspecting man took it. "Sir!" said the ticket vendor laconically—holding out his hand very suggestively for money. But the gentleman passed on, till he came to the next ticket-vendor. This one said,—“Show me your ticket, please.—Have you paid for it?”

“No! It's free.”

“Oh yes! Hem! Ha! Hum! Just so!—pass on!”

The gentleman now came to the next man on the look out.

“Ticket please.”

“Here it is.”

“Have you paid for it?”

“Of course not—admission's free!”

“What! Do you mean to say you're such a low mean skunk as to go in without paying? Oh! Shabby!! Shabby!!!”

If the gentleman entering was not induced by this to shell out, he went on till he came to the last of the men on the look out for him:—

“Ticket please.”

“Here it is.”

“Not paid?”

“No.—Admission's free.”

“Now, look here stranger! admission's free and you may go in without paying, but I'm darned if you ever come out again on the same liberal considerations!”

This generally was found sufficient to induce the prompt appearance of a coin! “Captain CUTEFISH, I can assure you” ended up CHARLIE LARKYNS, “made a pretty little pot of money out of his “Free” lecture, and I'd advise Major NEPEAN to go and do likewise!”

Of course we had a hearty laugh over this description of a military ruse. Old Colonel BLOWHARD from Cannanore was present, and he scarcely seemed to like it. "SHAKESPEAR is quite right," he muttered. "It's *infra dig* of NEPEAN to specify in public, receiving—"

"Payment just sufficient to defray the expense of lighting in his lecture-room?"—added Dr. CHITCHAT.

"Anyhow, I see no more harm in such lectures, than I do in Lieutenant POWIS, or Captain HALLIT, performing in public in aid of Dramatic Companies," said SWELLINGTON,—and then the matter was allowed to drop.

The following letter was also perused with some amusement by the Club :—

"M. T.—ED."

DEAR DOCTOR,—Can you believe it? The *Madras Times* has actually discovered what was wanting to render the evidence in a late inquest sufficient.

In a passing tilt with a correspondent, the Editor, in a note to a letter in reference to an article that had appeared in his paper, declared, "the article referred to complained that the evidence given by the apothecary was based upon an examination of the head of the *deceased only*."—(Italics mine). The head of another individual also was of course wanting to make it a thorough examination.

Can you tell me dear Doctor, whether the *M. T. Ed.* of "the writer" would have answered the purpose?

It looks, though, a little bit too much like an effusion after a *throw* at

An affectionate,

THA POT.

I have a great deal more to relate of the doings and sayings last night of the Chit-chat Club, but the Editor of the *Athenæum* informs me that he cannot spare much room this week, as the coming in of the English Mail a day earlier than usual necessitates considerable economy of space in his columns.

NINETEENTH PAPER.

SATURDAY, 10th May 1873.

WE could all see, when the hour for the meeting of the Chit-chat Club last night arrived, that our worthy President had something of especial importance to communicate. His eye glanced hither and thither, he fidgetted about with his hands, he constantly took off his spectacles and wiped them and put them on again,—in a word, the Doctor was in a state of thorough excitement. When the members had taken their respective seats around the TABLE LONG, our President rose. Every eye was upon him. He slowly, and with a tremulous hand, unfolded a piece of paper which he held. It was a letter from one of our most respected members, who happened to be unable to attend the meeting last night. It ran thus:—

THE FREE CHURCH "RING" BROKEN!!!

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—I hasten to acquaint you with an item of really important intelligence. The news is such as, I am sure, will cause deep joy to every one who desires to see educational interests flourish in this Presidency.

I solemnly assure you the news is perfectly true, although it has not yet leaked out in the columns of the Madras daily papers. The Free Church Educational Ring is broken. The Rev. Mr. Miller no more forms part of the Syndicate of the Madras University. Public opinion, led by the outspoken utterances of the *Madras Athenæum* and *Daily News*, has proved too strong for resistance. The influence of common sense has permeated the most conservative of bodies. The following are the members of the newly-elected Syndicate:—

The Hon'ble Mr. Justice Holloway, Vice-Chancellor, President.

E. B. Powell, Esq., C.S.I.

E. Thomson, Esq., M.A.

James Giese, Esq., M.C.S.

The Hon'ble Justice Innes.

Dr. S. Smith, of the Medical College.

Captain Rogers, R.E., Civil Engineering College.

I may inform you that I have fears that Dr. Smith has marked leanings towards Free Church Tactics, but the "Ring," is happily no longer intact. We shall doubtless see remarkable fruits ere long of this most beneficial change in the constitution of the body which has, for weal or for woe, the greatest influence over Education in the Madras Presidency.

I remain, Dear Doctor,

Yours very faithfully,

MADRAS, 9th May 1873.

This letter was received by the Club in solemn silence. One of the visitors was observed to turn pale, and leave the room suddenly. Shortly afterwards we heard him ordering his carriage in an excited manner. It was the Rev. Mr. ST-V-NS-N.

The petition by the petty jurors to Mr. Justice KERNAN was the subject of a good deal of conversation at the Club.

"I have heard," said CHARLIE LARKYNS, a slightly different version of the whole matter than that generally current in Madras, and one which, I think, might be versified, if—

"A song! a song!" cried the members, "CHARLIE'S topical song!"—and this was what LARKYNS sang in response:—

THE GREAT TIN-POT PETITION.

To Mr. Kernan, the High Court Judge,
The Jurors went in a row,
At the head of the folks, was Mr. Oakes,
Of Messrs. Oakes and Co.

Mr. Kernan turned pink, Mr. Kernan turned blue,
And wondered what was the go;
"What is this about! Will you please speak out
Mr. Oakes of Oakes and Co.?"

Mr. Oakes bowed low, Mr. Oakes spoke slow,
"Me Lud," he said, "I have got
A petition here, for youi Ludship to hear,
Concerning—a—hem!—tin-pot!"

Mr. Kernan said *Hah*, Mr. Kernan cried *Hum*
Mr. Kernan he mutter *Oh*!
"Pray Mr. Oakes, is this one of your jokes,
—Mr. Oakes of Oakes and Co.?"

"No, me Lud, 'tis no hoax," replied Mr. Oakes
And the Jurors, too, said it was not,
But a serious petition about the condition
Of the Court—and its tin-pot!

Then the petition was solemnly read,
With measured words and slow,
In the ears of all folks, by Mr. Oakes,
Of Messrs. Oakes and Co.

I don't quite know what 't was all about,
And perhaps it matters not,
But the Judge averred, on his solemn word
He'd abolish the obnoxious pot.

And whisperers now pass about in Madras,
That Oakes and Co. have got
An order for dozens of cut-glass tumblers
To replace the old tin-pot !

Then hurrah for the jurors who 've brought this about
And less may their shadow ne'er grow,
And sensible folks should thank Mr. Oakes,
Of Messrs. Oakes and Co. !

The Club have noticed how Lieutenant Powis has extinguished himself this week. Mr. Powis shines as an actor, not as a writer. The true point of what I said last week about the Dramatic Entertainment has been missed by almost every one who was commented upon it. What I said about the refreshments was merely a joke, apparent to every one—although, of course, there is a certain Scotchman in Madras on whose head a surgical operation must be performed before the plainest joke can be got to go in and be perceived. The moral, however, of what I wrote is this;—is it not very strange that in Madras the most enthusiastically patronized public entertainments on behalf of charities, can only realize some such paltry sum as 72 rupees or so? Surely future entertainments may be somehow so managed as to be more productive?

A gentleman, belonging to the Madras Civil Service, residing in the mofussil, sends the following letter to the Club:—

A TRANSLATION.

GENTLEMEN,—I have noticed, since my residence in India, how very frequently those of us who had a positive pleasure in classical literature in our college days, have since utterly relinquished all those studies which were wont to be more lively recreations to us than stubborn tasks. I have lately tried to check a little of this fault in myself, and have taken to my well-thumbed old Horace again. Allow me to send your Club the following versified translation of one of the finest passages that bibulous old genius ever wrote:—

Fortuna, saevo laeta negotio, et
Ludum insolentem ludero pertinax,
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna :

Laudo manentem : si celeres quatit
 Pennas, resigno quæ dedit, et meâ
 Virtute me involvo, probamque
 Panpetiem sine dote quæro.

Fortune, pleased with savage dealing,
 Still on rude games sets her mind ;
 Shuffles her uncertain honours
 To me now, now to others, kind.

I praise her when the dame is constant.
 But if she shake her wings in flight,
 All the gifts that she had given
 Cheerfully resign I quite ;

With my honor, as a mantle,
 Placidly enfold I me,
 Simply craving nothing,—saving
 Undower'd honest poverty !

I am, gentleman,
 Your obedient servant,

COMPETITION-WALLAH.

May 3rd, 1873.

"Ha ! Hum ! Not *very* bad," said CHARLIE LARKYNS. "However our friend seems to be rather rusty in his Latin,—yet I oughtn't to talk. I don't think I have glanced at my Horace for the last three years. However, when I go home, I'll look up the Ode, and try and give you a closer and smoother rendering next week—if I can," CHARLIE LARKYNS then fished out the subjoined letter from our Club Letter box :—

A BIT OF MORUSSIL GUP.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—I must send you a narration of a rather good story which is current here—of course I won't give the names, as the parties concerned might object ! Our Sub-Magistrate ordered his horse to be sold at public auction, and put a reserve price of 300 rupees on the animal. The reserve price was publicly announced—but still notwithstanding this, a gentleman present—whom I shall call Mr. A. made a bid of 150 rupees. The horse of course was bought in. Our Magistrate, whom I shall call Mr. B., was, however, so riled at the impertinence of Mr. A. bidding 150 rupees after the reserve price had been publicly given out, that after the sale was over, he went up to Mr. A. and thus addressed him :—"Some fellow has had the impudence, I hear, to offer 150 rupees for my horse—confound him—I only wish I could find out who it was ! Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to horsewhip the ruffian, and then go into Court and fine myself 50 Rupees." Mr. B.'s language was, I believe, even stronger

than I have put it—and poor Mr. A's feelings can be better imagined than described—as he does not have the credit of being over-abundantly supplied with that necessary article “pluck”—and is decidedly unpopular, to say the least.

Believe me,
yours truly,
GUP.

From a private note accompanying this rather remarkable letter, I believe the facts stated in it are absolutely true!

A member alluded to the amazing popularity which the Governor for the time being enjoys in Madras amongst a certain class of tradesfolk. It is the same as in England, where, we know, the name of the lord of the manor often furnishes a title to the public-house nearest to his residence. The latest instance of honour of this kind having been done to our Governor, is the “HOBART PRESS—*Assey Brothers*,” in Mount Road. It is to be hoped that neither of the “*Brothers Asser*” possess the Christian name of JOHN, for then it would be Lord HOBART's Jackassey Press!

Speaking of Presses, a member who had but lately come from Bangalore informed the Club that the ghost of CAXTON was on the loose in that city. Can the editor of the *Bangalore Spectator* enlighten Dr. CHITCHAT concerning this? The Club are informed that he advertises his *press* as the *Spectator Press*, and his *office* as the CAXTON printing office! So his press is a spectator, I presume, of the ghost of CAXTON which inhabits his office—eh? Is not this rather a jumble? But I suppose it is all a matter of taste.

The Chit-chat Club are glad to observe that at length the Cathedral clock is rendered useful as well as ornamental.

Have any of my readers had much practice in solving anagrams? They will find that the name of a town in South India is contained in the letters comprising the following words:—Noble Agra; Rob a Galen: No Arab leg; Grab no ale; A noble rag; Born a gal; Or a bungle. A correspondent from Bellary sends Dr. CHITCHAT these, and eight other anagrams of the name of the said South Indian town. I invite my readers to solve the above—the anagram is a very simple one. As the town I refer to is important to the racing community, it is in-

deed surprising to find its name resolving itself into "*No Arab Leg !*"

The subjoined brief note was found in the Club Letter-box :—

MY DEAR DOCTOR CHITCHAT,—Will you kindly inform me where I may procure a paper of the peculiar name of "*Id.*" At present I read the *Madras Times*, but find that all the interesting matter contained in that Journal is duly acknowledged, with refreshing frankness, to be from "*Id.*;"—so I want to take the paper called *Id.* in.

Yours faithfully,

AN INQUIRER.

PULICAT, May 4th, 1873.

Perhaps Doctor CHITCHAT has noticed the frequent quotations from "the paper called *Id.*" in the *Madras Times*; however, "An Inquirer," should not address the Chit-chat Club on this point. Why does he not send his query to the Editor of the paper he reads ?

LARKYNS was full of stories about men, women and things last evening. The Society of Madras are, and have for years been, greatly indebted to certain philanthropic ladies in Madras who have been managing the affairs of several charitable institutions for the relief and support of destitute women. Well in one of these institutions the Ladies' Committee employed a superintendent, not a gentleman, but a lady superintendent,—but, by the way, that term is objected to by some fastidious ones, so I suppose I must call her a woman or a female superintendent. This—I was going to use the term lady again, but I must not give offence—so I will only say, this superintendent, had charge of large quantities of cloth, sheets, pillow cases, towels and such like articles, and not having taken particular care of the things, on stock being taken, some of the articles were found missing, and one of the ladies on the committee therefore rushed off to take counsel of that most sagacious of wise and discreet counsellors, the Commissioner of Police of Jutkanotoriety. This sapient official issued his warrant, the superintendent was arrested, and ultimately committed to the sessions for trial under some 50 sections of that machine called the Indian Penal Code, and after a long and patient investigation of her case, Judge KERNAN, assisted by a Jury, acquitted her.

CHARLIE said that he went to the Court purposely to hear the evidence of three of the ladies of the committee who had been summoned on the part of the prosecution, and he kept us in roars of laughter over some of the questions and answers which had been put and given. One lady had made some slight mistake in the depositions which she had given at the Police office, and that shrewd old boy Pat O'SULLIVAN didn't lose the chance of making the most of this. In his mildest, blandest manner he asked her if she was now aware that she had sworn incorrectly, he meant falsely, at the Police Court. Mrs. — of course felt the force of the question, and after coloring up a little she said, she had subsequently discovered the mistake, but that at the time she swore at the Police, she fully believed the truth of what she there swore.—Ha, ha! said one of our gallant members, that comes of ladies swearing at all, and he recommended that a resolution should be passed by the Club that the Legislature should be asked to pass a law declaring the barbarous habit of allowing ladies to swear to be an offence punishable by fine and imprisonment.

CHARLIE said that this Pat O'S. kept the ladies in a state of feverish excitement all day and that although he managed to keep his head cool by the application thereto of his Turkish towel, the unfortunate ladies were unable even with the assistance of their fans to be cool and comfortable;—notwithstanding the Sheriff and his officers cleared that part of the court where they sat, and hustled the jurymen in reserve, and spectators in court, into the verandahs and other outlying portions of the Court House.

The ladies of the committee were charged by this wise counsellor in his speech for the defence with want of candour, partiality, and with bias, and all that sort of thing. The Judge in summing up said he had been unable to see any such thing in the conduct of the ladies in the witness chair, whereupon this unrelenting counsellor, PAT, said that if His Lordship had been as close to the ladies whilst they were giving their evidence as he had been, His Lordship would have seen it! CHARLIE explained that on one occasion one of the ladies looked at PAT as if she could have swallowed him up! However, said CHARLIE, there is no doubt PAT was right, for if it had been left to the

ladies to decide the guilt or innocence of the Superintendent, she certainly would have been found "*guilty*." CHARLIE further remarked that he had the pleasure of meeting that evening one of the ladies, who was of course full of the subject and was very angry with Judge KERNAN, Counsellor O'SULLIVAN, and the Jury. They were all a pack of men without any common sense. And as for Counsellor O'SULLIVAN, she said she had known him for several years, and had always liked him, and she always thought him to be such a nice man till this trial, but now she quite disliked him,—she hated him—that nasty fellow Mr. O'SULLIVAN!

After hearing these anecdotes it was unanimously resolved that a letter of condolence and sympathy should be sent to the ladies of the Committee and to the Jutka Commissioner, for the disappointment caused to them by the unexpected acquittal of the Superintendent. It was also unanimously resolved that Counsellor PATRICK O'SULLIVAN should be solicited to keep at home, and not to place himself for at least a period of six months, within the reach of any of the ladies of the Committee unless in the meantime he made his peace with the ladies by taking unto himself a fair partner as his better-half who should join the said Committee!

The following is one of the letters read out at the Club last night:—

A VISION OF MADRAS. .

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—Novelty is a wonderful thing. In scene, in dress, in eating, in reading, and in life generally, it imparts a wonderful stimulus to our instincts, our vanity, our palates, our minds, and our existence. "Life!" exclaimed a crusty old Indian who in an hour was satiated with 'life' as delineated on a child-laden homeward-bound P. and O., "is this what you call life? I call it bare existence. . . . Give me London, Sir—London, where you need walk but a step and find yourself in a new world—change sat every turn, Sir; and that's what I call life. As for this, it's ———." But what my crusty friend said just where I have supplied a dash had best remain unrecorded, as it was the reverse of a drawing-room expression, and was not complimentary to little children. Some like novelty in business: some, in pleasure. But it is of a gentleman of the latter persuasion (well-known in Madras) of whom I would tell you on the present occasion.

It seems that a gentleman named X———was fascinated by the description sent down to him from the City of Palaces of a species of conveyance

said to be light, elegant, useful, unique and, above all, dirt cheap. "I'll have it," said he; and, as he formed this sturdy resolve, he unconsciously built up mental visions which looked to his mind's eye something like India Proofs of "A conquest on the Beach," "X———'s revenge on Buggy Wallah Smithson, Ye Model Roadster of Ye Period," &c., &c.

In due time the trap arrived in Madras. And it *was*, indeed, a trap for poor X———. Of all the skits upon the charming talent which have issued from the workshops of Long Acre during the present century of rich invention, this trap was certainly the grossest. Still (and a great blessing, too, I should say) it was novel, and that, in the eyes of its proud possessor, was something. But X——— is not overweighted with moral courage, and he sent the trap to a livery-stable man, explaining to such of his friends as came to see his new importation that the doors of his coach-house were too low to admit it, and that he had been reluctantly compelled to send it to the Mount Road.

A second gentleman, whose face is as familiar at the "Wednesday Sales" as Mr. Waller's own, espied this trap one morning and forthwith conceived an irrepressible desire to "try it." The consent of the owner was readily obtained, and as I encountered the turn out on its first and eventful course on the Madras roads, I shall tell you "how it struck me."

I was passing the General Hospital at a brisk trot when my gharriewallahs, both in excited voices shouted "Sar, Sar!" On looking round I perceived a curious looking conveyance creeping swiftly upon me. In a few minutes it was in a line with me. It was drawn by a powerful large boned horse of about sixteen hands in height, and the flea bites which studded the animal's muscular frame proclaimed him a stranger to India, and indicated a birth and training under the sunny sky of Kafir Land. Towering far above the highest pinnacle of the conveyance might have been seen, by ordinarily observant persons, a hat of irreproachable muster and unblemished appearance. There was that about the chapeau which indisputably assigned to it an origin in Grace Church Street E. C., Number 35, and marked it as one of "Christy's own." Beneath the hat and intervening between it and the footboard, was a form *which* I shall endeavour to describe.

Grace was in his every button
"And heaven in his eye."

The occupant of the trap might have seen sixty-four summers and an equal number of springs and autumns, with precisely one winter loss. But his was one of those faces which yield but little evidence of age. His eyes possessed a piercing brilliancy which could not fail to make an observer quail beneath their glances: of a rich green-gold tint, they resembled to some extent those usually worn by a certain species of the feline tribe which delights in caterwauling on "the tiles." A nose somewhat longer, and generally of larger proportions than is usually vouchsafed by nature to ordinary mortals: a NOSE stretching outwards, like a dreary promon-

tory, away into undefined space, and shedding around its owner's countenance a rich ruby hue, bathing it in a sheet of colour closely resembling that of a well matured tomato. His mouth would have been well formed and of aristocratic cast had it not been rather unshapely, extensive, and plebeian in its mould. His hair, which was scarcely elongated enough to render itself visible under the unshattered nap of his "Christy's own," was of a light brown. A luxuriant moustache much fondled and greatly admired by its possessor, grew at the root of his nose and extended itself wavy from the centre of the upper lip in the direction of either ear. Intelligence, humour, amiability and love beamed forth from every feature. But by the time I had noted all those distinguishing points in the gentleman's appearance, we had pulled up at the Park Bandstand, and I had leisure to criticise the trap which I now began to think its "shover-together" had intended for a sort of dog cart, but had woefully failed in his attempts to produce the desired effect.

The wheels of this trap were 2 ft. 3 in. apart—I like to be precise—and 7 ft. 9 in. high. The body was like an elegant coal scuttle, which was so accurately balanced as to sway about in the passing breeze. The colour was light yellow, picked out with sky blue, with the shafts of a delicate vermilion. The bottom of the seat of the driver was three feet above the top of the wheel. The tail of the horse was two feet, five inches, from the splashboard, *under* which, by a simple and elegant contrivance, the reins were passed,—which was rendered necessary by the peculiar build of the vehicle, and the great height at which the driver sat. Around him were six moons, focussed so that their light should concentrate on the form of the driver, and reveal his noble person perfectly clearly to every midnight traveller.—There you have the trap.

DR. CHITCHAT, my dear Sir,—there is a moral in this trap—a deep and plaintive history is attached to this trap—which, if you will permit me I will narrate next week, whilst now concluding this fragmentary epistle with one verse of a poem which I have been composing on the subject.—

Beautiful Trap in the People's Park
Of every eye the admiring mark,
What would I give for this slap up, dap
—Er, rolley-poley rakish trap
This cranky, lauky, shakish trap.

Beautiful tra—ap!
Beautiful tra—ap!

Trap of the Evening, beautiful, beautiful

TRAP!!!

I remain, my dear Doctor,
Yours poetically,
POMPOSO FURISO CARLOS JONES.

CHATEAU Y'QUEM,
BIG PARCHERRY, May 7th.

The following is the Chit-chat Club's usual weekly letter from their Trevandrum corresponding member:—

TRAVANCORE CHIT-CHAT.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—Again I seize my pen—again nibble its point—again bring down its nib with a ferocious poke against the paper—and again find myself scribbling away to you the gossip current in these parts.

I was talking to you in my last about our patriarchal Government, and its notices about conservancy. No! There is no 'such' a thing as conservancy here, where every one does as he likes with his own! The enclosed ground round about the various houses, or rather huts, of the natives is utterly unconserved in every respect, ay! even the very high-road outside is daily defiled by the inhabitants in a shocking manner, so that a matutinal ride or walk in their vicinity can only be taken with the risk of acquiring sickness for the day! Excuse me writing plainly about all this. For wherefore do we have Cholera and a thousand other horrible diseases in India? Is it not because we have no proper sanitation? And why have we not this? Is it not because we don't speak out in plain language about the fearful state of the country in which we live? Would not a little outspokenness prove of great benefit to the community by forcing authorities to remedy existing evils? Dr. CHITCHAT, we are too mealy mouthed. Let me for one speak out about Travancore. After the first heavy rains of the approaching monsoon, and before the excruciating matter lying about has been washed away into the various tanks and wells of the valleys below, the whole country yields an odour, to the first warm beams of the rising sun, of a most sickening description, an odour to which however the native nose appears to be, from the highest to the lowest, quite indifferent; true, the fort itself, the residence of royalty, and also the main road leading to it from the northward are kept in very decent condition by a certain organized method of conservancy; but turn into the highways and by-ways, and you have no need to sharpen your wits to mark the difference. Look also at the grand tank in the Fort, facing His Highness' Palace, and having the crumbling walls of the fine old Pagoda sacred to the god "Patma-bham," or the "Lily-navel-one" (Vishnu, from whose navel the 'sacred lily' is depicted as springing and from which flower Brahma, the Creator is said himself to have sprung) in the highest of the inner buildings of which temple is kept the golden image of the said deity (Vishnu.) Look, I say at the stagnant tank, in the dirty waters of which hundreds of 'the faithful' of both sexes day by day perform their daily corporeal ablutions, clean their teeth, wash their body, linen, &c.; and from which, after leaving completed all necessary Brahminical ceremonies, they generally bear away small quantities of the pesonny liquid in their well-polished totals for home consumption during the next twenty-four hours—and say whether such a practical acquaintance with the manners and customs of the people of Travancore, would not put even the long-suffering and heart-soured Abbe Dubois to the blush! It is said also that the channel by which this tank

is supplied is very impure, and constantly polluted ! Verily, the Professor may teach, and the Missionary may preach ; but, until the Government of the country bestirs itself to teach the people physical, as well as moral, purity, the sow will return to its wallowing in the mire for ever. One rather singular trait of the people both East Indian and Native that I observed during my sojourn in Trerandrum, was the extreme pertinacity exhibited by those out of office, or wanting places, in dogging and dodging along the roads His Highness the Maharajah when taking his morning and evening drives ; day after day, week after week, and, it may be possible, year after year, might the same cringing forms, habited in the same peculiar garbs, and exhibiting the same fantastic features, be seen standing, loitering or squatting about the same corners of the same streets, in order to “ make salaam ” to the Maharajah on his passing, and having performed this agreeable duty, to return pleased and happy to their own places. I am unable to say whether anybody has ever gained anything by such persistent and slavish importunity, but this I must say, that any one superior to a beggar who has tried the game, must have lost a good deal of his own self-respect if he ever had any, before he could bring himself to stand and supplicate thus in the highway, and the Maharajah must be very patient and long-suffering to endure the nuisance so long as he does. Perhaps indeed it is “ dogged as does it ” in the end ; and His Highness may be duped at last by their persistent importunity to do something for them ; but would it not be very easy, as well as highly desirable, for H. H.’s Government to invent and adopt some method of dealing with these unfortunate people that should be more simple and more conducive to His Highness’ own comfort, as well to the self-respect of these suppliants for his favour ?

So much, so for—“ *Tiruvantapuram*.” Good Gracions ! it only stands for the correct native name of Trerandrum. The town of the sacred snake. Don’t say I never told you ‘ nuffin ’ of news to some of you ! And if you want any more, I’ll trouble you to ‘ ask for it.’

* * * * *

But I must now off to fresh fields and pastures new. What do you think, my dear Doctor CHITCHAT, about the recent scandal concerning the Maharajah of Travancore not being able to overhaul the accounts of his underlings ?

It is all very well in a comedy, or in Travancore, for the head of a department, when pressed to give an account of his stewardship for a certain period, to lay his hand tragically on his heart and say—“ *Sii ! Do you doubt mee ’omnor ?* ” Or to bristle up, like the fretful porcupine, on being reminded of the shortcomings, or failings of his department, and shriek out “ *If you say that agnin I’ll tell “ Papa ’ !* ” or I’ll get my big brother to punch your head ” ! It is all very well to wax fat and kick in Travancore. (It would be kicking suicidally against the prickles any where else !) But, out of Travancore or beyond the regions of fiction, this

sort of thing would never wash at all. Fancy an R. E. in charge of some extensive range of Madras Public Works, setting up his back in this way, when asked to produce his accounts, vouchers and original invoices for machines, instruments, tools, &c., purchased by himself for the State! A polite request in such a case if met by a refusal or by wilful obstructiveness would doubtless soon be followed by a peremptory order. Why then should not business be conducted in a similar manner, with reference to the C. Es of the P. W. D. in Travancore! Ah, ha! my dear Doctor, there's the rub! This is a thing that no fellow ignorant of the petty politics of Travancore can understand without studying the wheel within wheel machinery by which these things are managed! You may think *Quantaui sapientia regitur—Travancoriens—*! But I—Well! Never mind, it is absurd however for those in authority, who themselves hold the remedy in their own hands but are afraid or unwilling to use it, to howl perpetually over a pet grievance, and to complain of the lavish expenditure on, and extravagance of any particular department of the State! My dear Sir, is it not so?

But there appears to be really nothing too absurd for Travancore! Here is everyone, from the Prince to the ryot, complaining of—or poking fun at—the P. W. D. for its expensiveness, and for the general, and unaccountable mundane propensity that some of its *employés* have exhibited; and yet neither a Prince nor a Dewan can be found bold enough to say "Stop! Thus far shalt thou go and no farther!" The P. W. D., it is said, whenever driven into a corner by the Sirkar, flies to the Resident, and is received apparently with open arms! But what has the Resident to do with the chief of the P. W. D., who is, or should be, the slave of the Sirkar? It is said that Mr. Minchin used to complain, when Acting Resident, that whenever the P. W. D. got into a mess with the Sirkar, it always ran to him to be got out of it. Mr. Ballard does not complain, but gives his kind offices whenever required to do so it would appear! No one can entertain a doubt for one instant but that, if it had pleased the Resident, the Travancore P. W. D. accounts would have been long since audited by competent authority. I may be wrong in fact, but such is public opinion which I wish to indicate; no doubt Mr. Barton himself would come triumphantly out of the ordeal: whether the department itself would, is quite another question doubtless perfectly well known to its chief. There can be no question but that anything that may be at present unhealthy or amiss in the interior economy of the P. W. D., is mainly due to the reckless action of the late Dewan Sir T. Madava Row in permitting the department to carry on proceedings, and deal with large sums of money so long (some ten years) unchecked. Sir T. Madava Row's Administration was *omne pro magnifico*, every thing was *don nam le waste*. To spend large sums of money in public buildings, colleges, hospitals, lying-in-hospitals, lunatic asylums, medical, educational and judicial departments, looked very well on paper, and gained great *kudos* no doubt at the hands of the Resident, the Madras Government, and perhaps sometimes even of the Secretary of

State, though that Government whose representative, the Resident was, never took the trouble to see *how* the money went, whether on "a net-work of roads" that could not be kept up, or on an overgrown and therefore uncontrollable and uncontrolled Administrative Department! Well! This is the way the money goes! It is issued! It is spent! Pop goes the Weasel, —or will do very shortly! But, considering the many and great *laches* of the late Administration under Sir T. Madava Row with regard to the P. W. D., it certainly appears rather hard that the head of that Department should be called upon at this particular time to adjust accounts extending, unaudited, over so long a period. Better give the Department a clean bill of health up to the present time, and at the same time organize a new and safe system of auditing the accounts and of general supervision in future or, in the words of the Hymn, "give pardon for the past" but certainly not "grace for time to come." The Department must show its 'grace' itself for it should receive no *grace*, no quarter, in future. It is most likely not in such accounts as could now be furnished by the head of the Department in particular, that gross irregularities could be found, (to put a very fine point on it) but most probably in local and on minor accounts, which can now never come under judicial notice.

Again vale,

YOUR CORRESPONDING MEMBER.

A contributor has sent Dr. CHITCHAT this week a *Triple Acrostic*, in a versified form, which is too long for me to reproduce in full. Let my readers do their best to solve the prosaic skeleton of it:—

The Whole.

If from Madras you wish to go, you had better go to it in Madras.

I.

A Christian name.

II.

A *quid pro quo*.

III.

What lies to the North of you and me.

IV.

Once money, now a gift.

V.

An Indian Jockey.

VI.

A late celebrated astronomer.

VII.

What a clergyman can't possibly be.

The following is a Double Acrostic, sent to the Club by another contributor:—

The Whale.

I am generally to be seen near bridges whilst being repaired, anients in the course of construction, canals, roads, and "projects" of every description.

I.

The fair sex often look prettiest when they are in *me*.

II.

A small animal that breaks crocodile's eggs.

III.

I belong to the animal kingdom.

IV.

Treasures.

V.

I am often used with effect on refractory school-boys.

VI.

What Bengalees are especial adepts at.

VII.

A vegetable.

VIII.

A very romantic personage with a guitar.

I think my readers will find the traditional "half-a-minute" not sufficient for the solving of the above two acrostics. A Triple-Acrostic, of course, is that which is formed from the initial and final letters of each word, together with one letter taken from the middle of each word. I forgot in my last to give the solution of the "*Ostrich Rebus*," so now give it:—In, Ain, Train, Strain, Restrain, Restraint.

I have nothing further to add this week, save, in order to get out of the present fearful heat, Dr. CHITCHAT is thinking of accepting Lord HOBART's pressing invitation to the cool heights of Ooty,—whither SWELLINGTON betook himself last Tuesday.

Again, gentle reader, *Au Revoir*.

P. S.—There is a Postscript which I wish diffidently to add for the benefit of some of the “Silent member’s” friends. The gentlemen I allude to now and then meet me, and in a most charming and candid manner say, “Well, old fellow, your report this week of the Chit-chat Club meeting was *pretty* good, but not up to your usual mark. You are not facetious enough! I thought portions of your last report rather so-so.” &c, &c. Well, gentlemen, will any of you take my place? I shall be most happy, I assure you, to resign my Secretariat! Every week, mind you, *you must be equally funny, and please every one!* A very easy task, forsooth, to talk about,—not so easy however to accomplish.

* * * * *

Gentlemen of the public,—my readers.—I simply do my best to amuse you week by week, and give you, in the name of the famous Club I represent, a *resume* of each week’s Chit-chat. I know I frequently fall short of accomplishing my desire, but I do my best, and thus pray accept the will for the deed.

TWENTIETH PAPER.

SATURDAY, 17th May 1873.

THE bolt has fallen. The fearful rebuff which Lord HOBART has experienced from the Secretary of State for India, will probably cause the resignation of our Governor. There seems to be a striking unanimity of opinion in Madras social circles about this being really the very probable effect of the snub. How can Lord HOBART lift up his head again in this Presidency as our Governor? Impossible! Dr. CHITCHAT intends to take an immediate run up to Ooty to see, and if possible advise and console, our afflicted Governor.

ROBERT BROWNING makes one of his characters, after telling us of

“How Moses locus poenuss’d
Egypt’s land with fly and locust,”
remark
“How to Jonah sounded harshish
Get thee up and go to Tarshish.”

LORD HOBART is not JONAH, nor is London Tarshish, but the present mode of his summons to England must seem rather "harshish" to our Governor.

CHARLIE LARKYNS, who, as my readers know, is in the heaven-born service, told the Club that he had luckily obtained the true version of the Duke of ARGYLL's veto on the subject of Captain HOBART's appointment. This version, greatly to the amusement of the Club, he gave us last night, and I subjoin it :

THE MYSTERIOUS TELEGRAM.

It is a chill and drizzly night,
That moonless creeps o'er Ooty's height :
And ghostly mist-wreaths float and flit,
Round where THE FRIENDS-IN-COUNCIL sit.

There's Huddleston : *Sim too is there* .
Ellis leans back and rocks his chair :
Lord Hobart twirls a pensive thumb :
And all are mournful, pale, and dumb.

For they have heard grave rumours late
That all things were not square and straight
In London. And they wait to see
What may Argyll's decision be.

'Tis silence all. Long hours glide on.
Now softly snoreth Huddleston.
Then restless grows at length my Lord,
And says, "Oh hang the Clothing Board !"

All's still. But hush ! A knock ! A slam !
One bursts in with a Telegram !
'Tis from Argyll ! His Lordship takes
The paper—goodness ! how he shakes !

His Lordship reads. (Now let me whisper
Per in your ear, dear reader, this—.)
He reads straight through the Telegram,
Then sweetly, softly, mutters D——" !

That night Ben said to gentle Jim,—
"I fancy you're in luck now, SIM !
After this snub, poor Hub *must* go ;
And—you may be *confirmed* you know !

Now through Madras a rumour thrills,
A rumour from those mist-lid hills,
That there ring sounds of raps and knocks
Of hammers struck on many a box.

And that A PERSON—so they say—
Is busily engaged each day,
In stuffing hastily his clothes
Into some scores of portmanteaus.

And at the *Observer Press*, 'tis hinted,
Labels for luggage have been printed,
Which, for suggestive title, bear,—

LORD HOBART,

London

Glass, with care.

The Chit-chat Club wish to know if it is true that a certain gallant and distinguished officer intends to set up as a Jeweller in Messrs. OURS' old premises, which will soon be vacated? Not a bad idea, really, if carefully thought over! Why, it is perfectly well known in Madras that two great consignors of, and dealers in, precious stones, are two Colonels, who have, however, not attracted the attention of the Brigadier-General, as Major NEPEAN did the other day!—This is a bit of gap for my military readers.

So the *Bangalore Herald* is dead. The Chit-chat Club cannot help considering that it is scarcely to the credit of Anglo-Indians that good local papers in the Mofussil do not obtain such support as they should. By the way, what do the Bangaloreans think of the *Herald's* "Last Speech and Confession"? Here is a sentence in it. Dr. CHITCHAR exclaimed "Hear me! What English!" as he wiped his spectacles, and put them on, and read it:—

Indeed, it is the keen competition of late sprung up which has brought about our dissolution, or rather transformation, by being hereafter incorporated with our contemporary the *Bangalore Spectator*, whose young blood and heavier purse will we hope float him on in the race of life, and we trust of success as well.

We learn from this that swimmers should have "heavy purses" or they won't float," and that floating is not performed on water but on a "race"! Rather good this! But I won't make any further comments, as doubtless the Editor of the *Herald* wrote in

a considerable state of excitement, looking forward to his speedy "dissolution." His case reminds me of that of a scholarly gentleman who, during the last century, when hanging was quite an every-day matter, wrote a poem entitled "*Verses on my approaching Demise by Strangulation.*" As he was well on in the middle of his poem, a person entered his cell, who politely requested him to allow himself to be immediately pinioned, as he had two more cases that morning and wished to have them over expeditiously. The M.S. came thus abruptly to a termination,—from the blots and scratches on it and its crumpled state there *may* have been a final struggle physical as well as mental—over it :—

"Soon wide to me shall heaven its portal roll
 Ev'n now heaven's gladness inundates my soul.
 In quietness and confidence I stand,
 Calm-eyed, and of my senses in command.
 No fears affright me, though no hopes betray
 In perfect peace I pass my final day,

Serenely—tranqu—blis—dear me—can't write further—bless my eyes!—too bad!—executioner come before his time—the brute!—says won't wait—I can't persuade him. Dear, dear!—Save me! Help; O gracious me—I'm in a cold sweat—What! shall I do—o—o—Oh!—Murderer——!!!"

It will doubtless be perceived by the discriminating reader that there is a *slight* variation in the style of the above remarkable MS., the opening portion being so elevated, whilst the finale is *rather* depressed.

The Chit-chat Club noticed a case which came up before Mr. T. G. CLARKE the other day, which shows that Mr. PLIMSOFT is wanted in Madras Roads. Three "Refractory Seamen" were brought up before Mr. CLARKE, charged by their Captain with disobedience to lawful commands. The men declared that their vessel was unseaworthy. Mr. CLARKE saw it was necessary to order the Government surveyor to report on the condition of the ship, but in the meanwhile he actually ordered the men to go on board the vessel which they swore was unsafe, and the safety of which had yet to be tested! If rough weather suddenly came on, and the vessel went down with those three men on board,—what then?

O, the Club were so pleased to see in the papers the address to the Rev. Mr. STEVENSON of the Free Kirk by the girls of the Hindn Day's School and Balica Patasala! It was not flattery, by which the Rev. gentleman was buttered—no, not at all! The English of the address was lucid and chaste,—of course the composition was that of the *girls*, who through it expressed "their love and gratitude!" Faugh! The Chit-chat Club are disgusted that such twaddle, hypocrisy, and cant, can go down with any sensible men! Here is a sentence or two from the address, which, mind you, dear reader, is supposed to be the genuine outpouring of little Hindu girls:—

We have to the best of our ability endeavoured to acquire useful knowledge, and to imbibe sound principles. We shall always try to bear in mind the good instructions we have received under your direction. It will also be our constant aim to prove ourselves worthy of the schools where we receive instruction by seeking to walk in the fear of God and to please our parents.

Is not the above sickening twaddle. The Chit-chat Club consider that every Christian Missionary should make it one of the objects of his career to discourage that love and practice of fawning and fulsome flattery which is such a defect in the national character of Hindus, but which is fostered in such a marked manner in the above epistle.

As Dr. CHITCHAT was expressing these opinions, CHARLIE LARKYNS broke in with a few ridiculous verses which reminded me of that once popular London Street ballad,—

"His name it was Thingumy Chum—um—
He played on the Indian drum—um—um
And when through the street he would come,—um—um,
He made a most horrible noise."

Well, here is Charlie's "Parting Ode to Mr. STEVENSON"—

His name it was Stevenson—um—um,
He was a gie it Free Kirk gun—um—um,
And they buttered him up like a bun—um—um
When he was leaving Madras.

A few wee guls in a row—o—o,
Told him they loved him so—o—o,
They were sorry that he must go—o—o,
And hoped he would soon come back.

Please tell us, Mr. Banboo—oo—oo,
 Did that pretty address come from you?—u—u
 If not then tell us, who—oo—oo
 Of the girls on the padie is sweet.

"Quite enough! quite enough, CHARLIE," said Dr. CHUICHAR sternly. "Let us drop the sickening subject. I have just been reading through the address a second time. I am, gentlemen, of the opinion, that those poor little girls have been deliberately used by the Free Church tacticians of our city, as the medium through which soft soap may be used in lathering one of their own number, and of course, through that gentleman, return to bespatter with praise the whole body!"

The following letter, and addendum, were found in our Club Letter-box last night:—

MY DEAR DOCTOR, I send you a tale which I think will interest you. It's about young de Bloophill, son of old General de Bloophill of Broad Acres in the West Riding of Yorkshire, with whose name I am sure you are familiar.

He's a fine, intelligent young fellow this de Bloophill (his christian name is Ferdinand) but is terribly given up to the extermination of mosquitoes. He's never happy unless he's destroying those innocent and musical insects.

Yours very truly,

REGINALD MEEPHISTOPHILES DE PHOSPHORUS.

ROUND TANNAH VILLAGE, MADRAS, 16th May 1873.

FERDINAND DE BLOOPHILL

or

The Sanguinary End of the Last Mosquito.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—Chapter I.

The wind was shining brightly upon the godown floors of Rimmel Villa, and the rays of an invisible moon which had not as yet risen but was confidently expected to do so, were whistling with dreary moans along the submarine cables which nestle in the deep heights of the parched Indian Ocean.

The luminous phenomenon, known to Mr. Pogson and a favored few as the Aurora Borealis, threw its dingy brilliancy upon the cupola of Saint Paul's and rain flew upwards in terrific torrents from the principal thoroughfares of San Francisco and St. Petersburg. The roaring sun glided noiselessly and with dreadful and precipitate slothfulness towards the sea, with

eager and determined hesitancy to kiss the bold and stern rocks of our sandy shore. Black banks of bright and fibrous clouds, their whitish filaments dissolving into thickening and intensified streaks, might, perhaps, have been visible from the harbour of Geelon (if one had only been there) but were certainly not exposed to the gaze of the scrutinising and listless observers of Madras and Greenwich. A political message was seen to pass along the telegraph wires, and its deep import struck a chord of Rosso-terror in the carrion-lined stomach of a passing crow and immediately transformed that *rara avis* into a Wesleyan Methodist preacher. It was a night to strike terror and delight into the most courageous and effeminate bosom. A brilliant darkness rendered the atmosphere cool and sultry, and the sun which had just risen from its occidental residence, and was fast sinking under the Southern horizon, told that midnight was at hand.

A solitary mosquito filled the air with his hum, and his proboscis was inserted into objects the hardest, the softest, with the most undeviating consistency. "As the bee upon the flower hangs," so hung this dread tormentor, now upon the unwearied boatman's brackish calves, now upon the writer's phosphoric nose, now upon the sentry's winksome eye—till, finding, mayhap, his victims unproductive, he suddenly darted in the direction of Rimmel Villa. Alighting, with all the muffled of his sex, upon the central door, the mosquito perceived in a single glance that he was master of the occasion. But to what he did and what he saw, we must devote a fresh chapter.

CHAPTER II.

Those to whom the form of the Mosquito is a sight familiar; to whom his buzz is as well known as is the clack of his mill to the miller; to whom the pain of his sting is as abhorrent as the touch of the pariah to the Brahmins—those to whom his habits and his cunning are known, will readily believe that he advanced with considerable generalship to enter into the dominions of Ferdinand de Bloophill. And such is the name of the occupant of Rimmel Villa. Our hero is much dreaded in Mosquitoish circles. Endowed with the nerve of the lion, the eye of the hawk, and inheriting as he does the blood of fifty de Bloophills, (in a straight line down from the Conquest) his is not the

nature to shrink from combat with the deadly Mosquito. His is not the nature to be awed by the ferocious battle-cry of this curse of unpunkahed life! No! rather is our hero the genius best fitted to meet the relentless dragon upon the field of battle, and strike the unerring blow which the blood-sucking monster knows not how to parry. It is related of our hero, by admiring and affectionate friends and relatives, that as many as five thousand young and unfledged mosquitos have been orphaned by him in a solitary forenoon. But, we digress. Two and a half gigantic and rapid strides sufficed to carry the Mosquito through the enormous keyhole of the central door to which, in feeling terms, we have already briefly alluded, and to transplant him into Ferdinand's palatial drawing-room.

Reclining upon a couch which had evidently seen better days, lay Ferdinand de Bloophill. His raiment was light and airy—simple—but (we must confess if) rather inelegant. His elongations were partially enrobed in the tattered remnants of a once-white garment faintly resembling those indispensables known to my Indian readers as pyjamas. From his waist upwards there was nothing to make it apparent to the naked eye that a single dhersey had ever plied his needle in Royapooram. No, our hero was "taking it easy." But, it must not be supposed that de Bloophill albeit we have found him in this state of terrible disrepair, is a man without an almirah and fine raiment. For, he is rich in garments, dear reader, and I should only be misleading you and be stingily economising the truth were I to say otherwise.

The expression which rested upon the countenance of our hero was one markedly indicative of mental trouble and perplexity. His brow was knit into a dark web composed of sternness, rage, pride, misery, chagrin, disappointment, revenge and remorse. Forlorn and broken-hearted he looked, and there was that in his mien and air which told that the rude rebuffs he had encountered in his "journey through life" had cruelly crushed the hopeful aspirations which, in his younger days, had so promisingly bloomed within his breast and had led him to India's Coral Strand in search of fancied wealth. How false; how hollow; how deceitful did all now seem to Ferdinand de Bloophill. Where, now, was the Mauna which had dropped from the

tongue of young Ambition ! Rimmel Villa was now the Cave of Despair, and our hero's last anchor-chain had parted. Yes ! hope, confidence, faith, had all deserted him. What was life to him now ? Resigning himself to the influence of his thoughts, our hero shed bitter tears of disappointment and regret. Sadly he reflected on the times that were gone ; and the mysteriously tranquillising effects of the simple and unpretending flask of "Venerable Thomas" which ever and anon he gave his fevered lips, alone interfered to prevent our hero's drooping soul from giving 'notice to quit.'

But stay—de Bloophill's lips move—and now wags his tongue in speech.

"I, a warrior of an ancient line of heroes, thus crestfallen and dejected !" and he smothered a rising sigh with a timely draught from his flagon as he spoke.

"Not one," he continued, "no, not one. Truly, de Bloophill's sole remaining pleasant occupation's gone."

Just then the Mosquito, which my readers will recollect, had been all this time left passing through the enormous keyhole, darted from his resting spot and transferred himself to the extreme tip of Ferdinand de Bloophill's nose.

With the expedition of a Yankee Express—with the force of a projectile from the lips of "the Woolwich Infant," our hero's hand fell upon his own nasal organ, but the blood which flowed from that quarter was not the blood of his tormentor ; it was claret from his own tap ! The Mosquito had escaped and was gyrating round our hero's head in fiendish triumph. But the blood of all the fifty generations of the de Bloophills was "up." Woe to thee, oh Mosquito, for this hour shall be thy last ! Intoxicated by his first success the monster now alighted upon our hero's under lip, Ferdinand's tongue shot out with awful rush : the Mosquito was ensnared, and de Bloophill calmly swallowed him with a grin of savage and satisfied delight ! ! !

No further will we follow that Mosquito.

Our hero shortly after this great effort, fell into a deep and blissful repose, and he was seen last night at the Band Stand in more than ordinary elation.

The following letter was also read last night:—

AN INFAMOUS ROAD.

MY DEAR DR. CHITCHAT,—I live down Mylapore way, and to get to my crib after my day's work, I have to drive over what I believe to be the most abominable bit of road within the "Municipality"—and I bring in the name of this in———I "board" with an object. I'll tell you what object directly. The road between the Club and the Mylapore tank, past what was once J. B. N's pett and the Machine Ice House, is, without exception, the very vilest piece of roadway honored with the name of "road" within a hundred miles of Fort St George. I have to drive over it almost daily. Sometimes my wife and youngster meet me about the Mount Road, and at first I am very good humoured—till we get to the Tannah beyond Royapetta, where we turn to the left. Immediately after that turn, I begin to swear, my wife to deprecate, and the youngster to cry. And this lasts to the Mylapore tank. Do please drive over this bit, and inform me, my dear Doctor, that you have done so, and I shall subpoena you in the case that I am brooding over,—and it is very nearly hatched. Every time I go over that road, my nerves are shattered, my springs shivered, and my horses brought on their marrowbones. I, as I have already said, swear; my wife deprecates strong language; and my child howls in chorus. Now what, Mr. Editor, in cool cogitation, do you suppose any jury of married men could give me in the way of mitigating—*satisfaction* I should never dream of getting—but I say, of *mitigating* damages, in such a case? I should in my humility say ten thousand rupees; and in naming this sum, corresponding in amount with my own native modesty, on reflection, I feel inclined to say, what Warren Hastings said before the Court—"By G—d, Mr. Chairman, I stand astonished at my own moderation"—So left the Municipality take warning: for, as sure as they are alive, if they don't see to this road, neglected for years, I will put them into Court for damage to my feelings, springs, horses, wife, and children.

A WHEEL TAX PATER.

"Well, this is a strong letter," cried DR. CHITCHAT, "but I trust the Municipality will see to their own interests, for our friend is thoroughly in earnest, and is not a man of straw to boot"—And after a little desultory converse about this and that, the meeting came to a close.

TWENTY-FIRST PAPER.

SATURDAY, 24th May 1873.

THE Club was not quite as vivacious as usual last night. Do you ask why? Surely you can guess the reason? Surely every one in Madras knows that a certain sprightly young gentleman, who was the very incarnation of wit and jollity, and the centre of the life of our Club, was married the other day? What!—did you not hear the merry chime of the Cathedral bells come surging and swelling along the long warm breeze last Tuesday? Yes, it is true. The Chit-chat Club has, for a short season, lost one of its most brilliant members, as Mr. and Mrs LARKINS are off, on their honeymoon trip to the hills.

Heaven bless them both!—I, the silent member, think I see them now, the bridegroom waiting for the bride, as she came slowly, veiled, with the flowery emblems of virgin loveliness in her hair, and with rustle of satin and glimmer of pearl, up the long aisle towards the altar. Eight young bridesmaids were behind her,—the two last were sweet wee things, with a shower of golden curls down their shoulders, I am no hand at describing wedding scenes,—but I noticed, as the fair train passed along, that the sun came suddenly out from behind a cloud, and one bright beautiful ray floated down, to rest for a moment, as if it were indeed a benison from heaven, upon the head of the pure and beautiful girl who was entering a new stage of life.

“It seemed as if the hour were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
That scattered up from above the sun,
The light of Paradise.”

So SHELLY wrote; and I thought of the lines then, as I stood watching the scene, and especially marking dear old Doctor CHITCHAT, who gave the bride away.

Gentlemen, my readers, all this may seem trivial to you, but please to remember that, although we are a Club, we are in some respects a *family*. Therein lies a great deal of the mutual pleasure we derive from our meetings; and an occurrence like that of the marriage of one of the members to the daughter of our worthy and beloved President, affects each one, and all of us as almost a family matter.

Of course last night the Club loyally toasted their President. The old gentleman's eyes were wet, and his voice trembled, as he returned thanks, and told us that, with us around him, he felt, although he had given away his chief tie to earth, to another, he was not all alone.

But enough of this subject. I will now try and tell you of a few of the topics which were discussed last night, hoping that some of them may prove of exceptional interest to the public.

The Club have noticed with some surprize that the public have not had a true version of the Cruise of the Cutter SELINA. The following notes, taken by the Captain, and written in his Log Book, are worthy of attention, as they clear up the whole matter:—

* * * * *

The men are drawing up the anchor. I notice the craft is rather buoyant. But so am I. Its the spirits sho is in. Lawk! How she bobs up and down! I hope her spirits won't prove too much for her, and utterly upset her!

* * * * *

Anchor's up! we're off on our voyage to Pondicherry. Hooray!

* * * * *

No, we ain't! We are going down! Hi there! Ship ahoy! Send a boat alongside and take us off! Bless my stars, I wish I were back in the Exchange Billiard Rooms again! Talking of spirits, the devil is in the Cutter! Oh—o—oh! Nearly over that time. Dash my lee scuppers! Over we go again!

* * * * *

Nearly over that time, but we've righted again for a wonder! Hullo! What the deuce is this! We are going towards Ennore! But never mind, say I, as long as we don't go to the bottom! O—o—oh! She's now on her side! Water rushing in! Ship too light, and masts too long! Bless my stars, she'll turn over! No, she's righted a bit. That extra water in a hold seems to be a good thing—ballast, you know!

* * * * *

Oh! Hi there! I say! Help! We're going down! More water running in! Run her for Ennore Bar! Drop anchor!

Hail those boats! Unship cargo! Out of the cutter, at last, thank heaven!

* * * * * * *

The log goes no further, but the Club are led to understand that the cargo was safely placed on carts, and those affable gentlemen, Messrs. PARRY and Co. who appreciate a good joke, were very much pleased, after a little more time had passed, to see their goods, which they had sent to the south, to Pondicherry by ship, coming safely back to them in carts from Ennore in the north!

Joking apart, Captain SMITH of the *Selina*, from no fault of his, seems to have run within an ace of foundering, and got out of his scrape with considerable skill. It is not a very pleasant matter to find that, the moment you get out to sea, your vessel's masts are too long for her, and lay her on her side, and the charming prospect opens up before you of having to ride to shore on the keel of your craft!

The *Athenæum* quoted the other day a very amusing extract from a Scotch paper, of the manner in which, in Edinburgh, students of the University receive speeches from their University Professors. It would indeed be a remarkable sight to witness in Madras,—the sight of civilized and educated Hindu young men taking a leaf out of the book of the Scotch students. Just suppose, said one of the members of our Club last night, if a speech from, say, Mr. PORTER, were reported thus in the Madras papers. What an excitement would be produced amongst the readers of the journals reporting the speech:—

“I am especially happy this evening in being called upon to advocate the cause (the caws of crows imitated by the students) of Higher Education. (Cries of “Go it old Buffer.”) Speaking as I am (shouts of “Speak out, old boy!”) to educated young men, I feel sure they will agree with me when I say that there is no cause worthier of advocacy than Higher Education. (Hisses.) I have known many Hindu young men of all classes (groans) and I can conscientiously say (interruption) that those most thoroughly educated are the best (a shower of pens) citizens, (loud laughter) and the more useful men. (Ironical cheers.) There are a few stupid young men here (hisses) who think it clever to make an assinine noise (brays, catcalls, shouts, and

scraping of feet) but they are in the minority. (Loud laughter.) The majority (a shower of peas—the speaker sat down for a few minutes, ere resuming his speech.) I say the majority are in favour of Higher Educa- a—a—(here a rotten egg struck the open mouth of the speaker, and closed his utterance. After spluttering considerably, Mr. PORTER sat down, and it was understood he intended to say no more. The meeting then broke up tumultuously, Mr. HOLLOWAY having been bonneted, and Mr. OPPERT having been carried away insensible, having been maltreated by his Sanscrit class in a shocking way.”)

Mr. T. G. CLARKE has been hauled over the coals by the *Madras Standard*, rather too severely, as the Chit-chat Club think. His decision in the case of street-gamblers was not perhaps as clearly-worded as might be; but the worthy Magistrate's opinions are in the main perfectly defensible. It appears to the Club that there is no practical utility in encouraging the police to turn their attention too exclusively to arresting every couple of idle little boys who amuse themselves at pitch and toss in public. But when parties make a practice of gambling in public, it is a very different matter. Public knots of native gamblers are acknowledged to be one of the nuisances of Madras. As far as the Club understand the matter, if a man is taken up, on the charge of public gambling, Mr. CLARKE makes it a practice of his simply to warn him for the first offence,—afterwards regarding him as an “old offender.” The public can hardly quarrel with this custom of the Senior Magistrate's.

But there is, we all felt last night, a comical side to the question, which a member put before us in the following verses :—

THE JOLLY MAGISTRATE.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad
How many boys I see,
They know me well ;—who in Madras
But knows the GREAT TEE GEE ?

These urchins gamble in the streets ;
Each with each other vies
To toss'the fortunate half-annas,
And twirl the lucky pies.

At corners of the roads they squat
In eager knots and rows,
Watching the spinning coins, to mark
Which *head*, and which *tail*, shows.

If some policeman chance to pass
 Nimbly they dart away ;
 For BALMER'S issued orders strict
 To stop all public play.

But if I chance to pass, the rogues !
 They show no fear of me ;
 But nudge each other, wink, and say—
 " That's HIM ! That's GREAT TEE GEE !"

They know my kindly soul ! They know
 My nature's general mould !
 And that I'm young in spirits still,
 Though in experience old.—

Indeed I may confess, I've wished
 I, on the sly, could join
 Those little boys at pitch and toss,
 And spin the lucky coin !

" Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! you're taking me off again, you rascals !" said the affable TEE GEE himself, as he burst into the Club last night. " Good-evening, Dr. CHITCHAT, good-evening, gentlemen. I've dropped in upon you, you see, to hear what is going on."

" You are always welcome, my worthy friend," replied our President. " Have you any news."

—" Not much. STUART you see is in the Clothing Board,—the weather is hot,—I'm afraid my Court-house is going to come down about my ears one of these days,—Hochstapler is only third favourite for the Derby,—and,—what do you think, I say, of my recent decision in the Pier case ?"

Dr. CHITCHAT heretofore took a pinch of snuff out of TEE GEE'S famous box, and the two old gentlemen were observed to be in deep conversation. After ten minutes, TEE GEE got up, rather excitedly, and said he must be off. There was a good deal of surmizing in the Club as to what important matter the two worthy old gentlemen were discussing. It was certainly something of great secrecy and interest. TEE GEE looked very determined, and audibly exclaimed " I'll do it ! By heaven I'll do it !"—Perhaps I shall be able to reveal next week what it is TEE GEE referred to.

Dr. CHITCHAT laid before the Club last night a letter from one of our corresponding members at Bellary. It ran as follows:—

BELLARY CHIT-CHAT.

BELLARY, 21st May 1873.

MY DEAR DR. CHITCHAT,—Weather cast for Bellary nil vide a recent issue of the *Athenæum*. If you call perpetual thunder, with occasional heavy showers and lightning nil, what kind of weather would you represent by the word *Aliquid*? In the innocence of my heart, I popped this question to a young lady the other day:—Does it *always* thunder in Bellary? I gathered from her reply that we may thank our stars for the thunder and rain we have had, as instead of grilling with the thermometer at 100° (the usual state of affairs at this time of the year) the mercury now seldom rises above 88° in my study; and I fancy the climate here is much cooler than that of Madras just now. Had the *Athenæum* said *gossip* of Bellary nil, he (or she) would have been nearer the mark. All the fashionables of Bellary are gone to some watering place about 40 miles off, Roman Drug or some such name. The bawdstand here is chiefly patronised by nurse maids and soldiers. All the ladies appear to be afflicted with *blindness*, for when I leave a rectangular piece of pasteboard, with my name engraved thereon, at any house, the universal reply is “Missus can’t see.”

You will excuse me, my dear Dr. CHITCHAT, not giving you very much gossip in this note, when I tell you that nearly half my time is occupied in visiting various outstations varying in distance from 40 to over 100 miles from Bellary. The journeys are performed in a sort of show cart drawn by bullocks which the driver is not always able to *steer* properly. It was only to-day that he (or the bullocks) steered athwart a flower bed. I gave my predecessor Rs. 650 for the said bullock coach, which is fitted up with every convenience (save the pocket pistol) for a ten days’ trip. I compare it to Womb-well’s menagerie, I being the wild beast and the driver the showman.

My house is overrun with live stock,—such as rats, squirrels and sparrows, none of whom volunteers to pay any part of the rent; and not satisfied with living here rent free, they expect me to board them. A few nights ago, Mr. Rat was walking off with a huge ration of cheese for Mrs. Rat and family to sup upon, when I bowled him over with my long pole. I expect a champion of the law from Madras to stay with me shortly, and I shall get him to serve a writ of ejectment on the above named gentry; for even if they paid rent and kept their teeth from picking and stealing, they would be bad tenants as they are so dirty in their habits. If ever you have occasion, my dear Doctor, to visit this lovely place, I have lots of room to put you up.

Abraham and Co. have a large shop here, similar to Onkes’s, but not quite so extensive. I bought some Soho Sauce of the Patriarch the other day, but it turned out to be only So-so sauce.

I trust to be able to send you more news in my next. For the present believe me my dear Doctor, ever

Your

CORRESPONDING MEMBER.

Bangalore just now possesses an inimitable drawer of the long bow, a Mr CORKER. Mr. CORKER said the other day, at a friend's house, when asked to join in a rubber, that he would be most happy to do so were it not that, whenever he played at whist, he never held a single trump card in his hand.

"Surely you must have held a trump, when you dealt," exclaimed one of the party.

CORKER was up to the occasion. He replied with naive brevity, "I never dealt—but I misdealt!"

The Chit-chat Club hear that the Superintendent of the Ice House has invented a new method of bringing ice ashore from boardship. This is by bringing it *through* the surf! After this salting process, the ice, it is expected, will be found to keep amazingly. Under this new system the present supply will probably last till 1876.

The Chit-chat Club are pleased to learn that the Municipal President has sanctioned the payment of 150 Rs. to Mr. Ross, for that gentleman to purchase a bicycle for use during his tours of sanitation. Mr. Ross on a bicycle will be an elegant, graceful, and instructive sight. The Sanitary Inspector is at present useful; seated on a bicycle, he will be positively ornamental.

Major STUART's appointment to Captain HOBART's post, has taken the Chit-chat Club by surprise. Why has Major WALTERS been again overlooked? Truly the actions of the Governor of Ooty and Viceroy of Toda-land are like a certain peace,—for they pass all understanding. However, Lord HOBART has at length had a taste of the power of the Press. So he has "protested" to the Secretary of State, has he? Much good-will accrue from that! There is a great deal of use in a schoolboy, after he has received a thrashing, trying to convince his master that his flagellation was wholly undeserved. The snub has been administered. That is utterly irrevocable. Once the Humpty Dumpty of Madras sat on the high wall of favour. He has had

a fall. And "all the King's horses, and all the King's men," as the nursery rhyme says, cannot undo the mischief.

A worthy member of our Club told us last night that he had read, that very day, in the latest issue of one of his favourite papers, the *Pioneer*, a most weighty and important paragraph, concerning the TARRANT business. Said the member,—‘ Before making any comments, I wish to read the paragraph to you, and it runs as follows :—

The Madras Government has just accomplished one of those acts of severe and disagreeable justice which may be necessary, but are certainly not attractive. The present Clerk of the Crown was, it is known, appointed to his post by the Chief Justice against the wishes of the Government, and the supersession of local candidates was not unnaturally resented. The appointment, however, took place many months ago, the gentleman appointed showed zeal and competence in the discharge of his duties, all animosities had died away, when the Government suddenly issues an order of which the result, so far as we understand it, is to reduce Mr. Tarrant's income from Rs. 1,000 to Rs. 300 per mensem, to dismiss a large number of subordinate officials, some of whom appear to have grown old in Government employ, and to reserve to the Government itself the right of entrusting prosecutions for the future to whom it pleases. This arrangement may be defensible in the abstract, but it strikes us as singularly harsh. To allow a man to continue "provisionally" in an office so long that his other means of livelihood are necessarily abandoned, and then suddenly to abolish his post and offer him a salary on which he cannot live, is a course of action which, except under some far more pressing necessity than seems to exist at Madras, a Government ought to be able to find means of avoiding. Mr. Tarrant has, we understand, succeeded in conciliating the respect and good-will both of the Bench and of his brother-Barristers, and efforts are being made in influential quarters to induce the Government to re-consider an order the effects of which are so disastrous to him. We trust that they will be successful.

"Now, gentlemen," continued the member, "I wish to say, first, that I consider, however just the Madras Government may have been in acting as they have done lately in Mr. TARRANT's case, that justice has come so late that it doubtlessly is absolute cruelty now to the man chiefly concerned. Mr. TARRANT is, I believe, not liked in the High Court,—not because of himself, but because of the jobbery which introduced him into that Court. Now, I should advise those who stood aloof from him, because of the former favouritism, to stand up for him, because of the present excess of cruelty. I wish to draw

attention, by the way, to the important remark of the *Pioneer*, as to "efforts being made in influential quarters" on behalf of Mr. TARRANT. As I am of opinion that he has been very hardly dealt with, I almost hope they will prove successful. Certainly, better still, I hope Mr. TARRANT will obtain a better appointment somewhere else."

All the members of the Club did not agree with the speaker in that which he said on this subject, and a rather hot discussion was beginning, when—

Dr. CHITCHAT rose and said. "Gentlemen, I have just received a note from a friend to tell me that one well known to all Madras, and beloved for his good deeds wherever known, is no more. Dr. CHIPPERFIELD has passed away. I now close this meeting of our Club in honour of the good, kind-hearted man who has passed away from our midst, and has gone—

"to that shore

Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar,"

and whither all his good deeds follow him as surely as night follows the day. How many who have been sick—rich and poor alike—will treasure his memory in their hearts! Gentlemen, Madras has lost a good man, and Heaven has gained one."

The meeting closed in solemn silence.

TWENTY-SECOND PAPER.

SATURDAY, 31st May 1873.

HOTTER and hotter. Tantalising clouds rise up, shed a fitful drizzle, and melt in the dazzling air. Dust-showers fall instead. Every green leaf is coated with brown. The land wind streams ever and anon, and scorches everything it touches, as if it were a breath from the nether regions. Sensible folks shun even their wonted drive along the beach. of an evening. Glorious sunsets make a mock at our discomfort. The Cooum sinks lower and lower, and impregnates the atmosphere with nameless odours. The only thing lively is the sea. Mr. Ross has no reason to exhibit unusual nasal activity, for without stirring from his seat in the Municipal Office the manifold scents from our drains visit him all day long.

A Dove-ton thunderstorm is brewing, and it is whispered Mr. SELL has run away from the approaching conflict, whilst Mr. GIDEON JOHNSTONE is "looking up the law on the point." There has been a row in the Penitentiary, and Government have remanded to other duty, without asking the poor man for an explanation, the Penitentiary Apothecary, merely upon the violent *ex-parte* statements of Captain HALLETT—who, by the way is trying to remedy the defeat to Addiscombe, and is soon going to apply for the honorary title of R. E. That extraordinary print, the *Madras Times*, publishes a queer telegram, in which it appears to be stated that *Doncaster*, *Gang Forward* and *Kaiser*, all "ran a dead heat for second place," although, according to the same paper, *Doncaster* was first, *Gang Forward* second and *Kaiser* third, for the Derby! Mr. T. G. CLARKE delivers another of his remarkable verdicts, in which the tail is strangely at variance with the head and body. Mr. STANDISH LEE looks blooming, now that he has coaxed the Red Hill water back again into Madras, Mr. LIPPERT of the Belgravia Hotel is frightened at the base thought of murdering a Prince, and has the said distinguished gentleman bound over to keep the peace. The Hon'ble Mr. CUNNINGHAM is going home in a week or two, in order to appear as a witness in the TICHBORNE case. Dr. BIDIE is about to lecture on "Parrots,—their origin, history, and accomplishments," at the Museum,—admission, "only Half a Crown." A pretty scandal is being legally inquired into in North-Arcot, in which a reverend gentleman is accused of trigamy with a girl, aged six years four months. Five more men are to be hanged at Trichinopoly, and rather than have his nerves further tested, the present Superintendent, who acts for the Acting Superintendent, declines to assist at the ceremony, and has telegraphed to his brother at Bangalore—who, though a cool impeturbable individual, says, "No thank ye," to the request. Mr. GRIMES has patented a new kind of boots—half Wellington-boot, quarter sandal, and quarter slipper,—to be manufactured at the Jails for the Police. A serious accident has happened in consequence of an inexperienced person having fallen to sleep inside the patent English Mangle of the Madras Laundry Company. Madras is to be illuminated on the occasion of the opening of Messrs. ORR and Co.'s

new premises —Such are about all the items of news the Chit-chat Club have received during the past dull week.

The weather is so hot, that most of the members of the Club have managed to take leave of Madras. Dr. CHITCHAT therefore finds it difficult to get a quorum. And as he himself would be the better for a change, he is seriously thinking of leaving Madras for a short time, and closing the Club till his return. If he determines upon this course, we shall probably not have a meeting next week. My readers must not therefore be surprised if they do not observe me to the front next Saturday.

One of the chief topics of conversation last night was the vagaries of the famous Tee Gee. His late judgment, on the Dambachari Velasum case, is a most extraordinary one. He most clearly proved that there was no case against the defendant,—and then pounced down upon him with a fine. Is it the Majesty of Law, or —*ah hum!*—the Majesty of Government, which was herein upheld? In the course of the discussion on this interesting topic, a member proposed that the Club should sing, to the tune of the *Old Hundredth*, a

HYMN TO THE GEE

All people that in India be
Sing to the praise of Great Tee Gee,
Thy judgments, passing reason's range,
Are very, very, very strange
Lo! pale Madrasees gasp with awe
Each time that thou lay'st down the law,
And in thy sight, stern Magistrate,
No mortal dares expectorate
Thou sneak'st —no sound the stillness breaks,
Thou snuffest —and the whole world quakes
Even grim peelers blanch to see
The visage of the Great Tee Gee
Oh wondrous sight! On Wednesday last
What terrors round thy brow were cast,
As thou, with grim, unbending face,
Adjudged the Dambachari case
Asked Pilate "What is truth?" but thou
Askest a graver question now,
Inquiring, with thy blandest mien,
"What is the meaning of obscene"

Throughout the case, thy judgment's sense
Was all on side of the defence,
Till, at the close, thou turned'st clean round,
And judgment for the plaintiff found!

Still flourish, in thy green old age,
Immortal youth! Boy-hearted sage!
And never may Madrassee be
Reft of thy sunff-box or of thee!

O Great Tee Gee! Dear old Tee Gee,
Still easy, breezy, frisky, free,
Let's shout hip—hip—with three times three—
For glorious and divine Tee Gee.

In the Club Letter-box was found a letter from Travancore to Dr. CHITCHAT, on the subject of—

TRAVANCORE CHIT-CHAT.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—Jupiter Pluvius came in with a vengeance as Jupiter Tonans, on the afternoon of the 24th instant, Her Most Gracious Majesty's Birthday, for mightier thunder or greasier lightning no one ever did hear or see in this little life of a span long! The "Electric fluid" being musically disposed, dashed down on to the Band-house of the gallant Nair Brigade it appears, and did damage. The flame however was speedily extinguished by the gallant Nair defenders of His Highness' honor, led on by their officers; and a host of kindly volunteers, including some lusty coffee planters from the Public Bungalow had by; the only injury that was done, accrued to the roof, which was thatched with cadjans or dried cocoanut leaves, and perhaps also to some of the musical machines and other *impedimenta*, which had to be incontinently bundled out in a most promiscuous manner.

The troops of the Nair Brigade have been footing it a good deal on their parade ground of late, of course much to their own improvement, though doubtless somewhat to their own disgust! Since the time of Colonel Heber Dury, who was himself but a paper soldier, the Madras Governors have with the most admirable condescension, inflicted their particular friends on this valiant Infantry Brigade as Commandants—first, a Cavalry Officer, Major Macleann a—*beau sabreur* and *voilà tout*; secondly, a carpet soldier, Major Lennox, a man who had a curious fund of startling anecdotes, supposed to have been a blotted aristocrat, by some, though certainly appearances were more suggestive of the blotted herring! Thirdly, a fireside General, Major Ellis.

But, at last, comes, wonderful to relate, a really efficient infantry officer Major Bloomfield, who has been apparently sent down, or at all events has gone down, with orders to 'bustle em up' a bit after the sweet neglect which the force has experienced of late years,—and he does bustle'm up a

bit! And he made them turn out neat and clean in Brigade on the morning of Her Majesty's Birthday to pay 'the usual compliments' in the presence of H. R. H. their Maharajah! *Macte virtute Majors!* as the professor will doubtless say when he reads this! and may this gallant light-hearted soldier's shadow never be less! More in my next.

In haste,

Your

CORRESPONDING MEMBER.

The following letter has been sent to Dr. CHITCHAT for his perusal. It was actually written, word for word, to a gentleman in the Mofussil by a native.

A NATIVE'S PETITION.

MOST HONORED AND KIND SIR,—I humbly beg to place my melancholy condition before your honor's presence begging pardon at the time for all the faults and mistakes which I have foolishly and ignorantly done in my sudden confusion and trembling as you would do to me if your children who confesses and crave for pardon for the redressing of my indigence. I am a stranger to this place and even unemployed the late three years which brought on me a heavy debt of nearly 300 Rs. God looking upon my pitiful circumstances and miserable position through your honor's sympathizing feeling and favour give me my present holding post back, these nine month's income is as something better than nothing as I am a large family man I am a mother bird to six other souls who are like young birds opening their mouths for their prey. My inconveniences and hardships are unalterable. The monthly income is far short even to our simple mode of living.

My Good hearted sir, I have no one to solace and comfort me but God and your honor, so let the passed one month be a month of punishment for the fault I have done once in my consternation—but now, my good sir, be so good as to give some increase to my salary in this month until you give some redress to my wants I will not leave your honor as you are in my father's seed. Begging pardon for the intrusion and presumption.

I remain, most honour, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

28th May 1873.

"Many absurder instances of Hindu correspondence," said Dr. CHITCHAT, after the perusal of the above, "have met my eyes; but I thought this one sufficiently novel to be laid before the Club. That idea about the birds is quite poetical!" The worthy Doctor then showed the original of the letter to the Club, to assure them of the fact that it was a *bonâ fide* native production.

Some sensation was caused in the Club by the reading of the following tragic letter :—

THE SANITARY INSPECTOR'S PYJAMAS.

DEAR DR. CHITCHAT.—As everything connected with our public men possesses an interest for the public, the latter will no doubt be sorry to learn that the Sanitary Inspector of the Municipality, while on duty last Thursday evening with the President in Corn Merchant Street, was relieved by some light-fingered rogue of three pairs of pyjamas that he had deposited for security in the grass box behind his buggy! The affair has created quite a sensation in the Town and, I believe, Mr. Loch has offered a reward of five rupees for each pair of the Sanitary Inspector's pyjamas that is recovered.

Yours obediently,

W. S.

A capital story, because true, is told of a Madras Doctor, who, though a worthy old gentleman, is somewhat eccentric. Every morning the said gentleman, when he gets up, makes it a practice to vault three times over his bed, from side to side, in one way, then three times the other,—merely to satisfy himself that he is not losing his energy with the advance of age.

The following letter was then read :—

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—For a very considerable portion of the past, I have led an itinerant life. My experiences are varied, having extended to three of the known continents of the globe and the Polynesian Islands. I am a lover of mankind in general but of myself in particular, and the cycle of misfortune having cast my lot in this so-called gorgeous East, I have begun to become quite philanthropic, and an admirer of the many noble qualities for which the aboriginal is deservedly eulogised. Now there is no color I admire in a horse more than bay or in a rational being than that of true mahogany. Black points may be detected in both cases, but these all the more enhance their value in my estimation.

As I said before, I have travelled far and wide and made tolerably good use of my eyes.

I have endeavoured to study the native character and am strongly tempted at times to become a second Abdoolla Green or a Remington, satisfied that after all none can match in excellence, true excellence, the prototype of the black diamond in India. Now it so happened that once upon a time, when wearied and heavily burdened with dust and sand, I chanced to pull up at the hospitable door of a friend in the enlightened Presidency (Bengal). Duckland has its boys. The benighted Presidency its Ramasamies and Mootammahs, while the city of Palaces calls its pampered menials *Qui Haies* and *Pealers*. Of these last mentioned two, the

Bearer, especially in a bachelor's establishment, is supposed to be his *factotum*, and it was my misfortune to be blessed during this visit, with a reputed Bengal bearer who rejoiced in the name of Bissaser. The care he took of my clothes (for he never understood the value of a stitch in time saving nine) the trouble he took to arrange them in my bureau (for its inside always presented the appearance of Midshipman Easy's chest) and the patience he manifested when he dressed me (for he would in his excessive zeal pull the heads off all the bolts on my arm as he adjusted my frockcoat regardless of loud vociferations); all these experiences, (some rather painful ones you will allow) of Bissaser, confirmed me in my opinion of him as an excellent bearer, and having occasion somewhat rapidly to quit the city of Palaces, notwithstanding all I had endured from the trusty bearer, I handed him over, character complete, to my dear friend Mr. Rigdom Funnidoss who, I believe, considers himself somewhat victimised by the legacy, and writes me the following graphic description of him. I give you as nearly as I can, learned Doctor, the substance of my friend's letter, in the hope that you will be able, after a careful perusal of the case of the patient, to prescribe some efficacious remedy for the numerous evils complained of. "Perhaps, some of your friends in the land of darkness would like to know my bearer. Well, he was a tall old man with the expression of an unrecognised martyr, a disposition to pester about all day, and a tendency to nothing unless specifically bidden.

He has an acute perception of the value of appearances and can brush away the mosquitoes from the outside of my bed as if he had not already provided for their presence within. In the morning, my swollen hands and face (they are mighty fond of good English blood not long imported) strike him with a holy horror, and lead to an immediate theory on the various affects of the wind on a mosquito tent.

In his more frivolous moments, he relaxes his mind and I find him smoothing my new Lincoln and Bennett's black silk hat with the boot-brush or otherwise diverting himself. In spite of an occasional dignified idleness, he is a man of decided energy, and sometimes, from scientific motives will persist in meddling with anything which he has failed to understand. A paraffine lamp he has blown up with a loud report with evil consequences to the drawing-room table merely with a view to investigate the phenomenon subsequent to turning the wick down as sharply as possible. Endeavoring to learn the result of the converse operation, he one day turned the wick of my reading-lamp up and reduced a new chimney to fragments which he regarded with great interest not unmixed with awe. A little earlier, the very happy thought entered his mind of wedging the chimney down as far as he could to study the relative resistances to extension and compression of brass and glass. When the top of the lamp split under the strain, he professed to regard the termination of the experiment as due to natural causes. Though lamps are his hobby he does not disdain other matters into which he carries the same philosophical spirit. I told him

lately to fetch me my day's allowance of cheroots from my box of which in a weak moment I gave him the key. In a few minutes, I happened to look round and found him seated on the floor and, as I soon discovered, had seized on this favorable opportunity for extending the number of his ideas. He had long wondered what would be the result of two impenetrables meeting irresistibly and could now experiment with my lock and key. To his intense joy, the key turned round and round in the same direction as often as he pleased and he verified his solution by causing one and a half revolutions per second for about two minutes. On looking at the key, I found only the pipe left, the web was a sacrifice to philosophy. My sable Socrates thought this a special interposition of providence and exclaimed *mirabile dictu*. The trembling remains of an almirah lock, half a new shirt stud, an old watchguard in two pieces and many other objects of interest testify the zeal and far reaching intelligence of this Eastern Faraday. I could not help coming to the conclusion that he is one of the deepest thinkers of the day."

Now, Doctor, dear, do you not think that I come to the right conclusion in reference to my pampered menials?

The next place I expect to hear he has got to will be into the Lunatic Asylum. But all calamity may be averted Doctor, if you will kindly prescribe the remedy applied for and in the meantime believe me to be

Yours truly,
SAL ALBA.

A good many correspondents have been making various enquiries of the Club of late by letter and personal interviews with our President. It appears that there are, in Madras, the following

THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

When the *employés* of the Bank of Madras arrive at office and commence work each day.

What steps will be taken for the destruction of vermin in the High Court?
Who stole Dr. Balfour's boots.

Where the next water-pipe will burst.

How much the Friend-in-Need received for their last benefit.

When Dr. Stanborough is to be ordained as a minister of the Baptist persuasion?

What would result from a private midnight encounter between Dr. Conran and Mr. Gantz.

What won't Mr. Pogson discover next.

Who ran away with Mr. Ross's pyjamas.

Who didn't draw Doncaster at the recent lotteries.

What is the precise salary the Native Director of Public Instruction receives from an indulgent Government

When the Madras roads will be thoroughly and efficiently repaired.

What Mr Evans thinks of mathematics in general and himself in particular

When the birds are going to be put into the New Agra Bank aviary.

Who's Mr. G. Duncan and who's Mr. D Duncan, and whether both are either, or which t'other

The Club dispersed rather early last night, but not till the Doctor told us he had heard from CHARLIE LARKINS. He was up at Ooty, and his wife blooming. He had met his friend BOB ELLIS, and those two choice spirits appeared to have chiefly employed their time in playing pranks on their friends, such as, for instance, painting the tail of "Sim's Big Dawg" green and pink

